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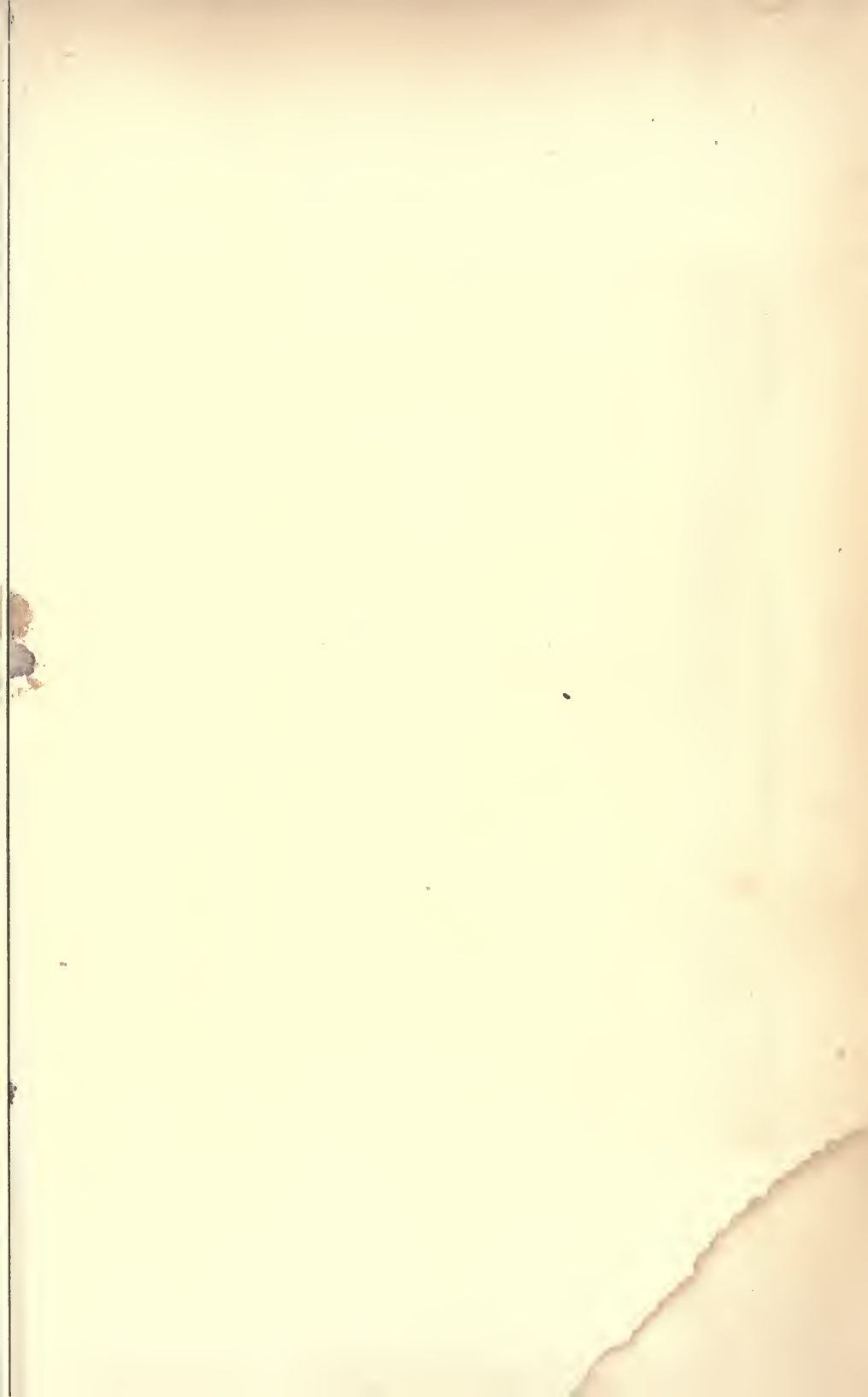
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31

POETS AND POETRY OF ENGLAND.







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LORD BYRON

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
ENGLAND



R Warren

G H Cushman

BY RUFUS WILMOT CRISWOLD.

PHILADELPHIA

CAREY AND HART.

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G 271A P

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
ENGLAND,
IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY
Emat
RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. (1815-1857)

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A DRAINLESS SHOWER
OF LIGHT IS POESY; 'TIS THE SUPREME OF POWER;
'TIS MIGHT HALF SLUMBERING ON ITS OWN RIGHT ARM.
JOHN KEATS.

PHILADELPHIA:
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TO
WILLIAM PETER, ESQUIRE,

OF
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

AS
THE UNIVERSALLY ESTEEMED REPRESENTATIVE OF HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY

IN
The State of Pennsylvania,

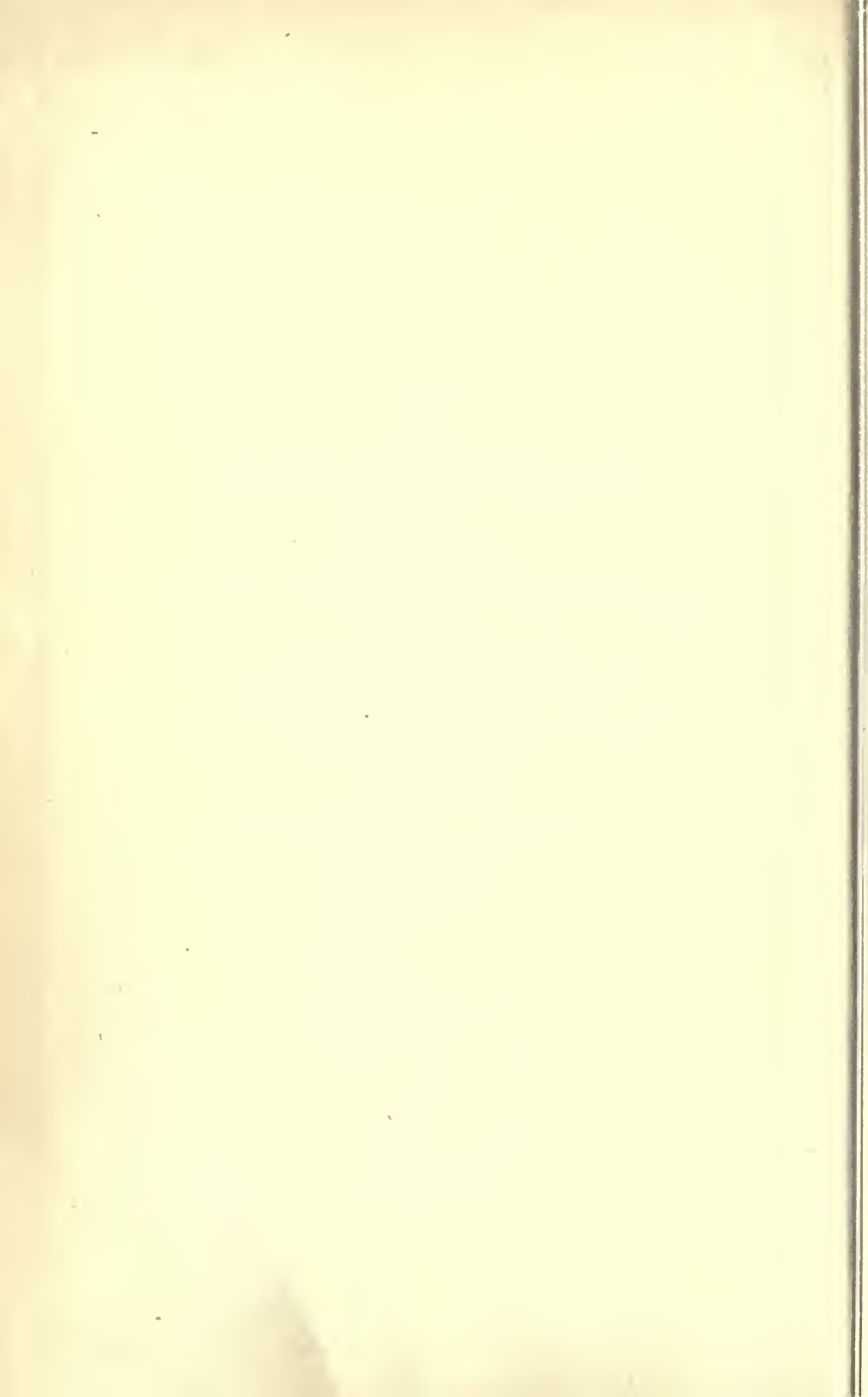
WHO UNITES TO THE ATTAINMENTS OF A SCHOLAR

THE FINEST SOCIAL QUALITIES,

THIS VIEW

OF
THE MODERN POETRY OF HIS COUNTRY

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED



P R E F A C E.

THE rise and progress of English poetry form one of the most delightful and instructive chapters in the intellectual history of the world. We trace its glimmering dawn in the ballads of the early minstrels, its brilliant morning in the *Canterbury Tales*, and its rich and bold development in the literature of the age of Elizabeth, in which British genius reached an elevation unparalleled in the history of mankind. BACON and HOBBS and COKE, BARROW and TAYLOR and HOOKER, RALEIGH and SELDEN and SIDNEY, SPENSER and SHAKSPEARE and MILTON, breathed in the same generation the air of England, and though they did not all give a lyrical expression to thought and passion, they were nearly all poets, in the truest and highest sense of the word, and they formed with their contemporaries the most wonderful constellation of great men that ever adorned a nation or an age.

It is a remark of HUME, that when arts come to perfection in a state they necessarily decline, and seldom or never revive there. In England the decline of poetry, which had reached its highest elevation in SHAKSPEARE and MILTON, was as rapid as had been its rise, and in the long interregnum which succeeded the Restoration, scarcely a work was produced which has an actual and enduring popularity. The artificial school introduced from the Continent by the followers of CHARLES the Second, attained its acme at last, however, in the polished numbers of POPE, and a gradual return to nature became visible in the productions of THOMSON and COWPER and BURNS, who ushered in the second great era of British literature, a general view of the poetical portion of which I have endeavoured to present in this volume.

There is at the present time, it seems to me, great need of a work of this sort. The surveys and selections of English poetry from CHAUCER to the close of the last century, are numerous, and some of them, especially those of CAMPBELL and HAZLITT, are made with singular candour and discernment. But there has hitherto been no extensive review of the poetry of the Nineteenth Century, more rich and varied than that of all other periods, excepting only the golden one of SHAKSPEARE.

From those whose entire works have been republished in this country, and of whom a knowledge may safely be presumed, I have deemed it in some instances

unnecessary to quote very largely, while I have presented comparatively numerous selections from several poets who are less familiar to American readers. It is a singular fact that while, with the exception of TALFOURD, KNOWLES and BULWER, so few have recently added to the stock of standard acting plays, so many fine poems have appeared in the dramatic form. From some of these I have drawn with considerable freedom, though less largely than I should have done but for the difficulty of doing justice to authors in mere extracts from works of this description. One of the most striking distinctions of the poetry of this century is undoubtedly discoverable in the great number of deservedly popular lyrics which it embraces. In no other period have so many exquisite gems of feeling, thought and language been produced. To the best of my judgment I have brought together the most admirable of these, with the finest passages of longer poems which could not themselves be given entire.

The merits of BYRON and WORDSWORTH have been amply discussed by recent critics on both sides of the Atlantic, and the claims of SHELLEY begin to attract a share of the attention they deserve. If the author of *Childe Harold* excelled all others in the poetry of intense emotion, and the bard of Rydal in that of reflective sentiment, SHELLEY has contributed no less to what is purely imaginative in the divine art. The graphic power of CRABBE in dealing with actual and homely materials, the picturesque and romantic beauty of SCOTT, the wildness, sublimity and feeling of COLERIDGE, the gorgeous description and fine reflection of SOUTHEY, the voluptuous imagery and happy wit of MOORE, the elegance and rhetorical energy of CAMPBELL, have each in their degree influenced the popular taste; while the classical imagery of KEATS, the brilliance and tenderness of PROCTOR, the cheerfulness and humanity of HUNT, and the philosophic repose of MILNES, interest the warm sympathies of different readers.

A taste for poetry is visibly increasing among us, especially for that poetry which celebrates the triumphs of humanity, the sacred claims of freedom, the holy associations of love, and all the scenes and sentiments which redeem life and make hallowed ground of the earth. There is much in the following pages fitted to promote and refine such a taste, and that they may essentially contribute to so desirable a result is the earnest hope of the editor.

Philadelphia, October 20, 1844.

CONTENTS.

GEORGE CRABBE	17	WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.	
Stanzas—"Let me not have this gloomy view".	17	Clouds after a Storm	51
Reconciliatious	18	Man never to be Scorned	52
Woman	18	Obedience and Humility	52
The Wretched Mind	19	A Deserted Wife	52
The Dream of the Condemned	19	Chatterton	52
A Sea Fog	19	Picture of a Beggar	52
The Sudden Death and Funeral	20	A Lover	52
The Death of Ruth	20	Longing for Reunion with the Dead	52
A Group of Gipsies	20	A Child with a Shell	53
The Poor-House	21	Apostrophe to the Deity	53
Newspapers	21	Communion with Nature	53
WILLIAM SOTHEY	22	From a Poem on the Power of Sound	53
Rome	22	Dion	54
Tivoli	23	Character of the Happy Warrior	55
The Grotto of Egeria	23	The Power of Virtue	55
WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES	24	Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood	56
Discovery of Madeira	24	Evening by the Thames	57
Dreams of Youth	26	Scorn not the Sonnet	58
To Time	26	Great Men	58
Retrospection	26	Milton	58
Funeral of Charles the First	27	Toussaint L'Ouverture	58
Remembrance	27	"The World is too much with us"	58
On the Rhine	27	A Nation's Power not in Armies	58
Written at Ostend	27	A Vision	58
Matilda	27	Childhood	58
SAMUEL ROGERS	28	Elegiac Stanzas	59
An Epistle to a Friend	29	Presentiments	60
On the Death of a Sister	30	To the Daisy	60
The Pleasures of Memory	31	"She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways"	61
Loch-Long	32	Ode to Duty	61
Ginevra	33	We are Seven	62
The Four Eras	33	An Incident at Bruges	62
Don Garzia	34	The Solitary Reaper	63
The Fountain	34	Autumn	63
Venice	35	"She was a Phantom of Delight"	63
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES	36	A Mountain Solitude	63
Echo and Silence	37	SIR WALTER SCOTT	64
The Approach of Cold Weather	37	The Trial of Constance	66
The Winds	37	Hunting Song	68
To Evening	37	The Cypress Wreath	68
To a Lady in Illness	37	Lochinvar	69
To Autumn, near her Departure	37	Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	69
To Mary	38	A Bridal	69
Hastings' Sonnets	38	The Last Minstrel	70
Sonnet on Moor Park	39	The Teviot	70
Written August 20, 1807	39	Hellvellyn	71
Written at Paris, May 10, 1825	39	A Scene in Branksome Tower	72
Written at Paris, May 11, 1827	39	Farewell to the Muse	72
Written at Lee Priory, August 10, 1826	39	Melrose Abbey	72
JOANNA BAILLIE	40	JAMES MONTGOMERY	73
Birthday Lines to Agnes Baillie	41	The Grave	74
To a Child	41	The Pillow	75
Christopher Columbus	42	Friends	76
Patriotism and Freedom	42	Discovery and Conquest of America	76
From "The Traveller by Night"	43	Youth Renewed	77
Constancy	43	The Common Lot	77
Song—"The morning air plays on my face"	43	The Stranger and His Friend	77
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD	44	Incognita	78
The Bird-Boy	44	Speed the Plow	79
Address to his Native Vale	45	Recluse	79
Harvest-Home	45	The Field of the World	79
The Widow to her Heir-Glass	45	JAMES HOGG	80
JOHN H. FRERE	46	Kilmeny	81
Prom to a National Work, by William and Robert Whistlercraft	46	The Broken Heart	82
Sir Gawain	47	The Skylark	82
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	48	Queen Mary's Return to Scotland	82
Inscription for a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton	50	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	83
A youthful Poet contemplating Nature	50	Dejection	84
Evening in the Mountains	50	Youth and Age	85
Skating	50	Rime of the Ancient Mariner	86
On Revisiting the Wye	51	Love	91

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Pains of Sleep	92
Coccolment	92

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Ode, written during the Negotiations with Bonaparte, in Jan. 1814	95
The Holly-Tree	96
The Dead Friend	96
The Battle of Blenheim	97
Remembrance	97
Roderick is Battle	98
Night	98
Aladdin's Paradise	99
Listening to Storms	99
The Childhood of Joan of Arc	99
Epitaph	99
A Sub-Marine City	99
An Eastern Evening	99
The Locust Cloud	100
Evening	100
Immortality of Love	100
Stanzas—"My days among the dead are pass'd"	100

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Tamar Relates to Gebir his First Encounter with the Nymph	101
Passage from Count Julian	102
Fanulau Idyl	103
To Ianthe	103
To Corinth	103
Stanzas—"Say ye, that years roll on and ne'er return?"	104
Worship God only, from Inez de Castro	104
The Tamed Dormouse	104
To a Dead Child	104
On the Death of Robert Southey	104
Sixteen	104
Repentance of King Rodrigo	105
Morning	105
Cliffon	105
Passage from Ippolito di Este	105
A Cathedral Scene	105
Epitaph on a Poet in a Welsh Churchyard	106
The Maid's Lament	106
The Friar	106
The Dragon-Fly	106
An Arab to his Mistress	106

JOHN LEYDEN

Ode to Jehovah	107
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin	108
Portuguese Hymn to the Virgin	109
The Memory of the Past	109
A Morning Scene	109
Changes of Home	110
Tesoidal	110
Serenity of Childhood	110

CHARLES LAMB

Farwell to Tobacco	111
Heater	112
The Old Familiar Faces	113
The Family Name	113
Sonnet—"We were two pretty babes"	113

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Lochiel's Warning	114
The Last Man	115
"Ye Mariners of England"	116
Battle of the Baltic	117
Exile of Erin	117
Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble, Esq.	118
The Soldier's Dream	118
Description of Wyoming	119
Dirge of Othello	119
The Fall of Poland	120
Inkenlinden	120
Caroline	120
O'Connor's Child	121
The Last Scene in Gertrude of Wyoming	123
The Beech-tree's Petition	123

WILLIAM HERBERT

The Phantom Fight	124
The Descent to Hells	125
Solitude	126
Futurity	129
Jalously	129
The Mother's Plea	130
The Battle Field	131

WILLIAM HERBERT

Hymn to Death	132
Adrian the Unbeliever	133
Woman	133
Farwell	133
Washington	134

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

The Tempest	135
Fontainebleau	136
Written after Recovery from a Dangerous Illness	136
On the Death of Lord Byron	137
Mont Blanc	137
The Sybil's Temple	137
A Fragment	138
The Eagles	138
The Fire-Flies	138
Life	138
Thought	138

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE

Ode on the Deliverance of Europe, 1814	139
From Rubeus	140
The Pursuit of Learning	140
Answer to a Charge of Inconstancy	140

HORACE SMITH

Hymn to the Flowers	141
The Head of Memnon	142
Moral Ruin	143
Address to an Egyptian Mummy	143
To the Alabaster Sarcophagus	144
Moral Alchemy	145

THOMAS MOORE

The Fire-Worshippers	146
"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls"	147
Evelera's Bower	147
"All that's bright must fade"	147
"Oh, in the still night!"	147
Sacred Song	147
"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"	147
"Oh, no!—not even when first we loved?"	147

CALEB C. COLTON

The Conflagration of Moscow	167
Life	168
Irregular Ode, on the Death of Lord Byron	170

JOHN KENYON

To the Moon	172
The Broken Appointment	173

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

Bothwell—A Dramatic Poem	174
On Seeing Audubon's "Birds of America"	175
The Press	179
The Dying Boy to the Snow-Blossom	180
Come and Gone	180
Forest Worship	181
Ribbledin, or the Christened	182
The Wonders of the Laos	183
Hymn—"Nurse of the Pilgrim sires, who sought?"	183
Thomas	184
Sleep	184
The Pilgrim Fathers	185
A Ghost at Noon	185
Corn Law Hymn	185
Flowers for the Heart	185

REGINALD HERBER

Christmas Hymn	186
The Widow of Nain	187
"Thou art gone to the grave"	187
Song—"There he, they say, a secret well?"	187
Farwell	187
Missionary Hymn	188
The British Bow	188
Verses to Mrs. Heber	188

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea"	189
Gentle Hugh Herries	190
The Poet's Bridal-day Song	190
"It's flame and it's flame"	191
"The shepherd seeks his glowing hearth"	191
"Awake, my love!"	191
"My sin countess"	191

BERNARD BARTON

Spiritual Worship	192
-----------------------------	-----

BERNARD BARTON.

To the Skylark	192
Children of Light	193
To Mary	193
To a Profile	193
Farewell	193

LEIGH HUNT

Extracts from the Legend of Florence	195
Agolanti and his Lady	195
A Domestic Scene	195
Fancy	196
To Lord Byron, on his Departure for Italy and Greece	197
The Fatal Passion	198
Kosciusko	202
Ariadne	202
Mahmoud	203
Power and Gentleness	203
The Glove and the Lions	204
An Angel in the House	204
A Heaven upon Earth	204
The Ravens Pine Forest	204
The Nile	205
About Ben Adhem and the Angel	205
Spring in Ravenna	205
To a Child, during Sickness	205

BRYAN W. PROCTOR

The Rising of the North	207
Stanzas—"That was not a barren time"	207
The Return of the Admiral	208
Forbidden Love	208
A Repose	208
A Storm	209
"I die for thy sweet love"	209
A Petition to Time	209
A Chamber Scene	210
The Lake has Burst	210
The Weaver's Song	210
A Prayer in Sickness	210
The Stormy Petrel	211
The Sea	211
"Softly woo away her breath"	211
"A deep and a mighty shadow"	211
The Quatrain	211
An Epitaph	211
To the South Wind	212
Musie	212
Flowers	212
Remembered Love	212
Kings	212
Night Thoughts	212
Happiness	212
To the Singer Pasta	213
Address to the Ocean	213

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

The Savoyard's Return	214
Cazzonei	214
"I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad"	215
To Consumption	215
The Star of Bethlehem	215
To an Early Primrose	215

LORD BYRON

The Lament of Tasso	216
The Dream	220
The Prisoner of Chillon	221
Waterloo	225
Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan	225
The Isles of Greece	226
Soliloquy of Manfred	227
Cecilia Metella	228
The Ocean	228
To Thyra	229
Stanzas—"Away, away, ye notes of woe"	229
To Thyra	230
"Adieu, adieu! my native shore"	230
The Execution of Hugo	231
Death of Lara	232
The Destruction of Sennacherib	234
Evening	234
The Fate of Beauty	235
"She walks in beauty"	235
To Mary	235
"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom"	236
Manfred to the Sorceress	236
"On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year"	236

THOMAS PRINGLE

"Afar in the Desert"	237
The Bechuana Boy	238

WILLIAM PETER

Damon and Pythias	240
Theckla	241
The Ideal	242
Christian Love	242
The Penitent	243
On a Dear Child	243
Twydee	243

RANN KENNEDY

Domestic Bliss	244
The Merry Bells of England	244
Ambition	244

JOHN WILSON

To a Sleeping Child	246
The Three Seasons of Love	247
The Hunter	247
Signs of the Plague	248
The Plague in the City	248
The Ship	248
Lines written in a Lonely Burial Ground	249
Address to a Wild Deer	250
Lines written in a Highland Glen	250

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

Love's Artifice	251
Last Scene in John di Proclida	252
The Growth of Love	253
Artifice Disowned by Love	254
Pride of Rank	254
Tell among the Mountains	254
Lost Freedom of Switzerland	254
Virginus in the Forum	254

MRS. SOUTHEY

The Welcome Home	255
Angling	256
Autumn Flowers	257
The Farmer's Death-bed	257
The Mariner's Hymn	257

HENRY HART MILMAN

Rowena	259
Lamentation over Jerusalem	259
Hymn by the Euphrates	260
Jewish Hymn in Babylon	260
Ode, to the Saviour	261
The Merry Heart	261
Marriage Hymn	261
Evening Song of Maidens	262
Chorus—"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"	262
Funeral Anthem	263
The Caurer	263
Benina to Belshazzar	263

JOHN KERLE

Advent Sunday	264
The Flowers of the Field	265
The Nightingale	265
Forest Leaves in Autumn	266
Dimness	266
Address to Poets	267
The United States	267
Champions of the Truth	267

CHARLES WOLFE

The Burial of Sir John Moore	268
"Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue"	269
"Oh, say not that my heart is cold"	269
"If I had thought thou couldst have died"	269

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Sensitive Plant	272
Love	274
The Unattained	274
Dedication to The Revolt of Islam	275
From Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude	276
Alastor and the Swan	276
From The Revolt of Islam	277
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	277
Song—Rarely, rarely, comest thou	278
Death and Sleep	279
A Picture	279
Spring	280
From Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats	280
"The serpent is shut out from Paradise"	280

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Liberty	281
A Lament	282
"The sun is warm, the sky is clear"	282
The Hours, from <i>Prometheus</i>	282
To a Skylark	283
Love's Philosophy	283
The Cloud	284
Stanzas, written in Dejection, near Naples	284
The Fugitives	285
To the Queen of my Heart	285

FELICIA HEMANS.

Joan of Arc in Rheims	287
The American Forest Girl	287
The Stranger in Louisiana	288
"Leave me not yet!"	288
The Traveller at the Source of the Nile	289
The Palm-tree	289
The Bride's Farewell	290
The Homes of England	290
The Hour of Death	290
Mozart's Requiem	291
The Dying Improvisatore	291
The Child's Destiny	292
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	292
Bernardo del Carpio	293
Attraction of the East	293
Kindred Hearts	294
Hymn of the Mountain Christian	294
Washington's Statue	294
The Lost Pleiad	295
The Fountain of Oblivion	295
A Parting Song	295
Thoughts During Sickness	296
Intellectual Powers	296
Sickness like Night	296
Rerzach's Design, the Angel of Death	296
Remembrance of Nature	296
Flight of the Spirit	296
Flowers	296
Recovery	296
To a Family Bible	296

SERJEANT TALFOURD.

Varnes to the Memory of a Child named after Charles Lamb	297
Lines written at the Needles Hotel	298
Kindness	299
To the Memory of the Poets	299
Ion described by Agenor	300
Ion receiving the Sacrificial Knife from Ctesiphon	300
Ion at the Entrance of a Forest	300
Fame	300
To the Thames at Westminster	300

JOHN KEATS.

The Eve of St. Agnes	301
Hymn to Pan	305
Adonis	306
To Hope	306
Sovereignty of Love	307
Ode to a Nightingale	307
To Autumn	308
Ode on a Grecian Urn	308
On first Seeing Chapman's Homer	308
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	308
Reginilla	309
Adonis Sleeping	309
A Fairy Scene from <i>Endymion</i>	309
Sleep	309
Scenes of Boyhood	309
The Moon	310
Robin Hood	310
Fancy	311
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	311

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The First Gray Hair	313
The Soldier's Tear	313
"Wither Away"	313
"I'm saddest when I sing"	314
"I never was a favourite?"	314
"She wore a wreath of roses?"	314
"The rose that all are praising?"	315
"She never blamed him?"	315
"She would not know me?"	315
The Old Kirk Yard	315

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

"Grief was sent thee for thy good?"	315
"I turn to thee in time of need?"	316
"Oh, no! we never mention her?"	316
"Isle of Beauty, fare thee well?"	316
"I'd be a butterfly?"	316

GEORGE CROLY.

The Angel of the World	317
A Scene from <i>Caillios</i>	318
Astology	324
Jacob's Dream	325
An Aurora Borealis	325
Rebellion	325
The Alhambra	326
A Lover's Oath	326
A Meeting of Magicians	326
The Stars	326
Pericles and Aspinia	327
Leonidas	327
A D'ge	327
A Parisian Faubourg	328
The Grievings of a Proud Spirit	328
Effect of Oratory upon a Multitude	328
Love an Evil	328
Jewels	328
Mountaineers	328

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

"My heid is like to rend, Willie"	329
"The water! the water!"	330
Jeanie Morrison	330
Lines given to a Friend a day or two before the Decease of the Writer	331
"O agony! keen agony!"	331
"They come! the merry summer months"	332
"I am not sad"	332
"Beneath a placid brow"	333
The Cavalier's Song	333
"What is glory? What is fame?"	333

THOMAS HOOD.

The Dream of Eugene Aram	334
The Sylvan Fairy	336
Ariel and the Suicide	336
Fair Lines	337
"Sigh on, sad heart!"	337
The Song of the Shirt	338
Silence	338
Death	338
Ode—"Oh! well may poets make a fuss"	339
From an Ode to Melancholy	339
"I remember, I remember,"	340
To a Cold Beauty	340
Love	340
By a Lover	340

ROBERT FOLLOK.

Byron	341
The Millennium	342
The Author's Account of Himself	343
Reputation	344
Rumour and Slander	344
Wisdom	344

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Horatius	345
The Battle of Ivry	350
The Cavalier's March to London	351
The Spanish Armada	352
A Song of the Huguenots	353

D. M. MOIR.

A Lover to his Betrothed	354
Wee Willie	355
Midnight	355
"Weep not for her"	356
Floddun Field	356

EDWARD MOXON.

To the Muse	357
Love	358
A Dream	358
Life	358
Walton	358
Scenes of Childhood	358
Sidney	358
Solace derived from Books	359
To a Bird	359
A Nother Singing	359
Poesy	359

EDWARD MOXON

To —	359
Rouee	359
Piecy	359

MRS. NORTON

Dedication of 'the Dream to the Duchess of Sutherland'	360
Extract from the Dream	361
To my Books	361
Twilight	362
The Blind Man to his Bride	363
The Sense of Beauty	364
The Mother's Heart	365
The Child of Earth	365
Ataraxia	366
The Widow to her Son's Betrothed	367
"Weep not for him that dieth"	367
The Arab's Farewell to his Horse	368
"We have been friends together"	368
Recollections	369
"Be frank with me, and I accept my lot"	369
The Fallen Leaves	369
The Careless Word	370
The Mourner	370
"Like an enfranchised bird"	370

JOHN STERLING

To a Child	371
Prose and Song	371
Aphrodite	372
Hymns of a Hermit	375
The Dearest	378
Joan D'Arc	379
Alfred the Harper	382
The Poet's Home	383
Mirabeau	384
Louis XV.	384
Dædalus	385
The Ages	385
The Husbandman	386
The Penitent	386
The Moss Rose	387
The Song of Eve to Cain	387

MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

The Factory	388
The Minstrel's Monitor	390
The Feast of Life	390
Experience	390
The Carrier-Pigeon Returned	391
Success alone seen	391
"Oh, no! my heart can never be"	392
Necessity	392
Memory	393
Resolves	393
"We might have been"	393
"A long while ago"	394
"Can you forget me?"	394
The Farewell	394
Calypso watching the Ocean	395
Despondency	395
The Wrongs of Love	396
The old Times	396
Crescentius	396
"I pray thee let me weep to-night"	397
Weakness ends with Love	397
Affection	397
Age and Youth	397
Bitter Experience	397
The Poet's First Essay	397

CHARLES SWAIN

The Lyre	398
"The kind old friendly feelings"	398
Recollections	399
"Forgive and forget!"	399
"Let us love one another"	399
"If thou hast lost a friend?"	400
The first Prayer	400
The Chamois Hunters	401
The Bird of Hope	400

SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

Cromwell's Soliloquy over the Dead Body of Charles	402
Cromwell's Reflections on "Killing no Murderer"	402
Richelieu's Soliloquy	403
Ambition and Glory	403

Last Days of Queen Elizabeth	404
The Language of the Eyes	405
Euripides	406
A Spendthrift	406
Patience and Hope	406
Love and Fame	406
The Last Crusader	407
The Sabbath	407

HENRY TAYLOR

The Lay of Elena	408
From Philip Van Artevelde	409
Repose of the Heart	412
Approach of Morning	412
Artevelde's Love for Adriana	413
Greatness and Success	413
Two Characters	413
Repentance and Improvement	413
Artevelde's Character of his Wife	413
Artevelde's Vision of his Wife, the Night before his Death	414
Character of Artevelde by the Duke of Burgundy	414
Famine in a besieged City	414
From Edwin the Fair	414
The Voice of the Wind	414
Dunstan's Account of his Temptations	415
Calmness and Retrospection	415
A Soliloquy of Leolf	415
A Scholar	415
Dunstan on the Death of his Mother	415

T. K. HERVEY

Evening in Australia	416
Venice, the Widow	416
Hope	417
Homes and Graves	417
A Vision of the Stars	418
The Convict Ship	419
"I am all alone"	419
To Mary	419
The Grotto of Egeria	420
The Temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens	420
"Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye,"	421
To Myra	421
Stanzas to a Lady	421

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT

Cowper's Grave	422
Napoleon's Return	424
The Cry of the Children	425
Seraph and Poet	426
The Lay of the Rose	427
My Doves	428
Romaunt of Margaret	429
The Deserted Garden	431
"Loved once"	432
The Sleep	433
Earth	433
The Student	434
The Cry of the Human	434
The Child and the Watcher	435
Caterina to Camoens	436
Despair	437
The Departed	437
"What are we set on earth for?"	437
The Spinning-wheel	437
The Soul's Expression	437

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

The Red Fisherman	438
The Vicar	440
School and School-fellows	441
Memory	442
Josephine	442
"I know that it must be"	443
Time's Changes	443
The Bells of the Ball	444

ALFRED TENNYSON

Locksley Hall	446
Godiva	449
Recollections of the Arabian Nights	450
Mariana	451
Sir Galahad	452
The Ballad of Oriana	452
The Talking Oak	453
The Lady of Shalott	456
Dora	457
Circumstance	458

GEORGE DARLEY	459	RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.	
A Scene from Ethelstan	459	Labour	460
A Song from Ethelstan	460	The Voices of History	481
Song of the Summer Winds	461	Naples and Venice	482
The Gambols of Children	461	Pastoral Song	483
A Village Blacksmith	461	Song of Thoughts	483
Seaside	461	Rich and Poor	483
The Fairies	461	"Because, from all that round thee move"	484
A Rural Retreat	462	The Friendship Flower	484
THOMAS WADE	463	The Men of Old	484
A Prophecy	463	On Lady C——, in declining Health	485
Volition	463	The Long-Ago	486
The Bride	463	Prince Emilius of Hesse-Darmstadt	486
The Poetry of Earth	463	P. J. BAILEY	487
The Sere Oak-Leaves	463	Festus describes his Friend	487
The Swan Aviary	463	Angela	488
ROBERT BROWNING	464	Calinness of the Sublime	488
Extract from Paracelsus	464	Faith	489
Extracts from Sordello	465	Great Thoughts	489
Caryatides by Sunset	465	A Letter	489
Eglamor	465	Truth and Sorrow	489
An Incident at Ralisbon	465	The Ends of Life	489
RICHARD HENRY HORNE	466	The Poet	489
Extracts from Orion	466	HENRY ALFORD	490
The First Appearance of Orion	466	A Churchyard Colloquy	490
Morning	466	Academe	491
Summer Noon	467	A Memory	491
Building of the Palace of Poseidon	467	A Funeral	491
Orion's Extirpation of the Beasts from Chios	467	" The Master is come, and calleth for thee"	491
Restoration of Orion	467	Beauty of Nature	491
FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER	469	A Spiritual and well-ordered Mind	492
The Prayer of a Lonely Heart	469	Morning Hymn for All-Saints' Day	492
On a Forget-me-not, brought from Switzerland	469	A Doubt	492
On a Musical Box	470	ELIZA COOK	493
A Wish	470	The Monniera	493
Lines written in London	470	The Wreaths	494
Fragment	470	" He led her to the altar"	494
The Vision of Life	471	A Love Song	494
A Promise	471	The Free	495
To the Nightingale	471	The Old Arm-chair	495
Lines written after leaving West Point	472	My Grave	495
To a Picture	472	" There's a star in the west"	496
" There's not a fibre in my trembling frame"	472	" Mourn not the dead"	496
Ambition	472	" The loved one was not there"	496
To ———	472	The Quiet Eye	496
Venice	472	Song of the Hempspeed	497
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES	473	Washington	498
Lonely Maturity	473	Our Native Song	498
The Lay of the Humble	474	B. SIMMONS	499
On ———	475	The Disinterment	499
Prayer	475	View on the Hudson	500
Not wholly lost	476	Death-chant for the Sultan Mahmood	501
The Palsy of the Heart	476	F. W. FARER	502
A Prayer	476	King's Bridge	502
Youth and Manhood	477	Childhood	503
Past Friendship	477	The Glimpse	503
Delphi, an Elegy	477	The Perplexity	503
The Patience of the Poor	478	To a Little Boy	504
The Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube, in the Pyrenees	478	The After-State	504
The Voice of the People	479	The Wheels	504
Alms-giving	480	The Signs of the Times	504

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON	Engraved by G. H. CUSHMAN . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
STAMBOUL	G. H. CUSHMAN . . .	<i>Vignette title.</i>
INCOGNITA	J. CHENEY	78
EARLY DAYS OF WASHINGTON	W. HUMPHREYS	134
THE ANGEL VISITOR	J. CHENEY	204
FAIR INEZ	J. CHENEY	337
VIOLA	J. CHENEY	371



GEORGE CRABBE.

THIS poet was born on the twenty-fourth of December, 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of the customs. At the school where he received his education he gained a prize for one of his poems; and on leaving it he became an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in his native village. On the completion of his apprenticeship, abandoning all hope of success in his profession, he went to London to commence a life of authorship. Unknown and unfriended, he endeavoured in vain to induce the booksellers to publish his writings. At length, in 1780, two years after his arrival in the great metropolis, he ventured to print at his own expense a poem entitled "The Candidate," which was favourably received. He was soon after introduced to EDMUND BURKE, who became his friend and patron, and presented him to Fox and other eminent contemporaries. In 1781 he published "The Library," and was ordained a deacon. In the following year he became curate of Aldborough, and in 1783 he entered his name at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; but left the University without graduating, though he was subsequently presented with the degree of B. C. L. After residing for a considerable period at Belvoir Castle, as chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, he was introduced to the Lord Chancellor THURLOW, who bestowed upon him successively the living of Frome St. Quintin, in Dorsetshire, and the rectories of Muston, and West Allington in the diocese of Lincoln. In 1807 he published a complete edition of his works then written, which was received with general applause. Three years afterward appeared "The Borough;" in

1812, his "Tales;" and in 1819, his "Tales of the Hall." He died at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, in February, 1832.

As a man, CRABBE was admired and loved by all who knew him. LOCKHART, in describing his person, says "his noble forehead, his bright beaming eye—without any thing of old age about it, though he was then above seventy—his sweet and innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry." A perfect edition of his poetical writings, with a graceful and sensible memoir by his son, has been issued by MURRAY, since his death.

The lovers of homely truth may appeal to CRABBE in proof that its sternest utterance is dramatic. No poet has ventured to rely more entirely on fact. He paints without delicacy, but his touches are so very literal as to be striking and effective. The poor have found in him their ablest annalist. The most gloomy phases of life are described in his tales with an integrity that has rendered them almost as imposing as a tragedy. The interest awakened by his pictures is often fearful, merely from their appalling truth and touching minuteness. He was a *mannerist*, and some of the features of his mannerism—his monotonous versification, and minute portraiture of worthless characters, with their rude jests and familiar moralizing—are unpleasing; but his powerful and graphic delineations of humble life, his occasional touches of deepest tenderness, and the profoundness of his wisdom, mark not less strongly than these blemishes, all that he wrote, and will keep green his reputation while the world we live in is the scene of sin and suffering.

STANZAS.

LET me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed;
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath;
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know;
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravely bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,—

Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,—
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green, cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport,
In air,—on earth,—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent,—but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep;
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,—
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow:—
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, oh! they vex and tease me now.
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace;
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,—
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,—
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

RECONCILIATION.

Mr Damon was the first to wake
The gentle flame that cannot die;
My Damon is the last to take
The faithful bosom's softest sigh:
The life between is nothing worth,
Oh! cast it from my thought away;
Think of the day that gave it birth,
And this, its sweet returning day.

Buried be all that has been done.
Or say that naught is done amiss;
For who the dangerous path can shun
In such bewildering world as this?
But love can every fault forgive,
Or with a tender look reprove;
And now let naught in memory live,
But that we meet, and that we love.

WOMAN.

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal.
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow,—
From all her stores she bears a part;
And bids the spring of hope reflow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.
"What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries:
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind,—
We see him lost, alone, afraid!
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.
"Perhaps in some far distant shore
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more
Than ours of jet, thus burnish'd bright;
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call;
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."
Thus her compassion woman shows;
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze;—
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.
"Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!"
Thus, in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find:
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.
Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear,—
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe—and age they cheer.

THE WRETCHED MIND.

Tu' unhappy man was found,
The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd;
And all the dreadful tempest died away,
To the dull stillness of the misty day!

And now his freedom he attain'd—if free
The lost to reason, truth, and hope, can be;
The playful children of the place he meets;
Playful with them he rambles through the streets;
In all they need, his stronger arm he lends,
And his lost mind to these approving friends.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had
Is now with mild religious pity moved; [loved,
Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs; [vade
Charm'd by her voice, the harmonious sounds in—
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade:
Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught,
From the maternal glance, a gleam of thought;
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear!

Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd, he goes,
In darker mood, as if to hide his woes;
But, soon returning, with impatience seeks [speaks;
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and
Speaks a wild speech, with action all as wild—
The children's leader, and himself a child;
He spins their top, or, at their bidding, bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;
Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him *Silly Shore*.

THE DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED.

WHEN first I came

Within his view, I fancied there was shame,
I judg'd resentment; I mistook the air—
These fainter passions live not with despair;
Or but exist and die:—Hope, fear, and love,
Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who every waking hour
Has one fix'd dread, and always feels its power.
He takes his tasteless food; and, when 'tis done,
Counts up his meals, now lessen'd by that one;
For expectation is on time intent,
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.

Yes! e'en in sleep th' impressions all remain;
He hears the sentence, and he feels the chain;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be!
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight—
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once array'd
His youthful person; where he knelt and pray'd:
Then too the comforts he enjoy'd at home,
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;—

The hours of innocence; the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
~ "Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny smile:
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend.
Life has to yield:—No! never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind.
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and pleasure on their tongue.
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane,—then linger in the mead,—
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the Linnet's bed! [way
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their
O'er its rough bridge—and there behold the bay!—
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand:
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles roll'd:
The timid girls, half-dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine, [flow,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live-lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by:
Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire—
Tokens of bliss!"

A SEA FOG.

WHEN all you see through densest fog is seen;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or, half-conceal'd, some figure at the stern;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threatens in vain.

'Tis pleasant then to view the nets float past,
Net after net, till you have seen the last;
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchor'd ship,
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore;
Those measured tones with which the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.

THE SUDDEN DEATH AND FUNERAL.

THEN died lamented, in the strength of life,
 A valued mother and a faithful wife,
 Call'd not away, when time had loosed each hold
 On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
 But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
 She felt fast bound as charity can bind;—
 Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
 The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
 And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
 Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;—
 But all her ties the strong invader broke,
 In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
 Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
 And terror grew, till every hope was gone:
 Still those around appear'd for hope to seek!
 But view'd the sick, and were afraid to speak.—

Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead,
 When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed:
 My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
 Awe in each eye, alarm in every face;
 So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
 That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
 Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend;
 For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
 The last-born boy they held above the bier,
 He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear;
 Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
 In now a louder, now a lower strain;
 While the meek father, listening to their tones,
 Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.

The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
 And soothing words to younger minds applied:
 "Be still, be patient," oft she strove to say;
 But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
 The village lads stood melancholy still;
 And idle children, wandering to and fro,
 As nature guided, took the tone of woe.

THE DEATH OF RUTH.*

SHE left her infant on the Sunday morn,
 A creature doom'd to shame! in sorrow born.
 She came not home to share our humble meal,—
 Her father thinking what his child would feel
 From his hard sentence!—Still she came not home,
 The night grew dark, and yet she was not come!
 The east-wind roar'd, the sea return'd the sound,
 And the rain fell as if the world were drown'd:
 There were no lights without, and my good man,
 To kindness frighten'd, with a groan began
 To talk of Ruth, and pray! and then he took
 The Bible down, and read the holy book:

* Ruth is betrothed—something more than betrothed—to a young sailor, who, on the eve of marriage, is carried relentlessly off by a press-gang, and afterward slain in battle. A canting, hypocritical weaver afterward becomes a suitor of the widowed bride, and her father urges her with severity to wed the missioned suitor. The above extract is from the conclusion of the story, in the "Tales of the Hall." The heroine has promised to give her answer on Sunday.

For he had learning: and when that was done,
 We sat in silence—whither could we run?
 We said—and then rush'd frighten'd from the door,
 For we could hear our own conceit no more:
 We call'd on neighbours—there she had not been;
 We met some wanderers—ours they had not seen:
 We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south,
 Then join'd, and wander'd to our haven's mouth:
 Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out,
 I scarcely heard the good man's fearful shout,
 Who saw a something on the billow ride,
 And—Heaven have mercy on our sins! he cried,
 It is my child!—and to the present hour
 So he believes—and spirits have the power!

And she was gone! the waters wide and deep
 Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep!
 She heard no more the angry waves and wind,
 She heard no more the threatening of mankind;
 Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm,
 To the hard rock was borne her comely form!

But oh! what storm was in that mind! what strife,
 That could compel her to lay down her life!
 For she was seen within the sea to wade,
 By one at distance, when she first had pray'd;
 Then to a rock within the hither shoal,
 Softly, and with a fearful step, she stole;
 Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood
 A moment still—and dropt into the flood!
 The man cried loudly, but he cried in vain,—
 She heard not then—she never heard again!

A GROUP OF GIPSIES.

A WINE

And sandy road has banks on either side;
 Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,
 And there a gipsy tribe their tent had rear'd;
 'T was open spread, to catch the morning sun,
 And they had now their early meal begun,
 When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
 The early traveller with their prayers to greet:
 While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
 He saw their sister on her duty stand;
 Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
 Prepared the force of early powers to try:
 Sudden a look of languor he descries,
 And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes;
 Train'd, but yet savage, in her speaking face,
 He mark'd the features of her vagrant race;
 When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd
 The vice implanted in her youthful breast!
 Within, the father, who from fences nigh
 Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply, [by:
 Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected
 On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
 And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
 In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
 Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
 In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
 Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd;
 Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
 Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to
 state,

Cursing his tardy aid—her mother there
 With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair;
 Solemn and dull her look : with such she stands,
 And reads the milk-maid's fortune, in her hands
 Tracing the lines of life ; assumed through years,
 Each feature now the steady falsehood wears ;
 With hard and savage eye she views the food,
 And grudging pinches their intruding brood !
 Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits,
 Neglected, lost, and living but by fits ;
 Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
 And half-protected by the vicious son,
 Who half-supports him ! He, with heavy glance,
 Views the young ruffians who around him dance ;
 And, by the sadness in his face, appears
 To trace the progress of their future years ; [ceit,
 Through what strange course of misery, vice, de-
 Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat ;
 What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
 Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
 Ere they like him approach their latter end,
 Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend !

THE POOR-HOUSE.

Your plan I love not :—with a number you
 Have placed your poor, your pitiable few ;
 There, in one house, for all their lives to be,
 The pauper-palace which they hate to see !
 That giant building, that high bounding wall,
 Those bare-worn walks, that lofty thundering hall !
 That large, loud clock, which tolls each dreaded
 hour,

Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power :
 It is a prison with a milder name,
 Which few inhabit without dread or shame.—

Alas ! their sorrows in their bosoms dwell ;
 They've much to suffer, but have naught to tell :
 They have no evil in the place to state,
 And dare not say, it is the house they hate :
 They own there's granted all such place can give,
 But live repining,—for 'tis there they live !

Grandsires are there, who now no more must see,
 No more must nurse upon the trembling knee,
 The lost, loved daughter's infant progeny !
 Like death's dread mansion, this allows not place
 For joyful meetings of a kindred race.

Is not the matron there, to whom the son
 Was wont at each declining day to run ;
 He (when his toil was over) gave delight,
 By lifting up the latch, and one "Good night ?"
 Yes she is here ; but nightly to her door
 The son, still labouring, can return no more.

Widows are here, who in their huts were left,
 Of husbands, children, plenty, ease, bereft ;
 Yet all that grief within the humble shed
 Was soften'd, soften'd in the humble bed :
 But here, in all its force, remains the grief,
 And not one softening object for relief.

Who can, when here, the social neighbour meet ?
 Who learn the story current in the street ?
 Who to the long-known intimate impart
 Facts they have learn'd, or feelings of the heart !—

They talk, indeed ; but who can choose a friend,
 Or seek companions, at their journey's end ?—

What if no grievous fears their lives annoy,
 Is it not worse, no prospects to enjoy ?
 'Tis cheerless living in such bounded view,
 With nothing dreadful, but with nothing new ;
 Nothing to bring them joy, to make them weep—
 The day itself is, like the night, asleep :
 Or on the sameness if a break be made,
 'Tis by some pauper to his grave convey'd ;
 By smuggled news from neighbouring village told,
 News never true, or truth a twelvemonth old !
 By some new inmate doom'd with them to dwell,
 Or justice come to see that all goes well ;
 Or change of room, or hour of leave to crawl
 On the black footway winding with the wall,
 Till the stern bell forbids, or master's sterner call.

Here the good pauper, losing all the praise
 By worthy deeds acquired in better days,
 Breathes a few months ; then, to his chamber led,
 Expires—while strangers prattle round his bed.

NEWSPAPERS.

Now be their arts display'd, how first they choose
 A cause and party, as the bard his muse ;
 Inspired by these, with clamorous zeal they cry,
 And through the town their dreams and omens fly :
 So the sibylline leaves were blown about,
 Disjointed scraps of fate involved in doubt ;
 So idle dreams, the journals of the night,
 Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle wrong
 with right.

Some, champions for the rights that prop the crown,
 Some, sturdy patriots, sworn to pull them down ;
 Some, neutral powers, with secret forces fraught,
 Wishing for war, but willing to be bought :
 While some to every side and party go,
 Shift every friend, and join with every foe ;
 Like sturdy rogues in privateers, they strike
 This side and that, the foes of both alike ;
 A traitor-crew, who thrive in troubled times,
 Fear'd for their force, and courted for their crimes.

Chief to the prosperous side the numbers sail,
 Fickle and false, they veer with every gale ;
 As birds that migrate from a freezing shore,
 In search of warmer climes, come skimming o'er,
 Some bold adventurers first prepare to try
 The doubtful sunshine of the distant sky ;
 But soon the growing summer's certain sun
 Wins more and more, till all at last are won :
 So, on the early prospect of disgrace,
 Fly in vast troops this apprehensive race :
 Instinctive tribes ! their failing food they dread,
 And buy, with timely change, their future bread.

Such are our guides : how many a peaceful head,
 Born to be still, have they to wrangling led !
 How many an honest zealot stolen from trade,
 And factious tools of pious pastors' made !
 With clews like these they tread the maze of state,
 These oracles explore, to learn our fate ;
 Pleased with the guides who can so well deceive,
 Who cannot lie so fast as they believe.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

MR. SOTHEY was born in London in the autumn of 1757. He was educated at Harrow, and on entering his eighteenth year he followed the example of his father, a colonel in the Guards, by purchasing a commission in the Tenth Dragoons. In 1780 he quitted the army, and bought a beautiful seat near Southampton, where for a considerable period he devoted his time to the study of the classics and the cultivation of poetry. On removing to London in 1798 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and soon after published his translation of WIELAND's *Oberon*. In 1816 he visited the Continent, and while abroad

wrote the series of poems subsequently published under the general title of *Italy*, which is the best of his numerous productions. The last of his works was a translation of Homer, commenced after he had entered upon his seventieth year. He died in London on the thirtieth of December, 1833.

MR. SOTHEY was a man of rare scholarship, deeply imbued with the spirit of classical literature, and his numerous writings, consisting of translations from the Greek, Latin, and German, and original English poems, ill deserve the neglect to which they have recently been consigned.

ROME.

I SAW the ages backward roll'd,
The scenes long past restore:
Scenes that Evander bade his guest behold,
When first the Trojan stept on Tiber's shore—
The shepherds in the forum pen their fold;
And the wild herdsman, on his untamed steed,
Goads with prone spear the heifer's foaming speed,
Where Rome, in second infancy, once more
Sleeps in her cradle. But—in that drear waste,
In that rude desert, when the wild goat sprung
From cliff to cliff, and the Tarpeian rock
Lour'd o'er the untended flock,
And eagles on its crest their æerie hung:
And when fierce gales bow'd the high pines, when
 blazed
The lightning, and the savage in the storm
Some unknown godhead heard, and awe-struck,
 gazed
On Jove's imagined form:—
And in that desert, when swoln Tiber's wave
Went forth the twins to save,
Their reedy cradle floating on his flood:
While yet the infants on the she-wolf clung,
While yet they fearless play'd her brow beneath,
And mingled with their food
The spirit of her blood,
As o'er them seen to breathe
With fond reverted neck she hung,
And lick'd in turn each babe, and form'd with foster-
 tering tongue:
And when the founder of imperial Rome
Fix'd on the robber hill, from earth aloof,
His predatory home,
And hung in triumph round his straw-thatch'd roof
The wolf skin, and huge boar tusks, and the pride
Of branching antlers wide:
And tower'd in giant strength, and sent afar
His voice, that on the mountain echoes roll'd,
Stern prelude the war:

And when the shepherds left their peaceful fold,
And from the wild wood lair, and rocky den,
Round their bold chieftain rush'd strange forms of
 barbarous men:
Then might be seen by the presageful eye
The vision of a rising realm unfold,
And temples roof'd with gold.
And in the gloom of that remorseless time,
When Rome the Sabine seized, might be foreseen
In the first triumph of successful crime,
The shadowy arm of one of giant birth
Forging a chain for earth:
And though slow ages roll'd their course between,
The form as of a Cæsar, when he led
His war-worn legions on,
Troubling the pastoral stream of peaceful Rubicon.
Such might o'er clay-built Rome have been foretold
By word of human wisdom. But—what word,
Save from thy lip, Jehovah's prophet! heard,
When Rome was marble, and her temples gold,
And the globe Cæsar's footstool, who, when Rome
View'd the incommunicable name divine
Link a Faustina to an Antonine
On their polluted temple; who but thou,
The prophet of the Lord! what word, save thine,
Rome's utter desolation had denounced?
Yet, ere that destined time,
The love-lute, and the viol, song, and mirth,
Ring from her palace roofs. Hear'st thou not yet,
Metropolis of earth!
A voice borne back on every passing wind,
Wherever man has birth,
One voice, as from the lip of human kind,
The echo of thy fame?—Flow they not yet,
As flow'd of yore, down each successive age
The chosen of the world, on pilgrimage,
To commune with thy wrecks, and works sublime,
Where genius dwells enthroned?
Rome! thou art doom'd to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man's, are number'd: number'd all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.

Though pride yet haunt thy palaces, though art
 Thy sculptured marbles animate; [gate;
 Though thousands and ten thousands throng thy
 Though kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
 Yet traffic, and thy throned priest adore:
 Thy second reign shall pass,—pass like thy reign
 of yore.

TIVOLI.

SPIRIT! who lovest to live unseen,
 By brook or pathless dell,
 Where wild woods burst the rocks between,
 And floods, in streams of silver sheen,
 Gush from their flinty cell!

Or where the ivy waves her woof,
 And climbs the crag alone,
 Haunts the cool grotto, daylight proof,
 Where loitering drops that wear the roof
 Turn all beneath to stone.

Shield me from summer's blaze of day,
 From noon-tide's fiery gale,
 And, as thy waters round me play,
 Beneath the o'ershadowing cavern lay,
 Till twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon
 Rests on Mæcenæ's wall,
 And echoes at night's solemn noon
 In Tivoli's soft shades attune
 The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight
 The bower, the flood, the glade;
 Again on yon romantic height
 The Sybil's temple towers in light,
 Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way
 Along the dim retreat,
 And, 'mid the torrents' deafening bray
 Dash from my brow the foam away,
 Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,
 And issuing forth from night,
 View on the flakes that sunward flow,
 A thousand rainbows round me glow,
 And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,
 Fresh flowers my path perfume,
 Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreath,
 And from the groves that bend beneath
 Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,
 Dark flood, and rivulet clear,
 That wind, where'er you wander by,
 A stream of beauty on the eye,
 Of music on the ear:—

And thou, that, when the wandering moon
 Illumed the rocky dell,
 Didst to my charmed ear attune
 The echoes of night's solemn noon—
 Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—o'er many a realm I go,
 My natal isle to greet,
 Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,
 And sea-winds health and freshness blow
 O'er freedom's hallow'd seat.

Yet there, to thy romantic spot
 Shall fancy oft retire,
 And hail the bower, the stream, the grot,
 Where earth's sole lord the world forgot,
 And Horace smote the lyre.

THE GROTTTO OF EGERIA.

CAN I forget that beauteous day,
 When, shelter'd from the burning beam,
 First in thy haunted grot I lay,
 And loosed my spirit to its dream,
 Beneath the broken arch, o'erlaid
 With ivy, dark with many a braid,
 That clasp'd its tendrils to retain
 The stone its roots had writhed in twain!
 No zephyr on the leaflet play'd,
 No bent grass bow'd its slender blade,
 The coiled snake lay slumber-bound;
 All mute, all motionless around,
 Save, livelier, while others slept,
 The lizard on the sunbeam leapt;
 And louder, while the groves were still,
 The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill,
 As if their chirp could charm alone
 Tired noontide with its unison.

Stranger! that roam'st in solitude!
 Thou, too, 'mid tangling bushes rude,
 Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
 A rill more pure than Hippocrene,
 That from a sacred fountain fed
 The stream that fill'd its marble bed.
 Its marble bed long since is gone,
 And the stray water struggles on,
 Brawling through weeds and stones its way
 There, when o'erpower'd at blaze of day,
 Nature languishes in light,
 Pass within the gloom of night,
 Where the cool grot's dark arch o'er shades
 Thy temples, and the waving braids
 Of many a fragment brier that weaves
 Its blossom through the ivy leaves.
 Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
 Where the moss mats its thickest woof,
 Shalt hear the gather'd ice-drops fall
 Regular, at interval,
 Drop after drop, one after one,
 Making music on the stone,
 While every drop, in slow decay,
 Wears the recumbent nymph away.
 Thou, too, if e'er thy youthful ear
 Thrill'd the Latian lay to hear,
 Lull'd to slumber in that cave,
 Shalt hail the nymph that held the wave;
 A goddess, who there deigned to meet
 A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
 And, o'er the gushing of her fount,
 Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born at King's Sutton in Northamptonshire, a village of which his father was vicar, in September, 1762. He took his degree of Master of Arts in 1792 at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained the chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on the Siege of Gibraltar. He soon after entered into holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wiltshire, from which he was promoted to the living of Dumbledon in Gloucestershire, and finally, in 1803, to a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral. We believe he is still living on the rectory of Bremhill, Wilts, where for many years he performed the duties of his office with industrious zeal, and was much loved and respected for his piety, amenity, and genius.

The first publication of Mr. BOWLES, was a collection of Sonnets, printed in 1789. They were well received, and COLERIDGE speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from perilous errors by the "genial influence of a style of poetry so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and

harmonious," whose sadness always soothed him—

———"like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring."

He subsequently published "Verses to John Howard on his State of the Prisons and Lazarettos," "Hope," "Coombe Ellen," "St. Michael's Mount," "A Collection of Poems" in four volumes, "The Battle of the Nile," "The Sorrows of Switzerland," "The Missionary," "The Grave of the Last Saxon," "The Spirit of Discovery by Sea," (the longest and best of his works,) "The Little Villager's Verse Book," and "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed," which appeared in 1837. He was at one time better known as a critic than as a poet, from his celebrated controversy with BYRON, and others, on the writings of POPE and the "invariable principles" of poetry.

The sonnets of Mr. BOWLES are doubtless superior to his other productions, but even they were never generally popular. He is always elegant and chaste, and sometimes tender, but has little imagination or earnestness.

DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

SHE left

The Severn's side, and fled with him she loved
O'er the wide main; for he had told her tales
Of happiness in distant lands, where care
Comes not, and pointing to the golden clouds
That shone above the waves, when evening came,
Whisper'd, "Oh! are there not sweet scenes of peace,
Far from the murmurs of this cloudy mart,
Where gold alone bears sway, scenes of delight,
Where Love may lay his head upon the lap
Of Innocence, and smile at all the toil
Of the low-thoughted throng, that place in wealth
Their only bliss? Yes, there are scenes like these.
Leave the vain chidings of the world behind,
Country, and hollow friends, and fly with me
Where love and peace in distant vales invite.
What wouldst thou here? Oh shall thy beauteous
look

Of maiden innocence, thy smile of youth, thine eyes
Of tenderness and soft subdued desire,
Thy form, thy limbs—oh, madness!—be the prey
Of a decrepit spoiler, and for gold?—

Perish his treasure with him! Haste with me,
We shall find out some sylvan nook, and then
If thou shouldst sometimes think upon these hills,
When they are distant far, and drop a tear,
Yes—I will kiss it from thy cheek, and clasp
Thy angel beauties closer to my breast;
And while the winds blow o'er us, and the sun
Goes beautifully down, and thy soft cheek
Reclines on mine, I will enfold thee thus,
And proudly cry, My friend—my love—my wife!"

So tempted he, and soon her heart approved,
Nay woo'd, the blissful dream; and oft at eve,
When the moon shone upon the wandering stream,
She paced the castle's battlements, that threw
Beneath their solemn shadow, and resign'd
To fancy and to tears, thought it most sweet
To wander o'er the world with him she loved.
Nor was his birth ignoble, for he shone
Mid England's gallant youth in Edward's reign—
With countenance erect, and honest eye
Commanding, (yet suffused in tenderness
At times,) and smiles that like the lightning play'd
On his brown cheek,—so nobly stern he stood,—
Accomplish'd, generous, gentle, brave, sincere,

Robert à Machin. But the sullen pride
Of haughty D'Arfet scorn'd all other claim
To his high heritage, save what the pomp
Of amplest wealth and loftier lineage gave.
Reckless of human tenderness, that seeks
One loved, one honour'd object, wealth alone
He worshipp'd; and for this he could consign
His only child, his aged hope, to loathed
Embraces, and a life of tears! Nor here
His hard ambition ended: for he sought
By secret whispers of conspiracies
His sovereign to abuse, bidding him lift
His arm avenging, and upon a youth
Of promise close the dark forgotten gates
Of living sepulture, and in the gloom
Inhume the slowly-wasting victim.—

So

He purposed, but in vain: the ardent youth
Rescued her—her whom more than life he loved,
E'en when the horrid day of sacrifice
Drew nigh. He pointed to the distant bark,
And while he kiss'd a stealing tear that fell
On her pale cheek, as trusting she reclined
Her head upon his breast, with ardour cried,
"Be mine, be only mine; the hour invites;
Be mine, be only mine." So won, she cast
A look of last affection on the towers
Where she had pass'd her infant days, that now
Shone to the setting sun—"I follow thee,"
Her faint voice said; and lo! where in the air
A sail hangs tremulous, and soon her steps
Ascend the vessel's side: The vessel glides
Down the smooth current, as the twilight fades,
Till soon the woods of Severn, and the spot
Where D'Arfet's solitary turrets rose,
Are lost—a tear starts to her eye—she thinks
Of him whose gray head to the earth shall bend,
When he speaks nothing:—but be all, like death,
Forgotten. Gently blows the placid breeze,
And oh! that now some fairy pinnance light
Might flit along the wave, (by no seen power
Directed, save when Love, a blooming boy,
Gather'd or spread with tender hand the sail,)
That now some fairy pinnance, o'er the surge
Silent, as in a summer's dream, might waft
The passengers upon the conscious flood
To scenes of undisturbed joy.

But hark!

The wind is in the shrouds—the cordage sings
With fitful violence—the blast now swells,
Now sinks. Dread gloom invests the farther wave,
Whose foaming toss alone is seen, beneath
The veering bowsprit.

O retire to rest, [cheek
Maiden, whose tender heart would beat, whose
Turn pale to see another thus exposed:—
Hark! the deep thunder louder peals—Oh save—
The high mast crashes; but the faithful arm
Of love is o'er thee, and thy anxious eye,
Soon as the gray of morning peeps, shall view
Green Erin's hills aspiring!

The sad morn

Comes forth: but Terror on the sunless wave
Still, like a sea-fiend, sits, and darkly smiles
Beneath the flash that through the struggling clouds

Bursts frequent, half-revealing his scathed front,
Above the rocking of the waste that rolls
Boundless around:—

No word through the long day
She spoke:—Another slowly came:—No word
The beauteous drooping mourner spoke. The sun
Twelve times had sunk beneath the sullen surge,
And cheerless rose again:—Ah, where are now
Thy havens, France? But yet—resign not yet—
Ye lost sea-farers—oh, resign not yet
All hope—the storm is pass'd; the drenched sail
Shines in the passing beam! Look up, and say,
"Heaven, thou hast heard our prayers!"

And lo! scarce seen,

A distant dusky spot appears;—they reach
An unknown shore, and green and flowery vales,
And azure hills, and silver-gushing streams,
Shine forth, a Paradise, which Heaven alone,
Who saw the silent anguish of despair,
Could raise in the waste wilderness of waves.—
They gain the haven—through untrodden scenes,
Perhaps untrodden by the foot of man
Since first the earth arose, they wind: The voice
Of Nature hails them here with music, sweet,
As waving woods retired, or falling streams,
Can make; most soothing to the weary heart,
Doubly to those who, struggling with their fate,
And wearied long with watchings and with grief,
Sought but a place of safety. All things here
Whisper repose and peace; the very birds,
That mid the golden fruitage glance their plumes,
The songsters of the lonely valley, sing
"Welcome from scenes of sorrow, live with us."

The wild wood opens, and a shady glen
Appears, embower'd with mantling laurels high,
That sloping shade the flowery valley's side;
A lucid stream, with gentle murmur, strays
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves,
Till gaining, with soft lapse, the nether plain,
It glances light along its yellow bed.
The shaggy inmates of the forest lick
The feet of their new guests, and gazing stand.—
A beauteous tree upshoots amid the glade
Its trembling top; and there upon the bank
They rest them, while the heart o'erflows with joy.

Now evening, breathing richer odours sweet,
Came down: a softer sound the circling seas,
The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
Her murmurs interposing, tenderness
Awaked, yet more endearing, in the hearts
Of those who, sever'd far from human kind,
Woman and man, by vows sincere betrothed,
Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon
Arose—they saw it not—cheek was to cheek
Inclined, and unawares a stealing tear
Witness'd how blissful was that hour, that seem'd
Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss
Stole on the listening silence; never yet
Here heard: they trembled, e'en as if the Power
That made the world, that planted the first pair
In Paradise, amid the garden walk'd,—
This since the fairest garden that the world
Has witness'd, by the fabled sons of Greece
Hesperian named, who feign'd the watchful guard
Of the scaled Dragon, and the Golden Fruit.

Such was this sylvan Paradise ; and here
The loveliest pair, from a hard world remote,
Upon each other's neck reclined ; their breath
Alone was heard, when the dove ceased on high
Her plaint ; and tenderly their faithful arms
Enfolded each the other.

Thou, dim cloud,
That from the search of men, these beauteous vales
Hast closed, oh doubly veil them ! But, alas,
How short the dream of human transport ! Here,
In vain they built the leafy bower of love,
Or cull'd the sweetest flowers and fairest fruit.
The hours unheeded stole ; but ah ! not long—
Again the hollow tempest of the night [sound ;
Sounds through the leaves ; the inmost woods re-
Slow comes the dawn, but neither ship nor sail—
Along the rocking of the windy waste
Is seen : the dash of the dark-heaving wave
Alone is heard. Start from your bed of bliss,
Poor victims ! never more shall ye behold
Your native vales again ; and thou, sweet child !
Who, listening to the voice of love, has left
Thy friends, thy country,—oh may the wan hue
Of pining memory, the sunk cheek, the eye
Where tenderness yet dwells, atone, (if love
Atonement need, by cruelty and wrong
Beset,) atone e'en now thy rash resolves.
Ah, fruitless hope ! Day after day thy bloom
Fades, and the tender lustre of thy eye
Is dimm'd ; thy form, amid creation, seems
The only drooping thing.

Thy look was soft,
And yet most animated, and thy step
Light as the roe's upon the mountains. Now,
Thou sittest hopeless, pale, beneath the tree
That fann'd its joyous leaves above thy head,
Where love had deck'd the blooming bower, and
strew'd

The sweets of summer : Death is on thy cheek,
And thy chill hand the pressure scarce returns
Of him, who, agonized and hopeless, hangs
With tears and trembling o'er thee. Spare the
sight,—

She faints—she dies !—

He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living, and upon her tomb,
Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclined,
Placed the last tribute of his earthly love. . . .

He placed the rude inscription on her stone,
Which he with faltering hands had grav'd, and soon
Himself beside it sunk—yet ere he died,
Faintly he spoke ; “ If ever ye shall hear,
Companions of my few and evil days,
Again the convent's vesper bells, O think
Of me ! and if in after-times the search
Of men should reach this far-removed spot,
Let sad remembrance raise an humble shrine,
And virgin choirs chant duly o'er our grave—
Peace, peace.” His arm upon the mournful stone
He dropp'd—his eyes, ere yet in death they closed,
Turn'd to the name till he could see no more—
“ ANNA.” His pale survivors, earth to earth,
Weeping consign'd his poor remains, and placed
Beneath the sod where all he loved was laid :—
Then shaping a rude vessel from the woods,

They sought their country o'er the waves, and left
The scenes again to deepest solitude.
The beauteous Ponciana hung its head
O'er the gray stone ; but never human eye
Had mark'd the spot, or gazed upon the grave
Of the unfortunate, but for the voice
Of Enterprise, that spoke, from Sagre's tower,
“ Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown
wastes,
Speed we to Asia !”

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BEREAVE me not of these delightful dreams
Which charm'd my youth ; or mid her gay career
Of hope, or when the faintly-paining tear
Sat sad on memory's cheek ! though loftier themes
Await the awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient ; yet on life's wide plain
Cast friendless, where unheard some sufferer cries
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'T were not a crime, should we awhile delay
Amid the sunny field ; and happier they,
Who, as they wander, woo the charm of song
To cheer their path, till they forget to weep ;
And the tired sense is hush'd and sinks to sleep.

TO TIME.

O TIME, who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang steal'st unperceived away :
On thee I rest my only hopes at last ;
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile.
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah ! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure.

RETROSPECTION.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shores ; and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
And yon forsaken tower that time has rent :
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and the hush'd billows seem to sleep.
Sooth'd by the scene e'en thus on sorrow's breast
A kindred stillness steals, and bids her rest ;
Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the deep,
Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre
Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn, expire.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,*
AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The castle clock had toll'd midnight—
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light,
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secret should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmur'd, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Stream'd, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men,
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone! again, on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only, by the torch, we traced
Our shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air,
Without, blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he—slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor—
No name, no trace appears—
And when we closed the sounding door
We thought of him with tears.

REMEMBRANCE.

I SHALL look back, when on the main,—
Back to my native isle,
And almost think I hear again
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

But many days may pass away
Ere I again shall see
Amid the young, the fair, the gay,—
One who resembles thee.

* In the account of the burial of the king in Windsor Castle by Sir Thomas Herbert, the spot where the body was laid is described minutely, opposite the eleventh stall. The whole account is singularly impressive; but it is extraordinary it should ever have been supposed that the place of interment was unknown, when this description existed. At the late accidental disinterment, some of his hair was cut off. Soon after, the following lines were written, which I now set before the reader for the first time.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell
On some ideal maid,
Whom fancy's pencil pictured well,
And touch'd with softest shade:

The imaged form I shall survey,
And, pausing at the view,
Recall thy gentle smile, and say,
"Oh, such a maid I knew!"

ON THE RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine,)
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling
Rhine

We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open and the rocks retire;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire
Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding slow.
Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years,
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears;
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy, once heard and heard no more.

MATILDA.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,
His bosom glowing from romantic views,
The gorgeous palace or proud landscape's hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed?
'T is poor Matilda!—to the cloister'd scene
A mourner beauteous, and unknown she came
To shed her secret tears, and quench the flame
Of hopeless love! yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,
Like that which spake of a departed friend:
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!
Ah, be the spot by passing pity blest,
Where hush'd to long repose the wretched rest.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MR. ROGERS was born in London in 1762. On the completion of his university education, he resided a considerable period on the continent, but nearly all his life has been passed in his native city. He is a banker, and a man of liberal fortune; and among those who know him he is scarcely more distinguished as a poet than for the elegance and amenity of his manners, his knowledge of literature and the arts, and his brilliant conversation. In his youth he was the companion of WYNDHAM, FOX, and SHERIDAN, and in later years he has enjoyed the friendship of BYRON, MOORE, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, and nearly all the great authors and other eminent persons who have been his contemporaries in England.

MR. ROGERS commenced his career as an author with an Ode to Superstition, which was written in his twenty-fifth year. This was succeeded, in 1792, by *The Pleasures of Memory*, which was received with extraordinary favour by the critics. It had been kept the Horatian period, and revised and re-written until it could receive no further advantage from labour, guided by the nicest taste and judgment. In 1778 he published *An Epistle to a Friend* and other Poems, in 1812 *The Voyage of Columbus*, in 1814 *Jaqueline*, in 1819 *Human Life*, and in 1822 the last, longest, and best of his productions, *Italy*.

LORD BACON describes poetry as "having something of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things." This is perhaps the most philosophical description that has been given of true poetry. There have been some poets, as CRABBE and ELLIOTT, whose verse has reflected actual life; but they only who have conformed "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," can look with much confidence for immortality. It is a long time since ROGERS made his first appearance before the world as an author, yet his reputation has probably suffered less decay than that of any of his contemporaries. This is not because he possesses the higher qualities of the poet in a

more eminent degree than they, but because he is more than any other the poet of *taste*, and is guided by the sense of beauty rather than by the convictions of reason. Poetry is in some sort an art, though VIDA was forced to admit the inefficiency of all rules if the *ingenia* were wanting. If a man be by nature a poet, he must still have much cultivation before he will be able to fulfil his mission. There has never yet been an "uneducated" verse-maker whose works were worth reading a second time. But mere education, or education joined with a philosophic mind and some degree of taste, cannot make a *great* poet, as one illustrious example in our times will show. ROGERS has not much imagination, not much of the creative faculty, and he lacks sometimes energy and sometimes tenderness, yet he has taste and genuine simplicity: not the caricature of it for which the present laureate is distinguished, but such simplicity as COWPER had, and BURNS. His subjects are all happily chosen; and a true poet proves the possession of the divine faculty almost as much in the selection of his themes as in their treatment. His poetry is always pleasing; its freedom and harmony, its refined sentiment, its purity, charm us before we are aware, and we involuntarily place it among our treasures.

Though less read than *The Pleasures of Memory, Italy* is the best poem MR. ROGERS has produced. It was published anonymously, and was so different from his previous works that its authorship was an enigma to the critics. The several cantos are descriptive of particular scenes and events which interest a traveller over the Alps and through the northern parts of Italy. Some of these cantos are remarkably spirited and beautiful, as one may see by the extracts in this volume, entitled *Venice, Ginevra, and Don Garzia*.

Within a few years MR. ROGERS has published in two volumes, illustrated in the most beautiful manner by some of the first artists of England, his *Complete Poetical Works*. He is now in the eighty-third year of his age, and the oldest of the living poets of his country.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind
Has class'd the insect tribes of human kind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting;
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point the green lane that leads thro' fern and flowers;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field,
And the white front through mingling elms reveal'd.

In vain, alas, a village friend invites
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo! majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home prospects of my hermit cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below,
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass—
Browsing the hedge by fits, the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming picher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung;
And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor-square,
And the furr'd beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.

Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze;
As soon the skylark pours his matin song,
Though evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro-routs, that dazzle to destroy;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light;
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind. [quires,
Small change of scene, small space his home re-
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvas glows,

From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!
Soon as the morning dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
Oh mark! again the coursers of the sun,
At Guido's call, their round of glory run!
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings;
And still the few best loved and most revered
Rise round the board their social smile endear'd.

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls;
Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat!

Though my thatch'd bath no rich Mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away!
The shadowy walls record, with attic art,
The strength and beauty that its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.
There, Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self, reflected, seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all "the dull impertinence of life,"
These eyelids open to the rising ray,
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;
There noonday levees call from faint repose.
Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting light;
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
When from his classic dreams the student steals,
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
To muse unnoticed—while around him press
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress;
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
A very stranger in his native land!
And (though perchance of current coin possest,
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)
Like those blest youths, forgive the fabled page,
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,

Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning play'd.
Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!
In a new world they wake, as from the dead;
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health!
Long, in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.

No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that friendship or the muse bequeaths.
Yet some good genii o'er my hearth preside,
Of the far friend, with secret spell, to guide;
And there I trace, when the gray evening lours,
A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the arrowy north; and duly hies
To meet the morning-rumour as it flies,
To range the murmuring market-place, and view
The motley groups that faithful Peniers drew.

When spring bursts forth in blossoms through
the vale,

And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the west-wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,
Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,
To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain;
And, while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought,—the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light;—
With wine, as rich in years as Horace sings,
With water, clear as his own fountain fings,
The shifting sideboard plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (Oh could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;

So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight;
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught through St. James's groves a blush of day;
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Though skill'd alike to dazzle and to please;
Though each gay scene be search'd with anxious eye,
Nor thy shut door be pass'd without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee,
explore;

Invoke the Lares of this loved retreat,
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet;
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,
Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise,)
"Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest;
Reason his guide, and happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page,
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,
One chosen seat, that charms with various view!
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain.
Through each he roves, the tenant of a day,
And, with the swallow, wings the year away!"

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

—MAN is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child;
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone
The medicine cup is taken. Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a sister's arms to die!
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
And, when recall'd to join the blest above,
Thou died'st a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

TWILIGHT's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
 What secret charms this silent spot endear!

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade
 First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown
 court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
 Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh, haste, unfold the hospitable hall!

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate. [hung,

Now stain'd with dew, with cobwebs darkly
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweeten'd every meal with social glee,
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'T was here we chased the slipper by the sound;
 And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.

'T was here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;

And fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;

And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,

Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood;

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,

With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,

Murder'd by ruffian hands when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye

Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,

And breathe the soul of inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,

Each chair awakes the feeling of a friend.

The storied arras, source of fond delight,

With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight!

And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,

On the dim window glows the pictured crest.

The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.

The clock still points its moral to the heart.

That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,

When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near;

And has its sober hand, its simple chime,

Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time!

That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive
 thought;

Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;

Those once-loved forms, still breathing through
 their dust,

Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,

Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond allusions swarm in every grove!
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
 We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
 How oft inscribed, with friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
 Soar'd in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
 Through sister elms that waved their summer-shade;
 Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
 To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
 The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
 Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
 Thou first, best friend that heaven assigns below
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
 Thee would the muse invoke!—to thee belong
 The sage's precept and the poet's song.

What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,

Long on the wave reflected lustres play;

Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd

Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind. [gray,

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,

Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn;

Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,

When the slow dial gave a pause to care.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,

Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here;

And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems

With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed

The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;

Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,

Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;

Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;

The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,

Imps, in the barn with mousing owlets bred,

From rifled roost at nightly revel fed! [shade,

Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:—

And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,

Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.

As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,

And traced the line of life with searching view,

How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and

fears,

To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast;

This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!

We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness
live!"

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
Angels, when mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark! through those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed,
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectured every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age beloved, in poverty revered;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
When only sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined!

Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight:
From whom that musing, melancholy mood
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good!
Blest Memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And through the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play;
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

LOCH-LONG.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
—Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green
Where shepherd-buirs are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain hold.

Tarbat, thy shore I climb'd at last;
And, thy shady region pass'd,
Upon another shore I stood,
And look'd upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills;)
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, waiting by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep—
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!

Glad sign and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!

Oh, blest retreat and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Toll'd duly on the desert air,
And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And Her—the Lady of the Glen!

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,
 (Where among other relics you may see
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati,
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family;
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Broider'd with flowers and clasp'd from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Along it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oak-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
 That, by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra;
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd.
 But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Donati lived—and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 "Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever!

THE FOUR ERAS.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
 The bees have humm'd their noontide harmony;
 Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their pray'r,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his sire. [hail

A few short years—and then these sounds shall
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
 The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine:
 And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 "'T was on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scatter'd round; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy has been;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

DON GARZIA.

Among the awful forms that stand assembled
In the great square of Florence, may be seen
That Cosmo, not the father of his country,
Not he so styled, but he who play'd the tyrant.
Clad in rich armour like a paladin,
But with his helmet off, in kingly state,
Aloft he sits upon his horse of brass;
And they who read the legend underneath
Go and pronounce him happy. Yet there is
A chamber at Grosseto, that, if walls
Could speak and tell of what is done within,
Would turn your admiration into pity.
Half of what pass'd died with him; but the rest,
All he discover'd when the fit was on,
All that, by those who listen'd, could be glean'd
From broken sentences, and starts in sleep,
Is told, and by an honest chronicler.

Two of his sons, Giovanni and Garzia,
(The eldest had not seen his sixteenth summer,)
Went to the chase; but one of them, Giovanni,
His best beloved, the glory of his house,
Return'd not; and at close of day was found
Bathed in his innocent blood. Too well, alas,
The trembling Cosmo guess'd the deed, the doer;
And, having caused the body to be borne
In secret to that chamber, at an hour
When all slept sound, save the disconsolate mother,
Who little thought of what was yet to come,
And lived but to be told—he bade Garzia
Arise and follow him. Holding in one hand
A winking lamp, and in the other a key
Massive and dungeon-like, thither he led;
And, having entered in and lock'd the door,
The father fix'd his eyes upon the son,
And closely question'd him. No change betray'd
Or guilt or fear. Then Cosmo lifted up
The bloody sheet. "Look there! Look there!"
he cried,

"Blood calls for blood—and from a father's hand!
Unless thyself wilt save him that sad office.

"What!" he exclaim'd, when, shuddering at the
sight,

The boy breathed out, "I stood but on my guard."
"Dar'st thou then blacken one who never wrong'd
thee,

Who would not set his foot upon a worm?
Yes, thou must die, lest others fall by thee,
And thou shouldst be the slayer of us all."
Then from Garzia's side he took the dagger,
That fatal one which spilt his brother's blood;
And, kneeling on the ground, "Great God!" he
cried,

"Grant me the strength to do an act of justice,
Thou knowest what it costs me; but, alas,
How can I spare myself, sparing none else?
Grant me the strength, the will,—and oh! forgive
The sinful soul of a most wretched son.

"Tis a most wretched father who implores it."
Long on Garzia's neck he hung, and wept
Tenderly, long press'd him to his bosom;
And then, but while he held him by the arm,
Thrusting him backward, turned away his face,
And stabb'd him to the heart.

Well might De Thou,

When in his youth he came to Cosmo's court,
Think on the past; and, as he wander'd through
The ancient palace—through those ample spaces
Silent, deserted—stop awhile to dwell
Upon two portraits there, drawn on the wall
Together, as of two in bonds of love,
One in a cardinal's habit, one in black,
Those of the unhappy brothers, and infer
From the deep silence that his questions drew,
The terrible truth.

Well might he heave a sigh

For poor humanity, when he beheld
That very Cosmo shaking o'er his fire,
Drowsy and deaf, and inarticulate,
Wrapt in his night-gown, o'er a sick man's mess,
In the last stage—death-struck and deadly pale;
His wife, another, not his Eleanora,
At once his nurse and his interpreter.

THE FOUNTAIN.

It was a well

Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture—in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honour'd with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock fill'd, overflow'd it;
Then dash'd away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees; discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down; admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a child a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approach'd
The hour for stir and village-gossip there,
The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appear'd,
Appear'd and vanish'd, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It call'd up the day
Ulysses landed there; and long I gazed,
Like one awaking in a distant time.

At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She join'd her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink;
And, while he quench'd his thirst, standing on tip-
Toe, look'd down upon him with a sister's smile, [toe,
Nor stirr'd till he had done, fix'd as a statue.

Then, hadst thou seen them as they stood, Canova,
Thou hadst endow'd them with immortal youth;
And they had evermore lived undivided,
Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest.

VENICE.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
 Led to her gates. The path lay o'er the sea,
 Invisible; and from the land we went
 As to a floating city—steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged along an azure sky;
 By many a pile in more than Eastern splendour,
 Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
 The fronts of some, though Time had shatter'd
 them,

Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Thither I came, in the great passage-boat,
 From Padua, where the stars are, night by night,
 Watch'd from the top of an old dungeon-tower,
 Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelino—
 Not as he watch'd them, when he read his fate
 And shudder'd. But of him I thought not then,
 Him or his horoscope; far, far from me [there,
 The forms of guilt and fear; though some were
 Sitting among us round the cabin-board,
 Somewho, like him, had cried, "Spill blood enough!"
 And could shake long at shadows. They had play'd
 Their parts at Padua, and were now returning;
 A vagrant crew, and careless of to-morrow,
 Careless, and full of mirth. Who, in that quaver,
 Sings "Caro, Caro!"—"T is the Prima Donna!
 And to her monkey, smiling in his face,
 Who, as transported, cries, "Bravo! Ancora!"
 'T is a grave personage, an old macaw,
 Perch'd on her shoulder. But mark him who leaps
 Ashore, and with a shout urges along
 The lagging mules; then runs and climbs a tree
 That with its branches overhangs the stream,
 And, like an acorn, drops on deck again.
 'T is he who speaks not, stirs not, but we laugh;
 That child of fun and frolic, Arlecchino.

At length we leave the river for the sea,
 At length a voice aloft proclaims "Venezia!"
 And, as call'd forth, it comes. A few in fear,
 Flying away from him whose boast it was,
 That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
 Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
 They built their nests among the ocean-waves;
 And, where the sands were shifting, as the wind
 Blew from the north, the south; where they that came
 Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
 Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,
 A vast metropolis, with glittering spires,
 With theatres, basilicas adorn'd;
 A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
 That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman by which she rose,
 Towering? 'T was found there in the barren sea.
 Want led to enterprise; and, far or near,
 Who met not the Venetian?—now in Cairo,
 Ere yet the Caffa came, listening to hear
 Its bells, approaching from the Red-Sea coast;
 Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,
 In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,

The Tartar; on his lowly deck receiving
 Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from Bagdad;
 Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love,
 From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round
 When in the rich bazar he saw, display'd,
 Treasures from unknown climes, away he went,
 And, travelling slowly upward, drew ere long
 From the well-head, supplying all below;
 Making the imperial city of the East,
 Himself, his tributary.

If we turn
 To the Black Forest of the Rhine, the Danube,
 Where o'er the narrow glen the castle hangs,
 And, like the wolf that hunger'd at his gate,
 The baron lived by rapine—there we meet,
 In warlike guise, the caravan from Venice;
 Winning its way with all that can attract,
 Cages, whence every wild cry of the desert,
 Jugglers, stage-dancers. Well might Charlemain
 And his brave peers, each with his visor up,
 On their long lances lean and gaze awhile,
 When the Venetian to their eyes disclosed
 The wonders of the East! Well might they then
 Sigh for new conquests!

Thus did Venice rise,
 Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
 That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
 From India, from the region of the sun,
 Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
 A channel open'd, and the golden stream
 Turn'd to enrich another. Then she felt
 Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
 Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed;
 She who had stood yet longer than the longest
 Of the four kingdoms,—who, as in an ark,
 Had floated down, amid a thousand wrecks,
 Uninjured, from the old world to the new,
 From the last trace of civilized life—to where
 Light shone again, and with unclouded splendour.

Through many an age she in the mid-sea dwelt,
 From her retreat calmly contemplating
 The changes of the earth, herself unchanged.
 Before her pass'd, as in an awful dream,
 The mightiest of the mighty. What are these,
 Clothed in their purple? O'er the globe they fling
 Their monstrous shadows; and, while yet we speak,
 Phantom-like, vanish with a dreadful scream!
 What—but the last that styl'd themselves the
 Cæsars!

And who in long array (look where they come—
 Their gesture menacing so far and wide)
 Wear the green turban and the heron's plume?
 Who but the caliphs? follow'd fast by shapes
 As new and strange—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
 Others, nor long, alas, the interval,
 In light and gay attire, with brow serene,
 Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
 Mingled with darkness; and, among the rest,
 Lo, one by one, passing continually,
 Those who assume a sway beyond them all;
 Men gray with age, each with a triple crown,
 And in his tremulous hands grasping the keys
 That can alone, as he would signify,
 Unlock Heaven's gate.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES was born at the manor-house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover, on the 30th of November, 1762. By his mother, an EGERTON, he was descended from the most illustrious blood in Europe. Through his father, he claimed to be the representative of the old barony of Chandos. This pretension, which was prosecuted unsuccessfully before the House of Lords, was "the cherished madness" of Sir EGERTON; it has a ludicrous prominence in nearly all his writings; and its failure deeply embittered his spirit. The perusal of Mr. BELTZ's hostile and uncandid volume leaves the impression that this claim was well founded: but the case is a mysterious one, and was involved in great doubt, even before Lord ELDON spoke upon it.

In 1780, he entered Queen's College, Cambridge: he there devoted himself to poetry, neglected the regular studies, and left the university without a degree. He undertook the study of the law, and in 1787 was called to the bar; but never made any progress in the profession. His career as an author began by the publication of a volume of poems in 1785. In the succeeding years, he wrote the novels "Mary de Clifford," "Arthur Fitz Albini," and "Le Forester;" but was chiefly occupied with bibliographical and genealogical investigations. The "Censura Literaria," and the "Restituta," are familiar to the students of literary history. His edition of "Collins' Peerage," which employed him from 1806 to 1812, is probably the most laborious of all his works. In 1812, he published a series of Essays, under the title of "The Ruminator;" Lord BYRON, in one of his journals, speaks of having read them, and characterizes the author as "a strange, but able old man." "Occasional Poems" appeared in 1814; and "Bertram," a poem, in 1815. In 1814, he obtained a baronetcy. He became a member of the House of Commons in 1812, where he distinguished himself by procuring some important improvements in the law of copy-right. Upon the dissolution of that parliament in 1818, he withdrew to the continent, where, with little exception, he passed the remainder

of his days. Pecuniary embarrassment, induced by the indulgence of various expensive tastes, was understood to be the cause of this voluntary exile. He resided in Paris, Italy, but mostly at or near Geneva. In literature, he sought relief from the annoyances of contracted circumstances and disappointed hopes; and he was constantly engaged in writing and printing books. It is impracticable to give a complete list of his works. The best of those written while on the continent are, "Res Litterariæ," 1820, 1821; "Letters from the Continent," 1821; "Gnomica," and "Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron," perhaps the most valuable of his productions, 1824; "Recollections of foreign Travel," 1825; "Imaginary Biography," and his own Autobiography, in 1834. His edition of "Milton," with a life of that poet, has made his name better known to the public than any other of his performances. He died at Campagne Gros Jean, near Geneva, on the 8th of September, 1837.

To no prose writer of our time is English literature beholden for finer passages of just thought, high sentiment, and finished eloquence, than to Sir EGERTON BRYDGES. But the effect of these is sadly impaired by repetitions, egotism, and all the infirmities of morbid passion. A judicious selection of his best paragraphs would form a volume of singular interest and beauty. To the success of his ardent wish to take a permanent place among the great authors of his country, there wanted nothing but patience, control of temper, and the prolonged concentration of his powers upon some one great work on some important subject. Unluckily for his ambition, the intensity of the desire paralyzed the vigour of the effort.

His verse is the expression of sensitive feeling elevated and coloured by romantic fancy: it is marked by a delicate sense of the beauties of nature, and displays great command of the resources of language. Under the criticisms of his friend, Lord TENTERDEN, he practised the art "*de faire des vers difficilement*." His sonnet upon "Echo and Silence" was pronounced by WORDSWORTH

the best sonnet in the language; and Mr. SOUTHEY said, that he knew not any poem in any language more beautifully imaginative. The two last lines finely imitate to the ear the thronging echoes which they describe. "The Winds," and the lines "Written on the Approach of cold Weather," are scarcely inferior; and the sonnets, "To Evening," and "To Autumn," are constructed with consummate skill. The sonnets on HARRY HASTINGS are a series of cabinet pictures, which deserve

careful study. They are in a style of art, to which, with the saving of a very few of Mr. WORDSWORTH's sonnets, the literature of this age is a stranger. In respect to finish, tone, and the magical effect by which a single image is made to flash the whole scene upon the mind, they remind us of the rural elegies of TIBULLUS. The life of the old sportsman is revived before us, with astonishing completeness. The name of the author of those sonnets will not die.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And, lo, she's gone!—In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

THE APPROACH OF COLD WEATHER.

ONE morn, what time the sickle 'gan to play,
The eastern gates of heaven were open laid,
When forth the rosy Hours did lead a maid,
From her sweet eyes who shed a soften'd ray.
Blushing and fair she was; and from the braid
Of her gold locks she shook forth perfumes gay:
Yet languid look'd and indolently stray'd
A while, to watch the harvest borne away.
But now, with sinews braced, and aspect hale,
With buskin'd legs, and quiver 'cross her flung,
With hounds and horn she seeks the wood and vale,
And Echo listens to her forest song.
At eve, she flies to hear her poet's tale, [among.
And "AUTUMN's" name resounds his shades

THE WINDS.

SUNTIME the pleasure, meditating song,
I'll'd by the piping of the winds to lie,
While, ever and anon collecting, fly
The choir still swelling as they haste along,
And shake with full Æolian notes the sky.
A pause ensues: the sprites, that lead the throng,
Recall their force; and first, begin to sigh;
Then howls the gathering stream the rocking
domes among.
Methinks I hear the shrieking spirits oft
Groan in the blast, and flying tempests lead:
While some aerial beings sighing soft [plead;
Round once-loved maids their guardian wishes
Spirits of torment shrilly speak aloft,
And warn the wretch, who rolls in guilt, to heed.

TO EVENING.

SWEET Eve, of softest voice and gentlest beam,
Say, since the pensive strains thou once didst hear
Of him,* the bard sublime of Arun's stream,
Will aught beside delight thy nicer ear?
Me wilt thou give to praise thy shadowy gleam,
Thy fragrant breath, and dying murmurs dear;
The mists, that o'er thee from thy valleys steam,
And elfin shapes that round thy car appear;
The music that attends thy state; the bell
Of distant fold; the gently warbling wind
And watch-dog's hollow voice from cottaged dell?
For these to purest pleasure wake the mind;
Lull each tumultuous passion to its cell;
And leave soft, soothing images behind.

TO A LADY IN ILLNESS.

NEW to the world, when all was fairly ground,
And shapes romantic stream'd before my sight,
Thy beauty caught my soul, and tints as bright
And fair as fancy's dreams in thee I found.
In cold experience when my hopes were drown'd,
And life's dark clouds o'er-veil'd in mists of night
The forms that wont to fill me with delight,
Thy view again dispell'd the darkness round.
Shall I forget thee, when the pallid cheek,
The sighing voice, wan looks, and plaintive air,
No more the roseate hue of health bespeak?
Shall I neglect thee as no longer fair?
No, lovely maid! If in my heart I seek,
Thy beauty deeply is engraven there.

TO AUTUMN, NEAR HER DEPARTURE.

THOU maid of gentle light! thy straw-wove vest,
And russet cincture; thy loose pale-tinged hair;
Thy melancholy voice, and languid air,
As if, shut up within that pensive breast,
Some ne'er-to-be-divulged grief was prest;
Thy looks resign'd, that smiles of patience wear,
While Winter's blasts thy scatter'd tresses tear;
Thee, Autumn, with divinest charms have blest!
Let blooming Spring with gaudy hopes delight
That dazzling Summer shall of her be born,
Let Summer blaze; and Winter's stormy train
Breathe awful music in the ear of Night;
Thee will I court, sweet dying maid forlorn,
And from thy glance will catch th' inspired strain.

* Collins.

TO MARY.

FROM THE NOVEL OF MARY DE CLIFFORD.

WHERE art thou, Mary, pure as fair,
 And fragrant as the balmy air,
 That, passing, steals upon its wing
 The varied perfumes of the spring ?
 With tender bosom, white as snow ;
 With auburn locks, that freely flow
 Upon thy marble neck ; with cheeks
 On which the blush of morning breaks ;
 Eyes, in whose pure and heavenly beams
 The radiance of enchantment seems ;
 A voice, whose melting tones would still
 The madness of revenge from ill ;
 A form of such a graceful mould,
 We scarce an earthly shape behold ;
 A mind of so divine a fire
 As angels only could inspire !—
 Where art thou, Mary ? For the sod
 Is hallow'd where thy feet have trod ;
 And every leaf that's touch'd by thee
 Is sanctified, sweet maid, to me.
 Where dost thou lean thy pensive head ?
 Thy tears what tender tale can shed ?
 Where dost thou stretch thy snowy arm ?
 And with thy plaintive accents charm ?
 But hold ! that image through my frame
 Raises a wild tempestuous flame.

HASTINGS' SONNETS.*

I.

OLD Harry Hastings ! of thy forest life
 How whimsical, how picturesque the charms !
 Yet it was sensual ! With thy hounds and horn,
 How cheerily didst thou salute the morn !
 With airy steed didst thou pursue the strife,
 Sounding through all the woodland glades alarms.
 Sunk not a dell, and not a thicket grew,
 But thy skill'd eye and long experience knew.
 The herds were thy acquaintance ; antler'd deer
 Knew where to trust thy voice, and where to fear ;
 And through the shadowy oaks of giant size,
 Thy hagle could the distant sylva's hear ; [rise ;
 And wood-nymphs from their bowery bed would
 And echoes dancing round repeat their ec-
 stasies.

* "Scarce any English reader of biographical anecdotes is unacquainted with the character of HENRY HASTINGS, of Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, given by Lord SHAFTESBURY ; which may be seen in the 'Connoisseur,' in Gilpin's 'New Forest,' and in the last edition of 'Collins' Peerage,' &c. He was son of an Earl of HUNTINGDON ; he lived through the reigns of Queen ELIZABETH, JAMES I., and CHARLES I., and died on the verge of a hundred years of age. Like CLAUDIAN's 'Old Man of Verona,' he did not trouble himself with affairs of state, but enjoyed his own country-life amid the woods and fields. His father was GEORGE, fourth earl, who died in 1605 ; HENRY died 5th October, 1650, aged ninety-nine. There is something exceedingly picturesque in the account of this HARRY HASTINGS' life ; and I am willing to delude myself with the belief, that the following sonnets not unaptly describe it."

II.

A century did not thy vigour pale,
 Nor war and rapine thy enjoyments cloud ;
 And thy halloos were gay, and clear, and loud,
 To thy last days, through covert, hill, and vale :
 The keepers heard it on the autumnal gale,
 And with responsive horns, in blasts as proud,
 Their labours to the cherish'd service vow'd,
 Delighted their old merry lord to hail.
 The forest girls peep'd out, and buxom wives,
 And in the leaf-strown glades and yellow lanes
 Each for the kindly salutation strives,
 Which to their smiles the gladsome veteran
 deigns.

Hark how, on courser mounted, in his vest
 Of green, the aged sportsman cracks his blithesome
 jest !

III.

Then comes the rude and hospitable hall :
 Mark how abound the trophies of the chase !
 How thick they mingle on the armour'd wall !
 What antler'd ornaments the portals grace !
 There blazon'd shields the proud remembrance call
 Of many a noble, many a princely race ;
 And many a glorious rise, and many a fall,
 As upward they the stream of ages trace.
 How glad the old man, far from civil brawl,
 Of a more tranquil being boasts th' embrace !
 His sleeping hounds, round the hearth gather'd,
 wako

At the gay burst of his exulting song ;
 And all, his joyous bounty to partake,
 Leap to his call, and round his table throng.

IV.

To-morrow will the music of their cries
 Pierce through the shadowy solitudes again,
 As with the dawn he to the covert hies,
 And seeks his prey amid the sylvan reign.
 Behold the merry men chanting in his train,
 See how the coy stag listens with surprise !
 In troops they hasten to their depths again ;
 And with big tears his fate the mark'd one eyes.
 Groans through the forest, echoes from the hills,
 A mingled day of joy and grief proclaim :
 A tempest gathers, and the welkin fills,
 And for another morning saves the game.
 Then on the *Book of Sports* the veteran pores,
 And deems it wiser spell than learning's lores.

V.

A hundred years to live, and live in joy !
 O what a favour'd fate ! The blessed air,
 In all its purity of leaf and flower ;
 The woodland peace, the contemplative hour ;
 The stillness which no city-broils annoy ;
 Security from envy, malice, care ;
 The gales that fragrance to the spirit bear ; [fair ;
 The scenes in nature's unstain'd brightness
 The lulling murmur of the lonely trees ;
 The ambient bracing of the buoyant breeze ;
 The very health on forest-beauty's face ;
 The form robust in woodland pastures bred ;—
 With what a tranquil and uncumber'd pace
 Might thus we reach the slumbers of the
 dead !

VI.

But is congenial quiet, and of frame
 Sound health, sufficient? Does not mind demand
 Food and exhilaration? Conscience, ever
 Busy within us, must fulfil its aim!
 Around us circles an ærial band,
 Which tells us spiritual labours to endeavour;
 And not alone the senses to employ,
 As the pure channels of our earthly joy!
 There is, within, a deity, whose desires
 We must sustain and feed by mental fires;
 The insate mind, but from without supplied,
 Languishes on a weak imperfect food;
 If sustenance more spiritual be denied,
 With flame consuming on itself 'twill brood!

VII.

But in this rural life, mid nature's forms
 Of grandeur and of beauty, why assume
 That Harry Hastings had no inward joy
 Of sentiment, and conscience-cherish'd thought?
 When splendour of internal structure warms
 The bosom's lighted mirrors, which allume
 The soul's recesses, spirits then employ
 Their skill in webs with mingled figures wrought.
 Part from within of heavenly elements,
 They add to what external sense supplies;
 Then mind and conscience give their pure assents,
 And airy shapes start up, and visions rise;
 And though the fancies pass unspelt away,
 Perchance they form the sunshine of the day!

VIII.

There is exhilaration in the chase—
 Not bodily only! Bursting from the woods,
 Or having climb'd some misty mountain's height,
 When on our eyes a glorious prospect opes,
 With rapture we the golden view embrace:
 Then worshipping the sun, on silver floods
 And blazing towers, and spires, and cities bright
 With his reflected beams; and down the slopes
 The tumbling torrents; from the forest-mass
 Of darkness issuing, we with double force
 Along the gayly checker'd landscape pass,
 And, bounding with delight, pursue our course.
 It is a mingled rapture, and we find
 The bodily spirit mounting to the mind.

ON MOOR PARK,

FORMERLY THE SEAT OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, WHOSE
 HEART WAS BURIED IN THE GARDEN THERE.

To yonder narrow vale, whose high-sloped sides
 Are hung with airy oaks, and umbrage deep—
 Where through thick shades the lulling waters creep:
 And no vile noise the musing mind derides,
 But silence with calm solitude abides—
 Temple with joy retired, that he might keep
 A course of quiet days, and nightly sleep
 Beneath the covering wings of heavenly guides—
 Virtue and peace! Here he in sweet repose
 Sigh'd his last breath! Here Swift, in youth reclined,
 Pass'd his smooth days.—Oh, had he longer chose
 Retreats so pure, perchance his nicer mind,
 That the world's wildering follies and its woes
 To madness shook, had ne'er with sorrows pined!

WRITTEN AUGUST 20, 1807.

THOUGH in my veins the blood of monarchs flow—
 Plantagenet and Tudor—not for these
 With empty boast my lifted mind I please;
 But rather that my heart's emotions glow
 With the pure flame the muse's gifts bestow:
 Nor would it my aspiring soul appease,
 In rank, birth, wealth, to loll at sensual ease,
 And none but folly's stupid flattery know.
 But yet when upstart greatness turns an eye
 Of scorn and insult on my modest fame,
 And on descent's pretensions vain would try
 To build the honours of a nobler name,
 With pride defensive swelling, I exclaim, [vie!"
 "Base one, e'en there with me thou dost not

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MAY 10, 1825.

STERN, unexpected good, unbent by wrong,
 I travel onward through this gloomy scene,
 With brow of sorrow, yet erect in mien;
 Meek to the humble, in defiance strong,
 To folly's, envy's, hatred's, falsehood's throng:
 Yet knowing that the birth and grave between
 There ever will, as ever there have been,
 Be friendships fickle, warfares deep and long!
 If I have taught the truths of wisdom's lore,
 If I have drawn the secrets of the heart,
 And raised the glow that mounts o'er grief and ill—
 In my plain verse though bloom no single flower,
 And not a ray of wit its lustre dart,
 Its naked strength o'er death will triumph still!

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MAY 11, 1826.

HIGH name of poet!—sought in every age
 By thousands—scarcely won by two or three,—
 As with the thorns of this sad pilgrimage
 My bleeding feet are doom'd their war to wage,
 With awful worship I have bow'd to thee!
 And yet perchance it is not fate's decree,
 This mighty boon should be assign'd to me,
 My heart's consuming fever to assuage.—
 Fountain of Poesy! that liest deep
 Within the bosom's innermost recesses,
 And rarely burstest forth to human ear,
 Break out!—and, while profoundly magic sleep
 With pierceless veil all outward form oppresses,
 Let me the music of thy murmurs hear.

WRITTEN AT LEE PRIORY, AUGUST 10, 1826.

PRAYSE of the wise and good!—it is a need
 For which I would lone years of toil endure;
 Which many a peril, many a grief would cure!
 As onward I with weary feet proceed,
 My swelling heart continues still to bleed:
 The glittering prize holds out its distant lure,
 But seems, as nearer I approach, less sure,
 And never to my prayer to be decreed!—
 With anxious ear I listen to the voice
 That shall pronounce the precious boon I ask;
 But yet it comes not,—or it comes in doubt—
 Slave to the passion of my earliest choice,
 From youth to age I ply my daily task,
 And hope, e'en till the lamp of life goes out.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE was born in Bothwell, in Scotland, of an honourable family, about the year 1765. She has spent the greater portion of her life at Hampstead, near London, where she now resides. When she began to write, she tells us in the preface to a volume recently published, not one of all the eminent authors of modern times was known, and Miss SEWARD and Mr. HAVLEY were the poets spoken of in society. The brightest stars in the poetical firmament, with very few exceptions, have risen and set since then; the greatest revolutions in empire and in opinion have taken place; but she has lived on as if no echo of the upturnings and overthrows which filled the world reached the quiet of her home; the freshness of her inspirations untarnished; writing from the fulness of a true heart of themes belonging equally to all the ages. Personally she is scarcely known in literary society; but from her first appearance as an author, no woman has commanded more respect and admiration by her works; and the most celebrated of her contemporaries have vied with each other in doing her honour. SCOTT calls her the Shakspeare of her sex.

—"The wild harp silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice a hundred years roll'd o'er,
When SHE, the bold enchantress, came
With fearless hand and heart on flame,—
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspiring strain
Deem'd their own SHAKSPEARE lived again!"

The most remarkable of her works are her "Plays of the Passions," a series in which each passion is made the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. In the comedies she failed completely; they are pointless tales in dialogue. Her tragedies, however, have great merit, though possessing a singular quality for works of such an aim, in being without the earnestness and abruptness of actual and powerful feeling. By refinement and elaboration she makes the passions sentiments. She fears

to distract attention by multiplying incidents; her catastrophes are approached by the most gentle gradations; her dramas are therefore slow in action and deficient in interest. Her characters possess little individuality; they are mere generalizations of intellectual attributes, theories personified. The very system of her plays has been the subject of critical censure. The chief object of every dramatic work is to please and interest, and this object may be arrived at as well by situation as by character. Character distinguishes one person from another, while by passion nearly all men are alike. A controlling passion perverts character, rather than develops it; and it is therefore in vain to attempt the delineation of a character by unfolding the progress of a passion. It has been well observed too, that unity of passion is impossible, since to give a just relief and energy to any particular passion, it should be presented in opposition to one of a different sort, so as to produce a powerful conflict in the heart.

In dignity and purity of style, Miss BAILLIE has not been surpassed by any of the poets of her sex. Her dialogue is formed on the Shakspearean model, and she has succeeded perhaps better than any other dramatist in imitating the manner of the greatest poet of the world.

"De Montfort" we believe is the only one of Miss BAILLIE's tragedies which has been successfully presented in the theatres. It was performed in London by JOHN KEMBLE, and in New York and Philadelphia by EDMUND KEAN; but no actors of inferior genius have ventured to attempt it, and it will probably never again be brought upon the stage.

Besides her plays Miss BAILLIE has written "A View of the General Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ," "Metrical Legends of Eminent Characters," "Fugitive Verses," and some less important publications. In 1827 she gave the world a new volume of "Plays on the Passions," and in 1812 Moxon published her "Fugitive Verses."

BIRTHDAY LINES TO AGNES BAILLIE.

DEAR Agnes, gleam'd with joy and dash'd with tears,

O'er us have glided almost sixty years
 Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen,
 By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop'd to gather
 The slender hair-bell on the purple heather;
 No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
 That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
 Then every butterfly that cross'd our view
 With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
 And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright
 In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight.
 Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
 Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
 Minnows or spotted pair with twinkling fin,
 Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
 A thrill of gladness through our bosom sent,
 Seen in the power of early wonderment. . . .

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
 Upon the page of printed book,
 That thing by me abhorred, and with address
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
 When all too old become with bootless haste
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
 Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I,
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
 "What! is this story all thine own invention!"

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
 Our intercourse with the mix'd world began,
 Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy,
 (A truth that from my youthful vanity
 Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
 Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
 While, but for thee, vex'd with its tossing tide,
 I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
 And how in later years, with better grace
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood has made
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
 Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
 Silent, if dull—O precious privilege!
 I sit by thee; or if, cull'd from the page
 Of some huge, ponderous tome which, but thyself,
 None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
 Thou read me curious passages to speed
 The winter night, I take but little heed
 And thankless say, "I cannot listen now,"
 'Tis no offence; albeit, much do I owe
 To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
 Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
 For still it seem'd in thee a natural gift
 The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endear'd,
 Things are of value now that once appear'd

Of no account, and without notice past,
 Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;
 To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
 Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
 After each stated nightly absence, met
 To see thee by the morning table set,
 Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
 Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam;
 To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
 On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand
 For garden-work prepared; in winter's gloom
 From thy cold noon-day walk to see thee come,
 In furry garment lapt, with spatter'd feet,
 And by the fire resume thy wonted seat; [thrown
 Ay, even o'er things like these, soothed age has
 A sober charm they did not always own,
 As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
 Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day,
 In magnitude and beauty, which bereaved
 Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
 And curly pate, and merry eye,
 And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
 And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
 First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
 Since thou in every wight that passes,
 Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
 As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
 Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
 Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a field thou hast not flown;
 With mocks, and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
 I feel thee pulling at my gown,
 Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
 A mimic warfare with me waging;
 To make, as wily lovers do,
 Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
 And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
 I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
 To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
 Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
 When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
 The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well; let it be!—through weal and wo,
 Thou know'st not now thy future range;
 Life is a motley, shifting show,
 And thou a thing of hope and change.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Is there a man, that, from some lofty steep,
Views in his wide survey the boundless deep,
When its vast waters, lined with sun and shade,
Wave beyond wave, in serried distance fade
To the pale sky ;—or views it, dimly seen,
The shifting screens of drifted mist between,
As the huge cloud dilates its sable form,
When grandly curtain'd by the approaching storm,
Who feels not his awed soul with wonder rise
To Him whose power created sea and skies,
Mountains and deserts, giving to the sight
The wonders of the day and of the night ?
But let some fleet be seen in warlike pride,
Whose stately ships the restless billows ride,
While each, with lofty masts and brightening sheen
Of fair spread sails, moves like a vested queen ;—
Or rather, be some distant bark, astray,
Seen like a pilgrim on his lonely way,
Holding its steady course from port and shore,
A form distinct, a speck, and seen no more,—
How doth the pride, the sympathy, the flame,
Of human feeling stir his thrilling frame ?
“ O Thou ! whose mandate dust inert obey'd,
What is this creature man whom thou hast made ! ”
On Palos' shore, whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,
And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
And harness'd soldiers stern and grim,
And lowly maids and dames of pride,
And infants by their mother's side,—
The boldest seaman stood that e'er
Did bark or ship through tempest steer ;
And wise as bold, and good as wise ;
The magnet of a thousand eyes,
That, on his form and features cast,
His noble mien and simple guise,
In wonder seem'd to look their last.
A form which conscious worth is gracing,
A face where hope, the lines effacing
Of thought and care, bestow'd, in truth,
To the quick eyes' imperfect tracing,
The look and air of youth.

Who, in his lofty gait, and high
Expression of the enlighten'd eye,
Had recognised, in that bright hour,
The disappointed suppliant of dull power,
Who had in vain of states and kings desired
The pittance for his vast empire required ?—
The patient sage, who, by his lamp's faint light,
O'er chart and map spent the long silent night ?—
The man who meekly fortune's buffets bore,
Trusting in One alone, whom heaven and earth
adore !

Another world is in his mind,
Peopled with creatures of his kind,
With hearts to feel, with minds to soar,
Thoughts to consider and explore ;
Souls who might find, from trespass shriven,
Virtue on earth and joy in heaven.
“ That power divine, whom storms obey,”
(Whisper'd his heart,) a leading star,

Will guide him on his blessed way ;
Brothers to join by fate divided far.
Vain thoughts ! which heaven doth but ordain
In part to be, the rest, alas ! how vain !

But hath there lived of mortal mould,
Whose fortunes with his thoughts could hold
An even race ! Earth's greatest son
That e'er earn'd fame, or empire won,
Hath but fulfill'd, within a narrow scope,
A stinted portion of his ample hope.
With heavy sigh and look depress'd,
The greatest men will sometimes hear
The story of their acts address'd
To the young stranger's wondering ear,
And check the half-swoln tear.

Is it or modesty or pride
Which may not open praise abide ?
No ; read his inward thoughts : they tell,
His deeds of fame he prizes well.
But ah ! they in his fancy stand,
As relics of a blighted band,
Who, lost to man's approving sight,
Have perish'd in the gloom of night,
Ere yet the glorious light of day
Had glitter'd on their bright array.
His nightiest feat had once another,
Of high imagination born,—
A loftier and a noble brother,
From dear existence torn ;
And she, for those who are not, steep
Her soul in wo,—like Rachel, weeps.

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

INSENSIBLE to high heroic deeds,
Is there a spirit cloth'd in mortal weeds,
Who at the patriot's moving story,
Devoted to his country's good,
Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freemen's rights his generous blood,—
Listeneth not with deep heaved sigh,
Quivering nerve, and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred
claim ?

If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull foggy paths of care,
Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair :

What boots to him the wondrous works of God ?
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly lair.

Oh ! who so base as not to feel
The pride of freedom once enjoy'd,
Though hostile gold or hostile steel
Have long that bliss destroy'd ?
The meanest drudge will sometimes vaunt
Of independent sires, who bore
Names known to fame in days of yore,
Spite of the smiling stranger's taunt ;
But recent freedom lost—what heart
Can bear the humbling thought—the quickening,
maddening smart ?

FROM THE "TRAVELLER BY NIGHT."

—STILL more pleased, through murky air,
 He spies the distant bonfire's glare ;
 And, nearer to the spot advancing,
 Black imps and goblins round it dancing ;
 And nearer still, distinctly traces
 The featured disks of happy faces,
 Grinning and roaring in their glory,
 Like Bacchant's wild of ancient story,
 And making murgeons to the flame,
 As it were playmate in the game.
 Full well, I trow, could modern stage
 Such acting for the nonce engage,
 A crowded audience every night
 Would press to see the jovial sight ;
 And this, from cost and squeezing free,
 November's nightly travellers see.

Through village, lane, or hamlet going,
 The light from cottage window, showing
 Its inmates at their evening fare,
 By rousing fire, where earthenware
 With pewter trenchers, on the shelf,
 Give some display of worldly pelf,
 Is transient vision to the eye
 Of him our hasty passer by ;
 Yet much of pleasing import tells,
 And cherish'd in his fancy dwells,
 Where simple innocence and mirth
 Encircle still the cottage hearth.
 Across the road a fiery glare
 Doth now the blacksmith's forge declare,
 Where furnace-blast, and measured din
 Of heavy hammers, and within
 The brawny mates their labour plying,
 From heated bar the red sparks flying,
 Some idle neighbours standing by
 With open mouth and dazzled eye :
 The rough and sooty walls with store
 Of chains and horse-shoes studded o'er,
 And rusty blades and bars between,
 All momentarily are heard and seen.

Yet this short scene of noisy coil
 But serves our traveller as a foil,
 Enhancing what succeeds, and lending
 A charm to pensive quiet, sending
 To home and friends, left far behind,
 The kindest musings of his mind ;
 Or, should they stray to thoughts of pain,
 A dimness o'er the haggard train
 A mood and hour like this will throw,
 As vex'd and burden'd spirits know.
 Night, loneliness, and motion are
 Agents of power to distance care ;
 To distance, not discard ; for then
 Withdrawn from busy haunts of men,
 Necessity to act suspended,
 The present, past, and future blended,
 Like figures of a mazy dance,
 Weave round the soul a dreamy trance,
 Till jolting stone of turnpike gate
 Arouse him from the soothing state.

CONSTANCY.

With the rough blast heaves the billow,
 In the light air waves the willow,
 Every thing of moving kind
 Varies with the veering wind ;
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous constancy ?

After fretted, pouting sorrow,
 Sweet will be thy smile to-morrow ;
 Changing still, each passing thing
 Fairest is upon the wing :
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous constancy ?

Song of love, and satire witty,
 Sprightly glee and doleful ditty ;
 Every mood and every lay,
 Welcome all, but do not stay ;
 For what have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous constancy !

SONG.

THE morning air plays on my face,
 And through the gray mist peering
 The soften'd sun I sweetly trace,
 Wood, muir, and mountain cheering.
 Larks aloft are singing,
 Hares from covert springing,
 And o'er the fen the wild-duck brood
 Their early way are winging.

Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
 Sweet every herb is growing,
 To him whose willing heart inclines
 The way that he is going.
 Clearly do I see now
 What will shortly be now ;
 I'm patting at her door poor Tray,
 Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch !
 How quick my heart is beating !
 That worldly dame is on the watch
 To frown upon our meeting.
 Fly ! why should I mind her,
 See who stands behind her,
 Whose eye upon her traveller looks
 The sweeter and the kinder.

Oh every bounding step I take,
 Each hour the clock is telling,
 Bears me o'er mountain, bourn, and brake
 Still nearer to her dwelling.
 Day is shining brighter,
 Limbs are moving lighter,
 While every thought to Nora's love,
 But binds my love the tighter.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born of parents in humble circumstances, at Honington, in Suffolk, on the third of December, 1766. His mother, being left a widow, became the village school-mistress, and gave him the only instruction he ever received. At an early age he was sent to London to learn of an elder brother the business of shoe-making. In his eighteenth year he made his first essay in poetry. It was in a garret, amid the hammering of some half dozen fellow-workmen, that he composed *The Farmer's Boy*, which, for minute and graphic description, has scarcely been surpassed by any poet who has written in the English language. It was shown to several literary men, but the rude handwriting, and the personal appearance of the author, probably prevented its being properly examined, until it was sent to CAPEL LOFFT, who read it, and by his recommendation in-

duced Messrs. Verner and Hood to publish it. Its success was immediate and very great, nearly forty thousand copies having been sold during the lifetime of the author. After the appearance of *The Farmer's Boy*, BLOOMFIELD devoted much of his time to literature, and published several volumes of poems, none of which, however, equalled his first production. The idea of *The Farmer's Boy* was probably derived from THOMSON'S *Seasons*, though, as Mr. LOFFT remarks, "There is no other affinity between the two than flowing numbers, feeling piety, poetic imagery and animation, and a true sense of the natural and pathetic." Mr. BLOOMFIELD was of a generous and affectionate nature, and, notwithstanding the profits from his poems, he was always poor. He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, in August, 1823, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

THE BIRD-BOY.

FAR weightier cares and wider scenes expand;
What devastation marks the new-sown land!
"From hungry woodland foes go, Giles, and guard
The rising wheat; insure its great reward:
A future sustenance, a summer's pride,
Demand thy vigilance: then be it tried:
Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun:
Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun."

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends;
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
Oh for a hovel, e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes!
No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sod for its walls, and straw in burdens bound:
Dried fuel hoarded in his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door,
Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.
On whitethorn's towering, and the leafless rose,
A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows:
Where clustering sloes in glossy order rise,
He crops the loaded branch; a cumbrous prize;
And o'er the flame the sputtering fruit he rests,
Placing green sods to seat his coming guests;
His guests by promise; playmates young and gay;
But ah! fresh pastimes lure their steps away!
He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,
Till feeling disappointment's cruel pain,

His fairy revels are exchanged for rage,
His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.
The field becomes his prison, till on high
Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.
Midst air, health, daylight, can he prisoner be?
If fields are prisons, where is liberty?
Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll;
But disappointed hope untunes the soul;
Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,
When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.
Look, then, from trivial up to greater woes;
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh;
Where not one cheering sunbeam meets his eye.
Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
No wealth, no power, to set the captive free;
Though only to thy ravish'd sight is given
The radiant path that Howard trod to Heaven;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
Say not, "I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friends; how good, how well:
I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart!"
Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,
To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
And waste the precious hour that's due to him.
In mercy spare the base, unmanly blow:
Where can he turn, to whom complain of you?
Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
Trace and retrace the beaten, worn-out way,
The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE VALE.

ON thy calm joys with what delight I dream
 Thou dear green valley of my native stream!
 Fancy o'er thee still waves the enchanting wand,
 And every nook of thine is fairy land,
 And ever will be, though the axe should smite
 In gain's rude service, and in pity's spite,
 Thy clustering alders, and at length invade
 The last, last poplars that compose thy shade:
 Thy stream shall then in native freedom stray,
 And undermine the willows in its way;
 These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,
 This scythe of desolation, call'd "Reform."
 No army pass'd that way! yet are they fled,
 The boughs that, when a schoolboy, screen'd my head:

I hate the murderous axe; estranging more
 The winding vale from what it was of yore,
 Than e'en mortality in all its rage,
 And all the change of faces in an age.
 "Warmth," will they term it, that I speak so free?
 They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me!

HARVEST-HOME.

Now, ere sweet summer bids its long adieu,
 And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
 The bustling day and jovial night must come,
 The long-accustom'd feast of harvest-home.
 No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
 Can give the philosophic mind delight;
 No triumph please while rage and death destroy;
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
 And where the joy, if rightly understood,
 Like cheerful praise for universal good?
 The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
 But free and pure the grateful current flows.
 Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
 Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
 And generous host invite their friends around,
 While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
 Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;
 And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
 With artisans that lent their dexterous aid,
 When o'er each field the flaming sunbeams play'd.

Yet plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
 Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
 Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
 With all that made our great forefathers brave,
 Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,
 And cooks had nature's judgment set aside.
 With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
 The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
 A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound
 As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
 Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
 To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.

Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
 In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
 And crackling music, with the frequent song,
 Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year distinction lowers its crest,
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,
 Are equal all; and round the happy ring
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
 And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
 With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
 To serve at once the master and the friend;
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
 His nuts, his conversation, and 'his ale.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
 Companion of the lonely hour!
 Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
 And clothed with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
 On chest or window by my side:
 At every birth still thou wert near,
 Still spoke thine admonitions clear,—
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
 And seen the growing mountain rise,
 And often found life's hopes to stand
 On props as weak in wisdom's eyes:
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
 Again heap'd up, then down again;
 The sand above more hollow grew,
 Like days and years still filtering through,
 And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
 (For now and then my heart will glow,)
 Thou measurest Time's expanding wing;

By thee the noontide hour I know:
 Though silent thou,
 Still shalt thou flow,
 And jog along thy destined way:
 But when I glean the sultry fields,
 When earth her yellow harvest yields,
 Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
 Thy daily task performing well,
 Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
 And strik'st the heart without a bell:
 Come, lovely May!
 Thy lengthen'd day
 Shall gild once more my native plain;
 Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower:
 "Companion of the lonely hour,
 I'll turn thee up again."

JOHN H. FRERE.

THE Right Honourable JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, of Roydon Hall in Norfolk, was born on the twenty-fourth of May, 1769. He is a brother of Sergeant FRERE, and of BARTHOLOMEW FRERE, sometime minister in Spain and at Constantinople. He was Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1799; Envoy at Lisbon in 1800, and at Madrid in 1802. He was minister to Spain in 1808, and in the following year, the Castilian title of Marques de la Union was conferred on him by the Junta, which the Prince Regent permitted him to accept. During his residence in Spain, his rash and arrogant interference with the English generals greatly injured his reputation. His dictation to Sir JOHN MOORE was profoundly absurd; and Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY found him so impracticable that he requested he might be recalled. In 1816 Mr. FRERE married the Dowager Countess of Errol. For some years past he has resided in Malta.

In literature, Mr. FRERE's name is associated with some of the most brilliant and successful works of his times. He was a contributor to the "Etonian;" he assisted in the composition of some of the most admirable pieces in the "Anti-Jacobin;" and was one of the founders of the "Quarterly Review." But for a long time, he seems to have valued the pleasures of study beyond the praise of au-

thorship.* The work from which the extracts in this collection are made, may be regarded as the immediate original of "Don Juan." BYRON, however, was anxious to have it thought that he had derived his models from a remoter source; and translated the "Morgante Maggiore" chiefly, it would seem, for the purpose of telling the world that FRERE as well as himself was but a reviver of the old manner of BERNI and PULCI. BYRON says of PULCI, in the preface to that translation, "He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England; I allude to that of the ingenious WHISTLECRAFT." But the merits of the two moderns are quite distinct. FRERE's excellence consists, almost exclusively, in *manner*; which presents such a combination of oddity with grace, of affectation with perfect good taste, as makes a very curious and agreeable study for the cultivated reader. BYRON could not maintain the tone of this delicate and peculiar style; instead of interfusing the grave with the humorous, or keeping skilfully upon the boundary line between them, his method consists rather in rapid transitions from the extremes of either. But the praise of this mere artist-merit may well be foregone, in view of the rare material, the fancy, thought, passion, pathos, and all that can glorify poetry, with which BYRON's pieces are crowded.

PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN

OF AN INTENDED NATIONAL WORK, BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT, OF STOW-MARKET, IN SUFFOLK, HARNESS AND COLLAR-MAKERS; INTENDED TO COMPRISE THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATING TO KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE.

THE PROEM.

I've often wish'd that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,

That's just the sort of fame that I should chuse:
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demarara.
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

Poets consume exciseable commodities,

They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,

Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis

That poets should be reckon'd meritorious;
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one board for verse and one for prose.

* When very young FRERE translated the old Saxon poem on the victory of Athelstan at Brunanburgh. Sir James Mackintosh thus alludes to it: "A translation, made by a school-boy in the eighteenth century, of this Saxon poem of the tenth century, into the English of the fourteenth century, is a double imitation, unmatched, perhaps, in literary history, in which the writer gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius and preserving the characteristic manner of his original, which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him alone among English translators."—*Mackintosh's England*, vol. i. p. 52.

Princes protecting sciences and art
 I've often seen, in copper-plate and print;
 I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
 And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't;
 But everybody knows the Regent's heart;
 I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint;
 Each board to have twelve members, with a seat
 To bring them in per ann. five hundred neat :—

From princes I descend to the nobility :
 In former times all persons of high stations,
 Lords, baronets, and persons of gentility,
 Paid twenty guineas for the dedications :
 This practice was attended with utility ;
 The patrons lived to future generations,
 The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
 So men alive and dead could live by learning.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune ; mend :
 Now, we must starve unless the times should
 Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
 If their addresses are diffusely penn'd ;
 Most fashionable authors make a short one
 To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
 To show their independence, I suppose ;
 And that may do for gentlemen like those.

Lastly, the common people I beseech—
 Dear people ! if you think my verses clever,
 Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,
 And take it as a maxim to endeavour
 To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
 And then these lines of mine may last for ever ;
 And don't confound the language of the nation
 With long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation*.

I think that poets (whether Whig or Tory)
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
 Should study to promote their country's glory
 With patriotic, diligent research ;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
 It stands to reason—This was Homer's plan,
 And we must do—like him—the best we can.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
 Are out in print, and most of them are sold ;
 Perhaps together they may make a score ;
 Richard the First has had his story told,
 But there were lords and princes long before,
 That had behaved themselves like warriors bold ;
 Among the rest there was the great King Arthur,
 What hero's fame was ever carried farther !

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckon'd the best king, and bravest lords,
 Of all that flourish'd since the tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records ;
 Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words :
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,

It grieves me much, that names that were respected
 In former ages, persons of such mark,
 And countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark :
 An error such as this should be corrected,
 And if my Muse can strike a single spark,

Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
 And then I'll light a great poetic fire ;

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
 And wash the canvas clean, and scour the frames,
 And put a coat of varnish on the fable,
 And try to puzzle out the dates and names ;
 Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
 And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
 —These first eleven stanzas make a poem,
 And now I must sit down and write my poem.

SIR GAWAIN.

SIR Gawain may be painted in a word—
 He was a perfect loyal cavalier ;
 His courteous manners stand upon record,
 A stranger to the very thought of fear.
 The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword* ;
 And like his weapon was that worthy peer,
 Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
 Polish'd yet keen, though pliant yet upright.
 On every point, in earnest or in jest,
 His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
 Were deem'd the very touchstone and the test
 Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
 A word from him set every thing at rest
 His short decisions never fail'd to hit ;
 His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
 Were felt as the severest reprehension :

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
 Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
 And confidences and complaints were stored, [peer :
 From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and
 Loved by his friends, and trusted by his lord,
 A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
 Adviser-general to the whole community,
 He served his friend, but watch'd his opportunity.

One riddle I could never understand—
 But his success in war was strangely various ;
 In executing schemes that others plann'd,
 He seem'd a very Cæsar or a Marius ;
 Take his own plans, and place him in command,
 Your prospect of success became precarious :
 His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
 And realized them better far than he did.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
 Unalterably fix'd, but calm and kind ;
 Founded on admiration, more than fear,
 It seem'd an emanation from his mind ;
 The coarsest natures that approach'd him near
 Grew courteous for the moment and refined ;
 Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
 Felt full of point of honour, like a knight.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
 The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
 His eager valour knew no pause nor halt,
 And the red rampant lion in his shield
 Sealed towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
 With ready succour where the battle reel'd :
 At random like a thunderbolt he ran, [man.
 And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the seventh of April, 1770. With his brother, (the Rev. Dr. WORDSWORTH, author of *Greece, Historical and Picturesque*,) he was sent at an early age to the Hawkshead grammar school, in Lancashire, whence, in his seventeenth year, he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge. On leaving the university, he made the pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland and Italy, commemorated in his *Descriptive Sketches in Verse*, which, with an *Epistle to a Young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England*, were published in 1793. He was in Paris at the commencement of the French Revolution, lodging in the same house with BRISSOT, but was driven from the city by the Reign of Terror. Returned to England, he passed a considerable time at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, where he became intimately acquainted with COLERIDGE. It was during his residence here that he completed the first volume of his *Lyrical Ballads*, which was published in 1798. He soon after made a tour through a part of Germany, where he was joined by COLERIDGE, with whom, at the end of thirty years, he revisited that country. In 1803 he married MARY HUTCHINSON, and settled at Grassmere, a home subsequently exchanged for his present beautiful residence at Rydal, in Westmoreland. In 1807 he published a second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and in 1809 a prose work *On the Relations of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal to each other*. In 1814 appeared *The Excursion*, "being a portion of *The Recluse*, a poem," which was followed, in 1815, by *The White Doe of Rylstone*; in 1819 by *Peter Bell the Waggoner*; in 1820 by *The River Duddon*, a series of sonnets, *Vaudracour and Julia* and other pieces, and *Ecclesiastical Sketches*; in 1822 by *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, and *A Description of the Lakes in the North of England*; in 1835 by *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems*; and in 1842 by his last volume, *Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years*, including *The Borderers*, a Tragedy, written in 1785.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is reported to have said that any man of good ability who could have paid the same long and undivided attention to mathematical pursuits that he had, would have wrought out the same results. Probably almost any thoughtful and well-educated person, devoting a long and quiet life to the cultivation of poetry, would sometimes produce passages of sublimity and beauty. Mr. WORDSWORTH has produced very many such; but he has written no single great poem, harmonious and sustained, unless exceptions be found in two or three of his shorter pieces. In the beginning of his career, acting upon the belief that a man of genius must "shape his own road," he affected an originality of style. He determined to be simple, and became puerile; he disdained to owe anything to the dignity of his subjects, and often selected such as were contemptible. He complained that poetry had been written in an inflated and unnatural diction, compounded of a "certain class of ideas and expressions," to the exclusion of all others, and vaunted of his courage in setting these aside. But the complaint was ill-grounded; there was mannerism enough, inflation enough, in the beginning of this century, but there was also genuine simplicity and tenderness, and independence of feeling and expression. CHAUCER and SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, were studied as well as POPE; and COWPER and THOMSON and BURNS had as truly as himself written "the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation." The principles he ostentatiously avowed were a mere repetition of what nearly every poet whose works retain a place in English literature had practically acknowledged. Sportsmen have a phrase, "running the thing into the ground," which has been applied to the racing of asses; and Mr. WORDSWORTH, in the *White Doe of Rylstone*, *Peter Bell*, and other pieces, has merely applied the art to simplicity of diction. In him mannerism, an obstinate adherence to a theory, well nigh ruined a great poet; for such he has shown himself to be when the divine afflatus has obtained a mastery

over the rules by which he has chosen to be fettered. The general scope of his poetry is shown in the following extract from the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*, introduced into the preface to *The Excursion* :

On man, on nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight,
Pure, or with no displeasing sadness mix'd;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
To these emotions, whence'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the soul—an impulse to herself,—
I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope—
And melancholy fear subdued by faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To conscience only, and the law supreme
That Intelligence which governs all;
I sing!—"fit audience let me find, though few!"

So pray'd, more gaining than he ask'd, the bard,
Holiest of men—*URANIA*, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
All strength, all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form;
Jehovah—with his thunder and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones—
I pass them unalar'm'd. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy—scoop'd out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our minds, into the mind of man,
My haunt, and the main region of my song.

By words

Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external world
Is fitted; and how exquisitely, too,—
Theme this but little heard of among men,—
The external world is fitted to the mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be call'd) which they with blended might
Accomplish: This is our high argument.

Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities; may these sounds
Have their authentic comment—that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!
—Descend, prophetic spirit! that inspirest
The human soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts

Of mighty poets; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine;
Shedding benignant influence—and secure,
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere!

It was for a long time the custom to treat WORDSWORTH with unmerited contempt. His faults were so conspicuous as to blind men to his merits. The fashion is changed, and he is now as much overpraised. The stone which the builders rejected, has by a few been placed at the head of the corner, but it cannot remain there. He has written poetry worthy of the greatest bards of all the ages, and as wretched verbiage and inanity as any with which paper was ever assailed.

Mr. WORDSWORTH has been an eminently happy man in his circumstances. Depressed by no poverty, worn out with no over-exertion, and successful in his few efforts of a private nature, nothing has disturbed the tranquillity of his life. He has realized the vision of literary ease and retirement which has mocked the ambition of so many men of genius. All other poets of high reputation have passed considerable portions at least of their lives in the current of society, but his days have been spent in the beautiful region of his home, and the quiet meditation of his works.

Few men have been more beloved than Mr. WORDSWORTH in private life. Among his intimate friends have been COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, and many of the other eminent men of his time. On the death of SOUTHEY he was appointed Poet Laureate, and, at seventy-five, he promises to live yet many years to enjoy his fame and the honours of his station.

The selections from WORDSWORTH in this volume are in but few instances complete poems. I have chosen rather to give in detached passages some of his most beautiful and sublime thoughts, with enough of the characteristic to enable the reader to perceive the peculiarities of his style. No one but the author of the *Lyrical Ballads* would have written "We are Seven."

A complete edition of the works of Mr. WORDSWORTH has been published in Philadelphia, under the superintendence of Professor HENRY REED, of the University of Pennsylvania, a gentleman to whom he owes much of his reputation in America; and another edition was published several years ago in New Haven.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,
Stand yet—but, stranger! hidden from thy view—
The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu;
Erst a religious house, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the spot gave birth
To honourable men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskin'd stage.
Communities are lost, and empires die,
And things of holy use unhallow'd lie;
They perish;—but the intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er decays.

A YOUTHFUL POET CONTEMPLATING NATURE.

For the growing youth,
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being: in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffer'd no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!
A herdsman on the lonely mountain top,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes possessed.
Oh then how beautiful, how bright appear'd
The written promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seem'd infinite; and then his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he saw.

What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he call'd those ecstasies to mind, [quired
And whence they flow'd; and from them he ac-
Wisdom, which works through patience; thence he
In oft recurring hours of sober thought, [learn'd
To look on nature with an humble heart,
Self-question'd where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HAS not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks,
At night's approach, bring down th' unclouded sky
To rest upon their circumambient walls;
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems—choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here, if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks;
The little rills and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—one solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above the power of sight—
An iron knell! With echoes from afar,
Faint, and still fainter.

SKATING.

NOR seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cross the bright reflection of a star,
Image that, dying still before me, gleam'd
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me, even as if the earth had roll'd,
With visible motion, her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler; and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

ON REVISITING THE WYE.

THESE beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift
 Of aspect more sublime; that blesses most
 In which the burden of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lighten'd:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on—
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul;
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things. If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
 Has hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee,
 O silvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!
 And now with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts,
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, [first
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad varied moments all gone by)
 To me was all in all. I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrow'd from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
 Have follow'd; for such loss I would believe
 Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still sad music of humanity,
 Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
 To soften and subdue. And I have felt
 A passion that disturb'd me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interposed,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and on the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects and all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive; well-pleased to recognise,
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

CLOUDS AFTER A STORM.

—A SINGLE step which freed me from the skirts
 Of the blind vapour, open'd to my view
 Glory beyond all glory ever seen
 By waking sense or by the dreaming soul—
 The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
 Was of a mighty city—boldly say
 A wilderness of building, sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth
 Far sinking into splendour—without end!
 Fabric it seem'd of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes and silver spires;
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high
 Uplifted: here serene pavilions bright
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars, illumination of all gems!
 Oh 'twas an unimaginable sight; [turf,
 Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald
 Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 Molten together, and composing thus,
 Each lost in each, that marvellous array
 Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
 Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
 In feecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd.
 Right in the midst, where interspace appear'd
 Of open court, an object like a throne
 Beneath a shining canopy of state
 Stood fix'd; and fix'd resemblances were seen
 To implements of ordinary use,
 But vast in size, in substance glorified;
 Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
 In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
 For admiration and mysterious awe!

MAN NEVER TO BE SCORNEO.

— 'Tis nature's law

That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably link'd. Then be assured
That least of all can aught—that ever own'd
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depress'd,
So low as to be scorn'd without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless.

OBEDIENCE AND HUMILITY.

— GLORIOUS is the blending

Of light affections climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
Descending to the worm in charity;
Like those good angels whom a dream of night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight;
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendant stairs
Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, served the Almighty Lord;
And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

A DESERTED WIFE.

— EVERMORE

Her eyelids droop'd, her eyes were downward cast,
And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me! Her voice was low,
Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house affairs, appear'd
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter. Still she sigh'd,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
We ate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

— I return'd,

And took my rounds along this road again
Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peep'd forth, to give an earnest of the spring.
I found her sad and drooping; she had learn'd
No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead. She seem'd the same
In person and appearance; but her house
Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence.

— Her infant babe

Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
And sigh'd among its playthings!

CHATTERTON.

I THOUGHT of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain side;
By our own spirits we are deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness.

PICTURE OF A BEGGAR.

— THE aged man

Had placed his staff across the broad, smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
And scann'd them with a fix'd and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by these wild, unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude;
And ever, scatter'd from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to pick their destined meal,
Approach'd within the length of half his staff.

A LOVER.

ARABIAN fiction never fill'd the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turn'd the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portal of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarm'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him—overblest to move
Beneath a sun that walks a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality.

LONGING FOR REUNION WITH THE DEAD.

— FULL oft the innocent sufferer sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision with intense
And over-constant yearning; there—there lies
The excess by which the balance is destroy'd.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim,
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.

A CHILD WITH A SHELL.

I HAVE seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely! and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith.

APOSTROPHE TO THE DEITY.

—THOU, dread source

Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustain'd;—Thou, who didst wrap the
cloud

Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein with our simplicity a while
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturb'd;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its deathlike void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the bless'd spirits,
Which thou includest, as the sea her waves:
For adoration thou endurest; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to Thy Being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away—a work
Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these; the unimprison'd mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allow'd me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine; when, station'd on the top
Of some huge hill—expectant I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes return'd
Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day
His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude;
The measure of my soul was fill'd with bliss,
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

—NATURE never did betray

The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, nor disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!

FROM A POEM ON THE POWER OF
SOUND.

—THE gift to King Amphion

That wall'd a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud one, docile as a managed horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couch'd in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards
That in high triumph drew the Lord of Vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild-flowers crown'd.
To life, to life give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell;
“The vain distress-gun” from a leeward shore
Repeated—heard and heard no more!

DION.*

FAIR is the swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locano's lake,
Bears him on, while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings

Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs,
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings

A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
Behold! as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute creature without visible mate
Or rival, save the queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turn'd, a natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.

Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inherent dignity austere;

That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

Five thousand warriors—oh, the rapturous day!
Each crown'd with flowers, and arm'd with spear
and shield,

Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.

Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crown'd with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming corslet clad!

Pure transport, undisturb'd by doubt or fear,
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train

Or blest procession (to the immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.

Lo! when the gates are enter'd, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets fill'd with wine
In seemly order stand,

On tables set, as if for rites divine;—

And, as the great deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown

In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very deity he were!

* See Plutarch.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Illyssus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,

Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved
with stars)

Which Dion learn'd to measure with delight;
But he hath overleap'd the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stain'd the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.

Whence doubt that come too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low

As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go;
But whence that sudden check! that fearful start!

He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound

A shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,

His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight mid eddying pine-tree tops!

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen spectre to her purpose bow'd,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avow'd!
"Avaunt, inexplicable guest!—avaunt!"
Exclaim'd the chieftain,—"Let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have
borne!"

But shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
Ye gods, thought he, that servile implement
Obeys a mystical intent!

Your minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no philosophy can brook!

Ill-fated chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;

Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim !
 Oh, matchless perfidy ! portentous lust
 Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking blade,
 Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid
 The noble Syracusan low in dust !
 Shudder'd the walls,—the marble city wept,—
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ;
 But in calm peace the appointed victim slept,
 As he had fallen, in magnanimity :
 Of spirit too capacious to require
 That Destiny her course should change ; too just
 To his own native greatness, to desire
 That wretched boon, days lengthen'd by mistrust.
 So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
 The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
 Released from life and cares of princely state,
 He left this moral grafted on his fate,—
 "Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
 Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 —It is the generous spirit who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought :
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doom'd to go in company with pain,
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;
 By objects, which might force her soul to abate
 Her feeling, render'd more compassionate ;
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 —"T is he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He fixes good on good alone, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows :
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire
 And in himself possess his own desire ;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be call'd upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
 Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 —He who though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
 To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve :
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
 "T is, finally, the man who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won ;
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

THE POWER OF VIRTUE.

ALL true glory rests,
 All praise of safety, and all happiness,
 Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes ;
 Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves ;
 Palmyra, central in the desert, fell !
 And the arts died by which they had been raised.
 —Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
 Upon the plain of vanish'd Syracuse,
 And feelingly the sage shall make report
 How insecure, how baseless in itself
 Is that philosophy, whose sway is framed
 For mere material instruments :—How weak
 Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropp'd
 By virtue."

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD.

"The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

THERE WAS a time when meadow, grove, and spring,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow come and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare :
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth,—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief ;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong ;

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the world is gay :

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy.

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other made ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss—I feel—I feel it all.

Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen,
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—

I hear, I hear—with joy I hear !
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam !
Where is it now, the glory and the dream !

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home ;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy ;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy :

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art :

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part,—
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind ;—
Mighty prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day,—a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise,
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy.

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds ! sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng ;
 Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not,—rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which, having been, must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,—
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.
 And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality :
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

EVENING BY THE THAMES.

How richly glows the water's breast
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,
 While, facing thus the crimson west,
 The boat her silent course pursues !
 And see how dark the backward stream !
 A little moment past so smiling !
 And still, perchance, with faithless gleam,
 Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure ;
 But, heedless of the following gloom,
 He deems their colours shall endure
 Till peace go with him to the tomb.
 And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 And what if he must die in sorrow !
 Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?

Glide gently thus, for ever glide,
 O Thames ! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river ! come to me.
 O glide, fair stream ! for ever so,
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds for ever flow,
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene !
 Such as did once the poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later* ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

* Collins's Ode on the Death of THOMSON, the last written of the poems which were published during his lifetime.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camdens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from faery land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas, too few.

GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penn'd
And tongues that utter'd wisdom—better none;
The latter Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone [bend
In splendour; what strength was, that would not
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altars, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow,
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

A NATION'S POWER NOT IN ARMIES.

THE power of armies is a visible thing
Formal and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace,
Which a brave people into light can bring
Or hide at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves. From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

A VISION.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still;
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But it was fashion'd and to God was vow'd
By virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art: [loud,
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blew
Into the consciousness of safety thrill'd;
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
"Hell-gates are powerless phantoms when we build."

CHILDHOOD.

ALL sleeps—from strife or stir the clouds are free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun.
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven brood's o'er the sea:
But list! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear happy girl! if thou appear
Headless—untouch'd with awe or serious thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.*

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude nature's pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen†
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had ever shown
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

Oh Goddard! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!

* The lamented youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour, when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling-companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

† Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old Lucerne.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were *then* of earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle muse,
He left his transatlantic home:
Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid Goldau's ruins bed;
As evening's fondly lingering rays
On Righi's silent brow.

Lamented youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey—
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy mother weeps for thee,
Lost youth! a solitary mother;
This tribute from a casual friend
To not unwelcome aid may lend,
A feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.*

* The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
 Who deem that ye from open light
 Retire in fear of shame;
 All *heaven-born* instincts shun the touch
 Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,
 Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
 Were mine in early days;
 And now, unforced by time to part
 With fancy, I obey my heart,
 And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
 Too potent over nerve and blood,
 Lurk near you—and combine
 To taint the health which ye infuse;
 This hides not from the moral muse
 Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided powers!
 Comes faith that in auspicious hours
 Builds castles, not of air;
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will
 Flow from your visionary skill,
 And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift,
 Shall vanish, if ye please,
 Like morning mist; and, where it lay,
 The spirits at your bidding play
 In gayety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
 Through space, though calm, not raised above
 Prognostics that ye rule;
 The naked Indian of the wild,
 And haply, too, the cradled child,
 Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
 Number their signs or instruments?
 A rainbow, a sunbeam,
 A subtle smell that spring unbinds,
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
 An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth,
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth,
 Ye feelingly reprove;
 And daily, in the conscious breast,
 Your visitations are a test
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope
 To an exulting nation's hope,
 Oft, startled and made wise
 By your low-breathed interpretations,
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs
 Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
 Pervade the lonely ocean far
 As sail hath been unfurl'd;

For dancers in the festive hall
 What ghastly partners hath your call
 Fetched from the shadowy world!

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,
 Embolden'd by a keener sense;
 That men have lived for whom,
 With dread precision, ye made clear
 The hour that in a distant year
 Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
 Truth shows a glorious face,
 While on that isthmus which commands
 The councils of both worlds, she stands,
 Sage spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
 All changes of the element,
 Whose wisdom fix'd the scale
 Of natures, for our wants provides
 By higher, sometimes humbler guides,
 When lights of reason fail.

TO THE DAISY.

Is youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill, in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy;
 But now my own delights I make,—
 My thirst at every rill can slake,
 And nature's love of thee partake,
 Her much-loved daisy!

Thee winter in the garland wears
 That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee;
 Whole summer fields are thine by right;
 And autumn, melancholy wight!
 Doth in thy crimson head delight
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
 Pleased at his greeting thee again;
 Yet nothing daunted
 Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
 And oft alone in nooks remote
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
 The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling;
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
 Thou art indeed by many a claim
 The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
 Or, some bright day of April sky,
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie
 Near the green holly,
 And wearily at length should fare;

He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn,
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress'd,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instant call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun,
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art nature's favourite.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTROD- DEN WAYS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden way
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown—and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work and know it not;
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I defer'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And who are they? I pray you, tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
'Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

AN INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state:
And, if the glory reached the nun,
'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gayly o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty!

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending.
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

AUTUMN.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring.

For that from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy; while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Uncheck'd is that soft harmony:

There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant seraphim,
These choristers confide.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

A MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE.

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud;
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sun-beams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh on the fifteenth of August, 1771. "My birth," says he, "was neither distinguished nor sordid; according to the prejudices of my country it was esteemed gentle, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families, both by my father's and mother's side." Delicacy of constitution, attended by a lameness which proved permanent, was apparent in his infancy, and induced his removal to the rural residence of his grandfather, near the Tweed, where he remained until about the eighth year of his age. In the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion* he has graphically described the scenery by which he was surrounded, his interest in its ruins and his sympathy with its grandeur and beauty. The romantic ballads and legends to which he listened here were treasured in his memory, and had a powerful influence upon his future character. From 1779 to 1783 he was in the high school of Edinburgh. He tells us, alluding to this period, that he had a reputation as a tale-teller, and that the applause of his companions was a recompense for the disgraces and punishments he incurred by being idle himself and keeping others idle during hours which should have been devoted to study. In 1783 he became a student in the university, but his education proceeded unprosperously. He had no inclination for science, and was a careless learner of the languages, though he acquired the French, Italian, and Spanish, so as to read them with sufficient ease.

In 1786 he entered the law office of his father, and in 1792, being then nearly twenty-one years of age, he was called to the bar. He paid little attention to his profession, but was an industrious reader of romantic literature, in his own and foreign languages, especially in the German, with which he had recently become familiar. The position of his family, and his own cheerful temper and fine colloquial abilities, procured him admission to the best society of the city, and led to his acquaintance with a young lady by whose marriage long and fondly-cherished hopes were disappointed. Her image was for ever in his

memory, and inspired some of the most beautiful passages in his poetry. In 1797, however, he became acquainted with Miss CHARPENTIER, the daughter of a French refugee, to whom, in the autumn of that year, he was married.

Previous to this time M. G. LEWIS had acquired considerable reputation by his imitations of the German ballads; and conceiving that if inferior to him in poetical powers, he was his superior in general information, SCOTT had undertaken to become his rival. His earliest efforts, translations of BURGER's *Leonore* and Wild Huntsman, were published in 1796, and two years afterward appeared in London his version of GOETHE's *Goetz von Berlichingen*. Each of these volumes was favourably reviewed, but coldly received by the public.

Soon after his marriage SCOTT had taken a pleasant house on the banks of the Tweed, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. By the death of his father he had come into possession of a considerable income; his wife had an annuity of four hundred pounds; and the office of sheriff of Selkirkshire, which imposed very little duty, now produced him some three hundred more. At twenty-eight years of age few men were more happily situated, but he had as yet done scarcely any thing toward founding a reputation as a man of letters.

His leisure hours were for several years devoted to the preparation of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the third and last volume of which appeared in 1803. This work gave him at once an enviable position. He soon after visited London, where he formed friendships with the leading authors of the day, and in the beginning of 1805 he placed himself in the list of classic writers by the publication of his first great original work, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was received with universal applause, and of which more than thirty thousand copies were sold in the ensuing twenty years.

The limits of this biography forbid any thing more than an allusion to SCOTT's obtaining one of the principal clerkships in the Scottish Court of Session, his quarrel with Constable, partnership with Ballantyne, esta-

blishment of the *Quarterly Review*, and early ambition to elevate his social position by acquiring territorial possessions.

In 1805 he wrote the first chapters of a novel, but the opinion of a friend to whom the manuscript was submitted prevented its completion. In 1808 he published *Marmion*, in 1810 *The Lady of the Lake*, in 1811 *The Vision of Don Roderick*, in 1812 *Rokeby*, and in 1813 *The Bridal of Triermain*. His poetical career closed in 1815 with *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Field of Waterloo*; although he subsequently published anonymously *Harold the Dauntless* and his *Dramatic Writings*, which were unworthy of his reputation. His range as a poet was limited; it had been all explored; and the greatest of modern poets had in the mean time taken a place with the sacred few who are destined to live immortally in men's hearts. SCOTT was among the first to recognise BYRON's superiority. In every field he would himself be first or nothing. He quitted the lyre for ever.

SCOTT had already published his admirable editions of SWIFT and DRYDEN; and from this period till 1825 his name was not before the public except in connection with Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, and a few articles in the *Quarterly Review* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But in these ten years he laid the foundation of the highest reputation which the world of letters has furnished in the nineteenth century. The composition of the novel which had been commenced in 1805 was resumed, and finished with remarkable rapidity. The work appeared in the summer of 1814 under the title of *Waverley*, and its success was immediate and unparalleled. The series of novels to which this gave a distinguishing title followed each other in quick succession, and were translated into almost every written language. The Author of *Waverley* became a part of the existence of mankind, and the discovery of his name the great enigma of the age. *Guy Mannering* was published in 1815, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, and the *Black Dwarf* in 1816, *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* in 1818, *The Bride of Lammermoor* and the *Legend of Montrose* in 1819, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot* in 1820, *Kenilworth* in 1821, *The Pirate* and the *Fortunes of Nigel* in 1822, *Quentin Durward* and *Peveril of the Peak* in 1823, *St. Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet* in 1824, *Tales of the*

Crusaders in 1825, *Woodstock* in 1826, *First Series of Chronicles of the Canongate* and *Tales of a Grandfather* in 1827, *Second Series of Chronicles of the Canongate* and of the *Tales of a Grandfather* in 1828, *Anne of Geirstein* and the *Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather* in 1829, and *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* in 1831.

In these years the estate of Abbotsford had been purchased and his palace erected. In 1820 he had been made a baronet, and from that time his house had been thronged by the most illustrious of his contemporaries. A change, to SCOTT of all changes the most terrible, awaited him. In 1826 the houses of Ballantyne and Constable stopped payment, and he was involved in their ruin. Though the amount of his debts seemed too great for a hope to exist that they could ever be paid, he refused to be dealt with as a bankrupt. He pledged the exertions of his future life to the discharge of the claims of his creditors. In the two years ending with 1827 he realized from his writings the astonishing sum of forty thousand pounds, and soon after his death his executors completed the payment of all his liabilities. Among his latest works, contributing to this result, were *The History of Scotland* and *The Life of Napoleon*. The last of these had an immense sale, and brought a larger profit than any of his previous writings. Its popularity, however, was transient. It is a brilliant chronicle of events, but partial in its views, and executed with too little care and research to add to such a reputation as Walter Scott's.

In 1829 SCOTT's health had materially declined, and in the following year his intellect began to fail under the weight of his cares and labours. In September, 1831, he sailed, in a ship of war furnished by the government, for Malta and Naples, in the hope that relaxation and a voyage at sea would induce his restoration. After a few months passed in Italy, his mind became a wreck, and his friends made haste to reach home with him before his death. They arrived at Abbotsford on the eleventh of July, 1832; he lingered, with a few intervals of consciousness, until the twenty-first of September, and expired. His remains are buried in the romantic ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, like the tomb of SHAKSPEARE, has become a place of pilgrimage for the world.

THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCE.

In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half-sunk in earth, by time half-wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.
There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were met the heads of convents three;
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown,

By the pale cresset's ray:
The abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sate for a space with visago bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil;
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty prioress,

And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quench'd by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The saint of Lindisfern.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew;

And, on her doublet-breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,

That tied her tresses fair,
And rais'd the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled. . . .
Her comrade was a sordid soul,

Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute feeling ne'er aspires

Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds:
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt;
One fear with them, of all most base—
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.
Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak;
For there were seen in that dark wall
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall;—
Who enters at such griesly door
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb:
But stopp'd, because that woful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain:
Naught but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip:

'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled at her heart,

And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak

By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,
And arm'd herself to bear;—

It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,

In form so soft and fair.
"I speak not to implore your grace;
Well know I for one minute's space

Successful might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain
To cleanse my sins be penance vain,

Vain are your masses too.—
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,

I left the convent and the veil;
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,
 A horse-boy in his train to ride;
 And well my folly's meed he gave,
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,
 All here, and all beyond the grave.
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
 And Constance was beloved no more!

'Tis an old tale, and often told;

But, did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,

That loved, or was avenged like me!

The king approved his favourite's aim;
 In vain a rival barr'd his claim,

Whose faith with Clare's was plighted,
 For he attains that rival's fame
 With treason's charge—and on they came,
 In mortal lists to fight.

Their oaths are said, their prayers are pray'd,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,

They meet in mortal shock;
 And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion!' to the sky,
 'De Wilton to the block!'

Say ye who preach, Heaven shall decide
 When in the lists two champion's ride,

Say, was Heaven's justice here?
 When, loyal in his love and faith,
 Wilton found overthrow or death,
 Beneath a traitor's spear?

How false the charge, how true he fell,
 This guilty packet best can tell"—
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.
 "Still was false Marmion's bridal stay'd;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,

The hated match to shun.
 'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried,
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 If she were sworn a nun.'

One way remain'd—the king's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd

For Clara and for me:

This catiff monk, for gold, did swear
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.

But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.
 And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
 This packet, to the king convey'd,
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
 Although my heart that instant broke.—
 Now men of death, work forth your will,
 For I can suffer and be still;
 And come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but Death who comes at last.

Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane
 Had rather been your guest again.
 Behind, a darker hour ascends!
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,
 The ire of a despotic king
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing.
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep:
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
 Marvel such relics here should be."
 Fix'd was her look, and stern her air;
 Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;
 The locks that wont her brows to shade,
 Stared up erectly from her head;
 Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
 Her voice, despair's wild energy
 Had given a tone of prophecy.
 Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate
 Gazed on the light inspired form,
 And listen'd for the avenging storm;
 The judges felt the victim's dread;
 No hand was moved, no word was said,
 Till thus the abbot's doom was given,
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
 "Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
 Sinful brother, part in peace!"—

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
 Of execution too, and tomb,

Paced forth the judges three;
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
 The butcher-work that there befell,
 When they had glided from the cell
 Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey
 That conclave to the upper day;
 But ere they breathed the fresher air
 They heard the shriekings of despair,

And many a stifled groan:
 With speed their upward way they take,
 (Such speed as age and fear can make,)
 And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,

As hurrying, tottering on,
 Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
 They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
 And bade the passing knell to toll
 For welfare of a parting soul.
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
 Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
 To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
 His beads the wakeful hermit told;
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
 But slept ere half a prayer he said;
 So far was heard the mighty knell,
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
 Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
 Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
 And quaked among the mountain fern,
 To hear that sound, so dull and stern.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them, youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—

But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

LOCHINVAR.

THE young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, [and all:
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar!"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume;
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaids whisper'd, "'T were better
by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour,

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
by clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.—
Ill fared it now with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,
Had death so often turn'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield:
He practised every pass and ward,
To feint, to thrust, to strike, to guard:
While, less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood;
No stinted draught—no scanty tide!
The gushing flood the tartans dyed:
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And as firm tower, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.
"Now yield thee, or by him who made
The world! thy heart-blood dyes my blade."
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy;
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil—
Like wolf that dashes through the toil—
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung:
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon! hold thy own;
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel.
They tug, they strain—down, down they go,—
The Gael above, Fitz-James below!
The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight—
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright;
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide;
And all too late the advantage came
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow—but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.—
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

A BRIDAL.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentrer'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand?

Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,

Seems, as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,

Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,

Although it chill my wither'd cheek;

Still lay my head by Teviot stone,

Though there, forgotten and alone,

The bard may draw his parting groan.

Not scorn'd like me, to Branksome hall
The minstrels came, at festive call;

Trooping they came, from near and far,
 The jovial priests of mirth and war :
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,
 Battle and banquet both they shared.
 Of late, before each martial clan,
 They blew their death-note in the van,
 But now, for every merry mate,
 Rose the portullis' iron grate ;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

Me lists not at this tide declare

The splendour of the spousal rite,
 How muster'd in the chapel fair

Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;

Me lists not tell of owches rare,
 Of mantles green, and braided hair,
 And kirtles furred with miniver ;
 What plumage waved the altar round,
 How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound :
 And hard it were for bard to speak
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,
 That lovely hue which comes and flies,
 As awe and shame alternate rise.

Some bards have sung, the ladye high
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
 Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
 So much she feared each holy place.
 False slanders these : I trust right well
 She wrought not by forbidden spell :
 For mighty words and signs have power
 O'er sprites in planetary hour :

Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth I say,

The ladye by the altar stood,
 Of sable velvet her array,

And on her head a crimson hood,
 With pearls embroidered and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist.

The spousal rites were ended soon ;

'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
 And in the lofty arched hall

Was spread the gorgeous festival.

Steward and squire, with heedful haste,

Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;

Pages, with ready blade, were there,

The mighty meal to carve and share ;

O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,

And princely peacock's gilded train,

And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,

And cyngel from St. Mary's wave,

O'er ptarmigan and venison,

The priest had spoke his benison.

Then rose the riot and the din,

Above, beneath, without, within !

For, from the lofty balcony,

Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery ;

Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,

Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;

Whisper'd young knights, in tone more
 mild,

To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.

The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
 The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
 And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
 In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.

Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
 From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;

Their tasks the busy sewers ply,

And all is mirth and revelry.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold.

The minstrel was infirm and old ;

His wither'd cheek and tresses gray

Seem'd to have known a better day ;

The harp, his sole remaining joy,

Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the bards was he,

Who sung of border chivalry.

For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,

His tuneful brethren all were dead ;

And he, neglected and oppress'd,

Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,

He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;

No longer, courted and caress'd,

High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,

The unpremeditated lay :

Old times were changed, old manners gone ;

A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;

The bigots of the iron time

Had call'd his harmless art a crime.

A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,

He begg'd his bread from door to door ;

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,

The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower

Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :

The minstrel gazed with wistful eye—

No humbler resting-place was nigh.

With hesitating step, at last,

The embattled portal-arch he pass'd,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar

Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,

But never closed the iron door

Against the desolate and poor.

The duchess marked his weary pace,

His timid mien, and reverend face,

And bade her page the menials tell,

That they should tend the old man well :

For she had known adversity,

Though born in such a high degree ;

In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,

Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied,

And the old man was gratified,

Began to rise his minstrel pride ;

And he began to talk anon

Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,

And of Earl Walter, rest him God !

A braver ne'er to battle rode ;

And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
And, would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak;
He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try,
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
"T was thus the latest minstrel sung.

THE TEVIOT.

SWEET Teviot, by thy silver tide,
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more!
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they roll'd their way to Twced,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn!
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,

Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stain'd with past and present tears!
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour, my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid!—
Enough—he died the death of fame;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty
and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.
Dark green was the spot mid the brown meadow
heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in
decay,—
Like the course of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless
clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.
How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?
When the wind waved his garment how oft
didst thou start!
How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er
him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before
him—
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?
When a prince to the fate of the peasant has
yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted
hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming,
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are
beaming,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is
streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.
But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain
lamb;
When, wilder'd he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend to witness thy dying.
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

A SCENE IN BRANKSOME TOWER.

MANY a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear!
Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell!
Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew,
While Cessford owns the rule of Car,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!
In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier,
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But, o'er her warrior's bloody bier,
The Layde dropp'd nor sigh nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
"And, if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell! who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands
to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell! and take with thee thy numbers wild
speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe;
Oh! none but some lover, whose heartstrings are
breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.
Each joy thou couldst double, and when there
came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-
morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary
waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not
assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet re-
maining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.
'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents be-
wailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain;
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain:
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild
numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers,—
Farewell then, enchantress! I meet thee no more!

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight:
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery.
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go!—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile!
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY is the most popular of the religious poets who have written in England since the time of COWPER, and he is more exclusively the poet of devotion than even the bard of Olney. Probably no writer is less indebted to a felicitous selection of subjects, since the themes of nearly all his longer productions are unpleasing and unpoetical; but for half a century he has been slowly and constantly increasing in reputation, and he has now a name which will not be forgotten, while taste and the religious sentiment exist together.

Mr. MONTGOMERY is the oldest son of a Moravian clergyman, and was born at Irvine, in Scotland, on the fourth of November, 1771. At a very early age he was placed by his parents, who had determined to educate him for the Moravian ministry, at one of the seminaries of their church, where he remained ten years. At the end of this period, he decided not to study the profession to which he had been destined, and was in consequence placed with a shopkeeper in Yorkshire. Ill satisfied with his employment, he abandoned it at the end of a few months, and when but sixteen made his first appearance in London, with a manuscript volume of poems, of which he vainly endeavoured to procure the publication. In 1792 he went to Sheffield, where he was soon after engaged as a writer for a weekly gazette published by a Mr. Gales, and in 1794, on the flight of his employer from England to avoid a political prosecution, he himself became publisher and editor, and changing the name of the paper to "The Iris," conducted it with much taste, ability, and moderation. It was still, however, obnoxious to the government, and Mr. MONTGOMERY was prosecuted for printing in it a song commemorative of the destruction of the Bastille, fined twenty pounds, and imprisoned three months in York Castle. On resuming his editorial duties he carefully avoided partisan politics, but after a brief period he was arrested for an offensive passage in an account which he gave of a riot in Sheffield, and was again imprisoned. It was during

his second imprisonment, that he wrote his *Prison Amusements*, which appeared in 1797. From this time his poems followed each other in rapid succession. In 1805 he published the *Ocean*, in 1806 the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, in 1810 the *West Indies*, in 1812 the *World before the Flood*, in 1819 *Greenland*, in 1822 *Songs of Zion*, in 1827 the *Pelican Island*, and in 1835 *A Poet's Portfolio*, or *Minor Poems*. Beside these, he has written *Songs to Foreign Music*, and several smaller volumes of miscellaneous pieces. Mr. MONTGOMERY had published but few of these works before his reputation was established as a poet of a high order. The *Wanderer of Switzerland* was severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *West Indies* was received by the critics with less favour than it merited. *Greenland* was more popular than his earlier works; the subject more in unison with his devotional cast of thought; and the poem is full of graphic descriptions, and rich and varied imagery. The patient and earnest labours of the Moravian missionaries are described in it with a sympathetic and genuine enthusiasm.

The minor poems of Mr. MONTGOMERY, his little songs and cabinet pieces, will be the most frequently read, and the most generally admired. They have the antique simplicity of pious GEORGE WITHERS, a natural unaffected earnestness, joined to a pure and poetical diction, which will secure to them a permanent place in English literature. The character of his genius is essentially lyrical; he has no dramatic power, and but little skill in narrative. His longest and most elaborate works, though they contain beautiful and touching reflections, and descriptions equally distinguished for minuteness, fidelity, and beauty, are without incident or method; but his shorter pieces are full of devotion to the Creator, sympathy with the suffering, and a cheerful, hopeful philosophy.

Mr. MONTGOMERY is now seventy-four years of age. He resides in Sheffield, where he is regarded by all classes with respect and affection.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims foud,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild!
I perish;—O my mother Earth,
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave:
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I AM THE GRAVE.

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
Oh listen! I will speak no more;—
Be silent, pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me:

"By all the terrors of the tomb,—
Beyond the power of tongue to tell:
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By death and hell.

"I charge thee LIVE! repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore:
There yet is mercy,—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

"Art thou a MOURNER?—hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights;
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam:
LIVE! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,—
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,—
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,—
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm;
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN's charm thy youth beguile,—
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE! 'Twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,—
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shall know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,—
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break,—
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,—
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims foud;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground.

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,—
A transient meteor in the sky :
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE !"

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this pillow press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest ;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head !

My friend was young, the world was new ;
The world was false, my friend was true ;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, my friend was poor ;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense ;
For Nature never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd :
And yet, O Pillow ! yet to me,
My gentle friend survives in thee ;
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my friend had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wander'd by ;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;
With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsy saw—she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gayly sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire :
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings ;
Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in childhood's Eden-bowers ;
The fall from infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence :
O Knowledge ! worthless as the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise.
As happy ignorance declined,

And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast :
The sweet spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer autumn's evening mild,
And hoary winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till boyhood blossom'd into youth ;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder fights his soul aspired ;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky.
From the dim streak of western-light
To the full orb that rules the night ;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God :
Or pierced the human breast, to scan
The hidden majesty of man ;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride :
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source :
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
—Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild.
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow ! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke ;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue ;
Amidst the wilderness he sung ;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd ;
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame.
To thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But, ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee;
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel Fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking wo.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair;
"A wounded spirit who can bear?"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirious fancy dwell
On madness, suicide, and hell!
There was on earth no power to save
—But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion!—Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of phrensy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace:
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To heaven his gentle spirit rose.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,—
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

THEN first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced:—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters:—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty!—While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without, he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul, [whole.
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms
they trod; [God.

They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to
Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd, while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
—That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head; [shed
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

YOUTH RENEWED.

SPRING-FLOWERS, spring-birds, spring-breezes

Are felt, and heard, and seen;

Light trembling transport seizes

My heart,—with sighs between:

These old enchantments fill the mind

With scenes and seasons far behind;

Childhood, its smiles and tears,

Youth, with its flush of years,

Its morning-clouds and dewy prime,

More exquisitely touch'd by Time.

Fancies again are springing,

Like May-flowers in the vales;

While hopes, long lost, are singing,

From thorns, like nightingales;

And kindly spirits stir my blood,

Like vernal airs, that curl the flood:

There falls to manhood's lot

A joy, which youth has not.

A dream more beautiful than truth,

—Returning Spring, renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender

The present for the past;

In sprightly mood, yet tender,

Life's burden down to cast,

—This is to taste, from stage to stage,

Youth on the lees refined by age:

Like wine well kept and long,

Heady, not harsh, nor strong,

With every annual cup, is quaff'd

A richer, purer, mellow draught.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,

There lived a Man:—and WHO WAS HE?

—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,

That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,

The land in which he died unknown:

His name has perish'd from the earth,

This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,

Alternate triumph'd in his breast:

His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear!

—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb—

The changing spirits' rise and fall;

We know that these were felt by him

For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;

Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;

Had friends,—his friends are now no more;

And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave

Hath lost in its unconscious womb,

Oh she was fair—but naught could save

Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;

Encounter'd all that troubles thee;

He was—whatever thou hast been;

He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,

Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,

Erewhile his portion, life and light

To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye

That once their shades and glory threw,

Have left in yonder silent sky

No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,

Their ruins, since the world began

Of HIM afford no other trace

Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief

Has often cross'd me on my way,

Who sued so humbly for relief,

That I could never answer, "Nay:"

I had not power to ask his name,

Whither he went, or whence he came,

Yet was there something in his eye,

That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,

He enter'd; not a word he spake;—

Just perishing for want of bread;

I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,

And ate,—but gave me part again;

Mine was an Angel's portion then,

For while I fed with eager haste,

That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst

Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;

The heedless water mock'd his thirst,

He heard it, saw it hurrying on;

I ran to raise the sufferer up;

Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,

Dipt and return'd it running o'er;

I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew

A winter hurricane aloof;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,

Laid him on my own couch to rest;

Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd

In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Strip'd, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,

I found him by the highway side;

I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,

Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;

I had myself a wound conceal'd;

But from that hour forgot the smart,

And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd

To meet a traitor's doom at morn;

The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,

And honour'd him him midst shame and scorn:

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,

He ask'd, if I for him would die;

The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,

But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
 The stranger darted from disguise,
 The tokens in his hands I knew,
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
 He spake; and my poor name He named;
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

INCOGNITA.

IMAGE of one, who lived of yore!
 Hail to that lovely mien,
 Once quick and conscious;—now no more
 On land or ocean seen!
 Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
 Before me in Agrippa's glass,
 Many as fair as thou might be,
 But oh! not one,—not one like thee.
 Thou art no child of fancy;—thou
 The very look dost wear,
 That gave enchantment to a brow
 Wreath'd with luxuriant hair;
 Lips of morn embathed in dew;
 And eyes of evening's starry blue;
 Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
 Thou art the image of but one.
 And who was she, in virgin prime,
 And May of womanhood,
 Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,
 In shadowy tints have stood;
 While many a winter's withering blast
 Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
 In which her once-resplendent form
 Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?
 Of gentle blood;—upon her birth
 Consenting planets smiled,
 And she had seen those days of mirth,
 That frolic round the child;
 To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
 Behold her beautiful and young!
 Lives there a record, which hath told,
 That she was wedded, widow'd, old?
 How long her date, 't were vain to guess:
 The pencil's cunning art
 Can but a single glance express,
 One motion of the heart;
 A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
 Of air, and attitude, and face—
 One passion's changing colour mix;
 One moment's flight for ages fix.
 Her joys and griefs, alike in vain,
 Would fancy hefe recall;
 Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all;
 With her, methinks, life's little hour
 Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
 That leaves upon the vernal wind
 Sweetness we ne'er again may find.
 Where dwelt she?—Ask you aged tree,
 Whose boughs embower the lawn,

Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn;
 Whether beneath its youthful shade,
 At noon, in infancy she play'd:
 —If from the oak no answer come,
 Of her all oracles are dumb.
 The dead are like the stars by day;
 —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 But not extinct, they hold their way,
 In glory through the sky:
 Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
 Vanish amidst immensity,
 Where human thought, like human sight,
 Fails to pursue their trackless flight.
 Somewhere within created space,
 Could I explore that round,
 In bliss, or wo, there is a place,
 Where she might still be found;
 And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
 I may, I must, I will believe,
 That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
 In what she only seem'd below—
 An angel in that glorious realm,
 Where God himself is king;
 —But awe and fear, that overwhelm
 Presumption, check my wing;
 Nor dare imagination look
 Upon the symbols of that book,
 Wherein eternity enrolls
 The judgment on departed souls.
 Of her of whom these pictured lines
 A faint resemblance form;
 —Fair as the second rainbow shines
 Aloof amid the storm;
 Of her this "shadow of a shade"
 Like its original must fade,
 And she, forgotten when unseen,
 Shall be as if she ne'er had been.
 Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
 Of all that e'er I sung,
 A lone memorial may remain,
 When silent lies my tongue,
 When shot the meteor of my fame,
 Lost the vain echo of my name,
 This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
 The only trace of her and me.
 With one who lived of old, my song
 In lowly cadence rose;
 To one who is unborn, belong
 The accents of its close:
 Ages to come, with courteous ear,
 Some youth my warning voice may hear;
 And voices from the dead should be
 The warnings of eternity.
 When these weak lines thy presence greet,
 Reader! if I am blest,
 Again, as spirits, may we meet
 In glory and in rest:
 If not,—and I have lost my way,—
 Here part we;—go not thou astray;
 No tomb, no verse my story tell!
 Once, and for ever, fare thee well.

SPEED THE PROW.

Nor the ship that swiftest saileth,
But which longest holds her way
Onward, onward, never faileth,
Storm and calm, to win the day ;
Earliest she the haven gains,
Which the hardest stress sustains.

O'er life's ocean, wide and pathless,
Thus would I with patience steer ;
No vain hope of journeying scathless,
No proud boast to face down fear ;
Dark or bright his Providence,
'Trust in God be my defence.

Time there was,—'t is so no longer,—
When I crowded every sail,
Battled with the waves, and stronger
Grew, as stronger grew the gale ;
But my strength sunk with the wind,
And the sea lay dead behind.

There my bark had founder'd surely,
But a power invisible
Breathed upon me ;—then securely,
Borne along the gradual swell,
Helm and shrouds, and heart renew'd,
I my humbler course pursued.

Now, though evening shadows blacken,
And no star comes through the gloom,
On I move, nor will I slacken
Sail, though verging towards the tomb :
Bright beyond,—on heaven's high strand,
Lo, the lighthouse !—land, land, land !

Cloud and sunshine, wind and weather,
Sense and sight are fleeing fast ;
Time and tide must fail together,
Life and death will soon be past ;
But where day's last spark declines,
Glory everlasting shines.

RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew ;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd ;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful, to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch,
As if 't were raining diadems ;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,
—Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story ;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolic'd in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing ;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

JAMES HOGG.

THE Ettrick Shepherd was born in Selkirkshire in Scotland, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1772. His forefathers for five centuries had pursued the same humble calling among the solitudes of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, and when but seven years of age, the destined poet was compelled to earn his own bread by herding the cows of a neighbouring farmer. He had therefore no opportunity to acquire the ordinary education of the Scottish peasant. Of all the bards of his country, he was the only one really self-instructed. Burns, compared with Hogg, had the accomplishments of a gentleman. He was taught to read, and he wrote a clear hand. But the subject of our biography, was in his twentieth year before he learned the alphabet. Knowing by rote the words of ballads he had heard his mother sing, in his long leisure on the hills he compared them with the printed pages, and by such slow process, advanced until "the hardest Scripture names could scarcely daunt him." The rough but forcible stanzas beginning

"My name is Donald McDonald,
I live in the Highlands sae grand,"

were sung throughout the empire before their author could distinguish a printed copy of them from a leaf of Blackstone. About the year 1802, he went to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, for the disposal of which he was obliged to wait a few days in town. He could now write; he had acquired some local reputation by his traditional songs and ballads; and he determined to have a small volume of them printed. He succeeded; the collection, which in his memoirs he declares was "extraordinar' stupit," attracted the attention of Scott and others in the metropolis, and increased the consideration with which the shepherd was regarded by his class. It was not successful in a pecuniary point of view; but he was ambitious and undaunted; he soon had ready a second volume, for which Constable paid him a hundred and fifty pounds, and with this amount, and another hundred received for a treatise on the management of sheep, he deemed himself a rich man. He unwisely

settled as a tenant on a large farm; in three years was penniless, and went to Edinburgh to pursue the business of authorship. His first attempt was an unsalable book of verses; his second a weekly newspaper, which was sustained for more than a year; and when they failed, and his town friends began to desert him, he retired to a quiet old house in the suburbs, and wrote "The Queen's Wake," which surprised his acquaintances, and established on a firm basis his reputation as a poet. Removing once more into the denser portion of the city, he took up his quarters at the little tavern made famous afterward as the scene of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," where he continued to reside for many years. He wrote the "Witch of Fife," "Queen Hynde," "Mador of the Moor," the "Pilgrims of the Sun," and other poems, and several volumes of tales and sketches, of various merit, besides his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," of which he was one of the principal founders.

This world-renowned periodical had been established by THOMAS PRINGLE and a Mr. CLEGHORN, who, disagreeing with the publisher, set up a rival under the auspices of Constable. Blackwood engaged Wilson, Hogg, and a few other writers, and continued his miscellany with such spirit and ability, that it soon acquired a vast circulation. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," constituted the most remarkable series of papers ever printed in a periodical, and instead of being merely invented, as may have been supposed, were for a considerable period adaptations of what actually took place at Hogg's lodgings.

Among the Shepherd's various literary productions not before mentioned, were a compilation of "Jacobite Relics," and two novels entitled "The Three Perils of Man," and "The Three Perils of Woman," published by Longman, for which the author received some two hundred and fifty pounds.

Hogg was married in 1823, and embarking soon afterward in too extensive farming operations, he lost the money he had acquired by

his literary labours. He laughed at misfortunes while he alone was a sufferer, but he could ill bear the presence of poverty in the home of his family. He visited London in 1833, for the first and only time, and like every stranger of distinction was cordially welcomed in the higher circles as well as by all literary men; but he returned even poorer than he went, and at the end of two years,—on the twenty-first of November, 1835,—he died.

He was a frank, generous, simple-hearted man; vain, indeed, of his abilities, but never unwilling to recognise genius in others.

KILMENY.

BONNY KILMENY gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel-tree:
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had pray'd, and the deadbell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane.
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame!
"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"
Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.

But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,

When SOUTHEY visited Scotland in 1820, he remarked to Mr. TELFORD, his companion, that there was "one distinguished individual whom he would wish to see again—the Ettrick Shepherd, who," said he, "is altogether an extraordinary being, a character such as will not appear twice in five centuries, and differing most remarkably from BURNS and all other self-taught writers." He admired "his peculiar and innate power, of which there are ample evidences in all his poetical works, however defective they may be as to the accomplishment of art."

When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's ean
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melody,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,
And keep'd afar frae the haunts of men:
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But, wherever her peaceful form appear'd,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd;
The wolf play'd blithely round the field,
The lordly bison low'd and kneel'd;
The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,
And cower'd aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion.
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around charm'd and amazed;
Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,
And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the thistle-cock;
The corby left her houw in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raikie began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooy'd their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurld:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even awhile relieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

Oh, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And oh, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever.
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love unshaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

Oh, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow—
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow!
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
And banks of broom so yellow!
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbours mellow.
That happiness is fled for ay,
And all is dark desponding—
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them!

THE SKYLARK.

Born of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloulet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

QUEEN MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

AFTER a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;
Knelt on the pier with modest grace,
And turn'd to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended,
Shiver'd the breeze around the throng,
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the lady and the queen;
The woes of one so fair and young
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotions, broils, and war.
In one short year, her hopes all cross'd—
A parent, husband, kingdom, lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a queen, the Stuarts' heir—
A queen so courteous, young, and fair—
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand—who would not die?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's mane it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again!

When Mary turn'd her wond'ring eyes
On rocks that seem'd to prop the skies;
On palace, park, and battled pile;
On lake, on river, sea, and isle;
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,
To distant mountains wild and blue;
She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE was perhaps the most wonderful genius of the nineteenth century. His mind was essentially philosophical, in the highest sense of the word. In all his studies, and in all his teachings, he fastened upon the leading principles involved in his subject, and traced them with a logical power and a metaphysical skill seldom equalled in any age. Doubtless, his most enduring claim to the gratitude and recollection of the world grows out of his agency in first making the English mind acquainted with the spiritual philosophy which has since his day, and in a great degree through his efforts, entirely supplanted the sensuous system of LOCKE and other materialists. But it is only with his life and poetry that we are now concerned.

He was born on the twentieth of October, 1773, at Ottery St. Mary's, in Devonshire, and was the youngest of eleven children. His father was a clergyman of sound learning and ability. At school, young COLERIDGE was the wonder and delight of all who knew him. Even in boyhood he was famous for his wonderful acquirements, and still more for those remarkable powers of conversation which gained for him from his school-fellow, the inimitable CHARLES LAMB, the name of the "inspired charity boy." He was from the earliest age extremely fond of philosophical and theological discussions; and he pursued his studies with so much ardour that he became by far the best scholar in the school. In 1791 he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, which he left, however, without taking his degree. In a thoughtless mood he enlisted in the army, and astonished his fellow-soldiers by learned and eloquent lectures on Greek verse and Greek philosophy; and his careless display of his learning led to his discharge from the service and his restoration to his friends. In 1794 he published a small volume of poems, which included also some by WORDSWORTH. In common with many of the most gifted and enthusiastic young men of the time, he became greatly interested in the French revolution, then in progress, and delivered lectures at Bristol on human rights and

kindred topics involved in the events of the time. His views then were extremely radical, and were soon after entirely rejected as the offspring of heated, unthinking enthusiasm. In 1795 he married, and in 1798 went to Germany, where he spent some time in making himself familiar with the language and philosophical literature of that land of scholars. In 1800 he returned to England, and became a firm and consistent Christian, maintaining the doctrines of the evangelical churches, and devoting a great portion of his thoughts to the evolution of a system which should reconcile Philosophy and Christianity. Its great leading principles are scattered throughout his works; but he did not live to combine them into a regular system, or to set them forth as clearly and connectedly as he designed to do. For a time, and for lack of other employment, he wrote leading articles for the "London Morning Post;" and he passed the last nineteen years of his life in the family of his ardent and devoted friend, Dr. GILMAN, of Highgate. He was afflicted for a long period with most severe and painful illness, which would have crushed the mental power of inferior men; but through it all he laboured incessantly, and without "abating one jot of heart or hope." He had a large circle of friends, among whom were some of his most gifted cotemporaries, who regarded him with a reverence seldom accorded to any man: and he was in their midst a philosophic teacher, expounding the highest truths with an eloquence and persuasive beauty which PLATO might have envied. His conversation is universally acknowledged to have been of the most wonderful character. To a scholarship surpassing that of nearly all the men of his age, he added an attractive manner and a musical voice; and those who were in the habit of hearing him, have spoken of the nature and effect of his conversation, in terms which seem wild and extravagant, but which we have every reason to believe fall short of the truth.

Many critics have spoken of COLERIDGE as having promised much and accomplished

little. But whether we look at the actual number of works he wrote, at the profound and weighty character of his productions, or at the influence he exerted upon the world, he will be found to have done more than any of his cotemporaries. His prose writings occupy some eight or ten large volumes, and contain more thought than twice the number of the works of any of his fellows. They constitute a perfect treasure of philosophical truth; and we know of no books in the language better adapted to implant the seeds of true and noble character in the heart than his. His poems are comprised in three volumes, and contain some of the most exquisitely beautiful productions which an age prolific in great poets has produced. They all exhibit a wonderfully gorgeous and powerful imagination, and a perfect command of language and its harmonies. His taste was most exquisite, and his knowledge of the spiritual, in man and in nature, clear and calm. He

was greatly in the habit of blending philosophy with poetry, and the tragedy of "Remorse" is a most admirable philosophical development of his conception of the nature of conscience, as well as a powerful production of the imagination and the poetic faculty.

The life of COLERIDGE is uniformly described as having been adorned by the sweetest temper and all the social virtues. The late distinguished WASHINGTON ALLSTON, who was for a considerable period his intimate associate, declared his disposition to be angelic. He was a close and ardent friend, a profound scholar, and in every respect a great and good man. "Poetry," he said, "has been to me 'its own exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me." He died on the twenty-third of July, 1834.

DEJECTION.

WELL!—if the bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,—
Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute!

For lo! the new moon, winter-bright!

And, overspread with phantom-light,
(With swimming phantom-light o'erspread,
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread,)

I see the old moon in her lap—foretelling

The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds—which oft have raised me, whilst
they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,—

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain—and make it move
and live!

A grief without a pang—void, dark, and drear—

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear:—

Oh, lady! in this wan and heartless mood,—
To other thoughts by yonder throistle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,—

Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow-green;

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars—

Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen—
Yon crescent moon, as fix'd as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue—

I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail!

And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?

It were a vain endeavour,

Though I should gaze for ever

On that green light that lingers in the west:—

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life, whose fountains are
within!

Oh, lady! we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does nature live:—

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world, allow'd

To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

Oh, pure of heart! thou needest not ask of me

What this strong music in the soul may be:—

What, and wherein it doth exist,

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous lady!—joy, that ne'er was given

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,—

Life, and life's effluence—cloud at once and
shower,

Joy, lady! is the spirit and the power
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,—
A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,—
All melodies the echoes of *that* voice,
All colours a suffusion from *that* light!
There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress;
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine;
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine,
But now, afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,—
My shaping spirit of imagination!
For, not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can,—
And, haply, by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man,—
This was my sole resource—my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.
Hence! viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,—
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you; and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony, by torture lengthen'd out, [without,—
That lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest
Bare crag, or mountain-tarn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house long held the witches' home,
Methinks, were fitter instruments for thee!
Mad lutanist! who, in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens and of peeping flowers,
Makest devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among!
Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?—
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting
wounds—
At once they groan with pain and shudder with
the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shuddering—all is
over!
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and
A tale of less affright, [loud;—
And temper'd with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:—
'Tis of a little child,
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home—but she had lost her way;
And now, moans low, in bitter grief and fear,
And now, screams loud, and hopes to make her
mother hear!
'Tis midnight!—but small thoughts have I of sleep.
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!

Visit her, gentle sleep! with wings of healing!
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth!
—May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,—
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice!
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,—
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
Oh, simple spirit! guided from above.—
Dear lady!—friend devoutest of my choice,—
Thus mayst thou ever, evermore rejoice!

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying,
With nature, hope and poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful *when*!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,—
This body that does me grievous wrong,—
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along!—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide,—
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't, together!
Flowers are lovely—love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;—
Oh! the joys that came down, shower-like,
Of friendship, love and liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old?—Ah, woful *ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
Oh, Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be—that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone!
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size;—
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought:—so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still!
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old!
That only serves to make us grieve,
With oft and tedious taking leave,—
Like some poor, nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest—without the smile!

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, greybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone;
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon"—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking winds,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clift
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross;
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!"

PART II.

"THE sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all aver'd I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
They all aver'd I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow stream'd off free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak'd with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III.

"THERE pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

"With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

"And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fasts she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of
his mouth,
Half-whistles and half-groans.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dews did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh;
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And curs'd me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
This body rotting not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat; [sky
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
Lay, like a cloud, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high:
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

PART V.

"O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reach'd the ship
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on:
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
"Be calm thou, wedding-guest!
"Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim,
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: once more
I view'd the ocean green,

And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

"The harbour bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The pilot, and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"THIS hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

"The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
'Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw ought like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
(The pilot made reply)—
'I am afeard'—'Push on, push on!'—
Said the hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own cuntrye,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The hermit cross'd his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seem'd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
'This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
'The lady of the land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half-enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees:
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought express'd,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul impress'd
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal strength and wisdom are.
But yesternight I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild or hateful objects fix'd.
Fantastic passions: maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deed to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd, or I did:

For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe,
My own or others', still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.
So two nights pass'd: the night's dismay
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepest stain'd with sin,—
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

CONCEALMENT.

TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

DR. SOUTHEY was the son of a linen draper in Bristol, where he was born on the twelfth of August, 1774. In his sixteenth year he was placed at the Westminster School, and in 1792 at Baliol College, with the design of his entering the church. His career at Oxford was a brief one; his tendency toward Socinianism made the plan marked out for him disagreeable; and he returned to Bristol, where in 1794 he published, in conjunction with ROBERT LOVELL, his first collection of poems. In the autumn of the following year he was married to a sister of the wife of his friend COLERIDGE, and soon after, while he was on his way to Lisbon, appeared his *Joan of Arc*. It was about this time that he wrote, in three days, his notable drama of *Wat Tyler*, which was surreptitiously printed some twenty-three years afterward. In the summer of 1796 he returned to England, removed to London, and entered Gray's Inn. A portion of the years 1800 and 1801 were passed in the Peninsula, whence he sent home his romance of *Thalaba the Destroyer*, which permanently established his reputation as a poet. At the end of a short residence in Dublin, as secretary to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, he went to Keswick, where he lived the rest of his life. In 1805 he published *Madoc*, which had been brought to a close in 1799; in 1810 the *Curse of Kehama*, in 1814 *Roderick the last of the Goths*, in 1821 *The Vision of Judgment*, and in 1825 *The Tale of Paraguay*, the latest of his longer poems. Beside these he wrote numerous briefer pieces, all of which are included in the ten volume edition of his poetical works which appeared in London under his own supervision in 1837, and was reprinted by Appleton and Company, in New York, in 1839.

In addition to his poems, Mr. SOUTHEY produced numerous prose works, of which the principal are *Amadis de Gaul*, from the Spanish; *Palmerin of England*, from the Portuguese; *Letters from England*, written under the fictitious name of *Espriella*; the *Chronicle of the Cid*, from the Spanish; *Omniana*,

The History of Brazil, *The History of the Peninsular War*, *The Book of the Church*, *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, *The Life of Nelson*, *The Life of Wesley*, *The Life of Cowper*, editions, with memoirs of the authors, of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Works of Chatterton*, and *The Works of Henry Kirke White*, numerous contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, and that remarkable book, *The Doctor*.

On the death of Mr. PYE, in 1813, SOUTHEY was appointed poet laureate; and in 1821 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford. In the spring of 1839 he contracted a second marriage with CAROLINE ANNE, daughter of Mr. CHARLES BOWLES, and one of the most pathetic and natural of the living writers of her sex.

Intense labour in every department of literature—in poetry, philosophy, history, biography and criticism—continued for so many years, at length obscured SOUTHEY's genius, and reduced him to a state of mental darkness. For three years before his death his intellect was nearly gone, and in the last year of his life he could not recognise the dearest members of his family. He died at Keswick on the twenty-first of March, 1843, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

SOUTHEY's prose is hardly exceeded in the English language. It is clear, vigorous, manly, and graceful, worthy of the elder and greatest writers. In his poems, especially his longer ones, we rather admire the author than the works; his energy seems rather force of character than of mind, and we are more struck by the resistless daring of his temper than the boldness of his faculties. His effusions are not instinctive or spontaneous; he does not seem to have "fed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers:" he urges his genius rather than is mastered by it. The goal perhaps is reached in good time, but it is by application of the spur. His poems unquestionably have that *pulchritude* which bars dispraise; the *dulcia sunt* which should kindle enthusiasm is lacking. Yet, after every

abatement, his name will remain one of the greatest in modern poetry.

To master and wield the colossal forms of oriental superstition, to animate them with human and familiar interests, to render them ductile to all the demands of art, was a task which only the extravagance of youth would have undertaken, and only the rarest and most remarkable genius could accomplish. This SOUTHEY did, and with entire success. With the exception of BECKFORD, he was the first to invade the gorgeous East: and no man has followed him in any new attempt to construct epics from materials derived only from dictionaries and *bibliothèques*, and to inspire modern poetry with the faith, the fears and passions of a people extinct for thousands of years.

The influence of these extraordinary works upon the literature and taste of England has been much greater than is generally acknowledged. They shattered the sceptre of that bastard empire of decency and imbecility which POPE's successors had set up. If WORDSWORTH has been called the poet of poets in respect to feeling, SOUTHEY may more truly be termed the study of artists in respect to imagination. It was a spark from SOUTHEY's ardour which kindled in SCOTT the ambition to reconstruct the crumbled temple of Scottish chivalry; and he led BYRON and MOORE to the orient. While the languid tints of HAYLEY and DARWIN and BEATTIE were gathering in the evening of its glory over the once splendid sky of British literature, his spirit suddenly arose above the horizon, and streamed over the scene like "a thunder-storm against the wind." From that time the aspect and the elements of English poetry were changed. We should feel that a man wanted something to a complete insight into the character of modern art who had not read *Thalaba* and *Kehama*.

When we look at the great poets who commonly appear about the time that a nation is passing from the dominion of sense to that of reason,—to HOMER, DANTE, SPENSER,—we find them in possession of all the faculties of art,—invention, construction, decoration, passion, sentiment, moral sense. Their successors, severally, have some one or two of

these, in exclusion of the rest; and the popularity of any poet will depend upon which quality he possesses. But it by no means follows that this popularity will be a test of the value and dignity of the order of the gift which the poet has; for some of the rarest and highest capacities of the artist are those which are not the most highly appreciated by the multitude. SOUTHEY had, in an eminent degree, a power which, with the exception of SCOTT, almost all his contemporaries wanted, *construction*,—the power of giving *form* to a work,—the architectural faculty of the mind. This is the most uncommon of the poet's powers, and is in itself a great merit, without which there is no art. It is almost the only faculty which JONSON had; and while the lower benches of critics have held JONSON cheap, those in the highest seats have always deemed that his title to a place among the great authors of his country was unquestionable.

SOUTHEY's smaller poems, written generally at a later period of life, are very different from the longer ones; and the difference is characteristic of the great and singular change which took place in him in his progress from youth to age. In them he delights chiefly to illustrate and beautify the domestic affections. The spirit that once soared almost beyond following, here loves to nestle in the very bosom of social feeling. Humanity in its genuine sympathies, in its truest and most native interests, in its most sincere and deep-born sentiments, is the sphere around which his fancy makes its willing yet controlled and gentle circuit. Those subjects which most other writers have felt as a dead weight upon their powers, as duty, piety, temperance, and fidelity, seemed to inspire him. To the last his genius always warmed into the beauty of its youthful ardour whenever a good affection was to be expressed, a friend to be commemorated, or a virtue to be praised.

These poems, indeed, possess a charm beyond the scope of criticism. They belong to the now justified excellence of one of the loveliest characters of which literary history bears record. They show us the heart of one of the best men that modern England has contained.

ODE,

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH BONA-
PARTE, IN JANUARY, 1814.

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd,
And to the injured power?

Who counsels peace, when vengeance, like a flood,
Rolls on, no longer now to be repress'd;
When innocent blood

From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accursed head;

When freedom hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when, with one sublime accord,
Europe throws off the yoke abhor'd,
And loyalty, and faith, and ancient laws
Follow the avenging sword!

Wo, wo to England! wo and endless shame,
If this heroic land,

False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the tyrant's hand!
Wo to the world, if Bonaparte's throne
Be suffer'd still to stand!

For by what name shall right and wrong be
known,—

What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For falsehood, murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,

And France, who yearns even now to break her
chain,

Beneath his iron rule be left to groan?

No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;
That peace which death and judgment can bestow,
That peace be Bonaparte's,—that alone!

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old, flagitious heart.
Have ye not seen him in the balance weigh'd,
And there found wanting? On the stage of blood

Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;

And when, by many a battle won,

He placed upon his brow the crown,
Curbing delirious France beneath his sway,

Then, like Octavius in old time,

Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.

Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer'd should he lose!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the
way

To good and evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

But evil was his good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed.

Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in hell's whole panoply he clad;

No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

O France! beneath this fierce barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine, and blood, and fire have mark'd thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.

A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It hath gone up to heaven. All lands have cried
For vengeance upon thy detested head!

All nations curse thee, France! for wheresoe'er,
In peace or war, thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have follow'd there.

The living and the dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
The voice of that innumerable throng,
Whose slaughter'd spirits day and night invoke
The everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how long!

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
Thyself remorselessly oppress'd meantime;
Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet faster round thyself the chain.

Oh! blind to honour, and to interest blind,

When thus in abject servitude resign'd
To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
God's justice, and the heart of human-kind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave.

Behold, the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
The dreadful armies of the North advance;
While England, Portugal, and Spain combined,
Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
And staid victorious in the fields of France.

One man hath been for ten long, wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears;

One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.

Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent;
His wiles and their own strength the nations know:

Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The people and the princes, with one mind,
From all parts move against the general foe;

One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment.
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

France! if thou lovest thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscow;

By the bodies, which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head,—
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame,
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
Witness'd when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood of Condé flow'd;
By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame;
By murder'd Wright—an English name;
By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom;
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom,—
Oh! by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The villain's own peculiar, private guilt,
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblem see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

NOR to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The spirit is not there!

Often together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of heaven!
O Edmund! thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity!
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund! we did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.
Edmund! we did not err!
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
O, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he accompanies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out!
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 While little Wilhelmine looks up,
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 't was a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good prince Eugene."
 "Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "And what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 't was a famous victory."

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of youth is a sigh.—*Alf.*

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends;
 On every stage, from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms,—
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms?
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
 Before his wish'd return.
 From hard control and tyrant rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he loves to roam,
 And tears will struggle in his eye,
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind;
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find?

Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy?
 Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd
 And feelings blasted or betray'd,
 Its fabled bliss destroy;
 And Youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on,
 But with the baseless hopes of Youth
 Its generous warmth is gone;
 Cold, calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering, with an envious sigh,
 The happy dreams of Youth.
 So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old Experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.

Life's vain delusions are gone by ;
 Its idle hopes are o'er ;
 Yet Age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

RODERICK IN BATTLE.

COUNT Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
 Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
 Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
 With louder acclamation was renew'd,
 When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
 That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
 Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse!
 My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
 Patting his high-arch'd neck! the renegade—
 I thank him for't—hath kept thee daintily!
 Orelío, thou art in thy beauty still,
 Thy pride and strength! Orelío, my good horse,
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy lord,
 He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,
 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
 Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once again
 Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
 As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
 My beautiful Orelío,—to the last—
 The happiest of his fields!—Then he drew forth
 The cimeter, and, waving it aloft,
 Rode toward the troops; its unaccustom'd shape
 Disliked him. Renegade in all things! cried
 The Goth, and cast it from him; to the chiefs
 Then said, If I have done ye service here,
 Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
 The truest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
 Was dip'd, would not to-day be misbestowed
 On this right hand!—Go, some one, Gundrick cried,
 And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
 The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
 Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
 For battle unequipp'd—haste there, and strip
 Yon villain of his armour! Late he spake,
 So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
 Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
 Who in no better armour cased this day
 Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
 In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouch'd
 The unguarded life he ventures.—Taking then
 Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
 The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
 With stern regard of joy—The African
 Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
 Who tastes thy edge!—Make ready for the charge!
 They come—they come!—On, brethren, to the
 field!—

The word is, Vengeance!

Vengeance was the word;
 From man to man, and rank to rank it pass'd,
 By every heart enforced, by every voice
 Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
 The enemy in shriller sounds return'd
 Their Akbar and the prophet's trusted name.
 The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry,
 Deliberately, with slow and steady step, [hiss'd,
 Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows

And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
 Met in the shock of battle, horse and man [mace,
 Conflicting; shield struck shield, and sword, and
 And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
 Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
 And many a spirit from its mortal hold
 Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs
 Of Julian's army in that hour support
 Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there
 Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
 Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
 Alphonso through the host of infidels
 Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
 But there, was worst confusion and uproar,
 There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
 Of his recover'd lord, Orelío plunged
 Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
 The living and the dead. Where'er he turns,
 The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
 Appall'd they say, who to the front of war
 Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
 Replete with power he is, and terrible,
 Like some destroying angel! Sure his lips
 Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
 Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
 They said; this is no human foe!—Nor less
 Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
 How flight and terror went before his way,
 And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
 With what command and knightly ease he sits
 The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
 His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
 Bestrode with such command and majesty
 That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
 Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
 Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
 Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
 Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
 Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint
 Revisits earth!

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night!

Who, at this untimely hour,
 Wanders o'er the desert sands?
 No station is in view,
 Nor palm-grove, island amid the waste.
 The mother and her child,
 The widow'd mother and the fatherless boy,
 They at this untimely hour,
 Wander o'er the desert sands.

ALAOUDIN'S PARADISE.

AND oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale
 Scatters from jasmine bowers,
 From yon rose wilderness,
 From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves
 That with such perfume fill the breeze,
 As Peris to their sister bear,
 When from the summit of some lofty tree
 She hangs, engaged, the captive of the Dives.
 They from their pinions shake
 The sweetness of celestial flowers ;
 And as her enemies impure
 From that impetuous poison far away
 Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
 Inhales her fragrant food.
 Such odours flow'd upon the world,
 When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
 Went forth in heaven to roll
 The everlasting gates of paradise
 Back on their living hinges, that its gales
 Might visit all below : the general bliss
 Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
 Of man, for once, partook a common joy.

LISTENING TO STORMS.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us ; but to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not ; to look round and only see
 The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
 O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner !

CHILDHOOD OF JOAN OF ARC.

HERE in solitude

My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
 Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
 As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
 To see the mountains' wooded heights appear
 Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope,
 Rich with the blossom'd furze, as the slant sun
 On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
 Pleasant, at noon, beside the vocal brook,
 To lie me down and watch the floating clouds,
 And shape to fancy's wild similitudes
 Their ever-varying forms ; and ho, most sweet !
 To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
 And hasten to our little hut, and hear
 The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

EPITAPH.

THIS to a mother's sacred memory
 Her son hath hallow'd. Absent many a year
 Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still
 Of that dear voice which sooth'd his infancy :
 And after many a fight against the Moor
 And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry
 Which he had seen covering the boundless plain
 Even to the utmost limits where the eye
 Could pierce the far horizon,—his first thought,
 In safety, was of her, who, when she heard
 The tale of that day's danger, would retire
 And pour her pious gratitude to heaven
 In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering hour
 Of his return, long-look'd for, came at length,
 And full of hope he reach'd his native shore.
 Vain hope that puts its trust in human life !
 For ere he came the number of her days
 Was full. O reader, what a world were this,
 How unendurable its weight, if they
 Whom Death hath sunder'd did not meet again !

A SUB-MARINE CITY.

THEIR golden summits in the noonday light,
 Shone o'er the dark-green deep that roll'd between ;
 For domes and pinnacles, and spires were seen
 Peering above the sea—a mournful sight !
 Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
 What works of wonder the devouring wave
 Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brave
 Bore record of their old magnificence.
 And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
 Of ocean, here and there a rock-hewn fane
 Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
 That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
 In solitude the ancient temples stood,
 Once resonant with instrument and song,
 And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
 Now as the weary ages pass along,
 Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
 Which roars for ever on the restless shores ;
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan around,
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.

AN EASTERN EVENING.

EVENING comes on : arising from the stream,
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight ;
 And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
 The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
 To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,
 With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
 Hath borne the sultry ray.
 Hark ! at the Golden Palaces,
 The Bramin strikes the hour.
 For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
 Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
 Like thunder far away.

THE LOCUST CLOUD.

ONWARD they came, a dark continuous cloud
 Of congregated myriads numberless,
 The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
 Of a broad river, headlong in its course
 Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
 Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
 Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
 Onward they came, the winds impell'd them on,
 Their work was done, their path of ruin past,
 Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

"Behold the mighty army!" Moath cried,
 "Blindly they move, impell'd
 By the blind element.
 And yonder birds, our welcome visitants,
 Lo! where they soar above the embodied host,
 Pursue their way, and hang upon their rear,
 And thin their spreading flanks,
 Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest thou
 The scent of water on some Syrian mosque
 Placed with priest-mummery, and the jargon-rites
 Which fool the multitude, hath led them here
 From far Khorassan? Allah, who decreed
 Yon tribe the plague and punishment of man,
 These also hath he doom'd to meet their way:
 Both passive instruments
 Of his all-acting will,
 Sole mover he, and only spring of all."

EVENING.

THUS having said, the pious sufferer sate,
 Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
 Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
 The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
 Of spirit, as by travail of the day
 Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
 The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
 And now into its airy elements
 Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
 Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
 Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
 Shining upon the silent hills around,
 And the dark tents of that unholy host,
 Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
 Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
 The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
 The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
 At times a red and evanescent light,
 Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
 They by the fountain hear the stream below,
 Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
 Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
 And now the nightingale, not distant far,
 Began her solitary song; and pour'd
 To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
 Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
 The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
 Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
 The soul, and in mysterious unison

Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
 Their hearts were open to the healing power
 Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
 The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,
 Came to them like a copious evening dew
 Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity;
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they have their birth;
 But love is indestructible:
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of wo, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight!

STANZAS.

My days among the dead are pass'd;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in wo;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
 I live in long-past years;
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity:
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LANDOR was born, we are told in the "Book of Gems," from which we gain our scanty biographical information of him, at Ipsley Court, the seat of his family in Warwickshire, in January, 1775. He was educated at Rugby. He has spent a large portion of his time abroad upon the continent, in Spain, where he was intimately concerned in its politics, and in Italy, where he occupied a villa at Fiesole in the vicinity of Florence. He now resides in England, and is not an unfrequent contributor to the London Examiner, where his pungent, exact style betrays no marks of weakness or age. His last articles have been upon the affairs of Greece, and the proposed monument to his friend SOUTHEY at Bristol. The cause of liberty and truth has always inspired his pen. What he sees he sees clearly and expresses vividly. His great prose work, the "Imaginary Conversations," is full of noble thoughts, carved out as in statuary. His "Pericles and Aspasia" is worthy to be written in the original Greek, where Greek is classic. We know no author whose writings breathe a more conscious presence of nobility. His thought is perfect and entire, calm, clear, independent: it does not attempt to make you a convert; it is there without any declamation of apology, for you to return to it or not, as you choose; but you do return to it, fascinated by its brightness and single grandeur. LANDOR presents himself to us in his writings as a proud, intellectual man, and inflexible lover of truth, though not insensible to prejudice; of a native nobility of soul, quickly impressed by the show of manliness and worth; a sincere friend, and what, with a man of his temperament, is its correlative, a good hater; a fastidious, educated man, who carries his moral sensitiveness into the world of literature; a lover of poetry, himself a poet. Mr. LANDOR's poetry, however, is the poetry of the intellect rather than the heart: it is indeed the sweet flower of a virtuous life, "of high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," but its images are single, isolated, a succession of brilliant mountain peaks, with hardly the warmth and continuous life of the sunny

plains. It is the transposition of his prose, which is saying that his prose is eloquent, refined, poetical. There is no lyric flow, no flood of passion. His longest poem, "Gebir,"* was originally partly written in Latin, and is a work of great polish and strength in parts; as a whole it is weak, and tells no story worth telling. But this is to say what it is not—a barren style of criticism. It is a succession of costly pictures, of rare dramatic scenes; a collection of images glowing with thought, full of feminine tenderness by the side of manly beauty, a poetic quarry, or rather an uninhabited but kingly furnished palace, stored with marbles, and vases, and cabinet paintings, but wanting the living tide of life. The subject, however, admits of this treatment. It is one of Egyptian enchantment. In the old land of the Sphinx and Memnon, and the Pyramids, we may be content to dwell with statues, and walk admiringly among the silent wonders of art. "Gebir" does not break the spell.

Mr. LANDOR has written "Count Julian, a Tragedy," and several Dramatic Sketches. He stands very high among the unacted dramatists of the present day, and they are neither small nor unsuccessful as a body, but he needs the warm, unconscious humanity of Shakspeare to melt the icy intellect in the flowing heart.

If we fail in this to convey a lofty idea of Mr. LANDOR's powers, we fail of our meaning; we are enthusiasts for his merits, but they are for the few, not for the many: he is sarcastical and satirical, and the world, we suspect, will take him for a misanthrope, and pronounce his writings impracticable. Assuredly, they are not popular, but they are scholarlike and profound: let his future translators reconcile the difference. They can build many a domestic home and hearthstone out of his one pinnaced marble castle.

* Published by Moxon, in 1831, with "Count Julian" and other dramatic and minor poems. This, with two dramatic pieces, "Andrea of Hungary," and "Giovanni of Naples," printed for the benefit of GRACE DARLING, by BENTLEY, in 1839; the verses in his prose works, and some contributions to the "Athenæum," the "Examiner," and to the Annuals, are his only published poems.

TAMAR RELATES TO GEBIR HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE NYMPH.

"T'was evening, tho' not sunset, and spring tide,
 Level with these green meadows, seem'd still higher.
 'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck
 The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
 Oh that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
 It always brings us enemies or love!
 Well, I was playing, when above the waves
 Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
 I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
 Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.
 Gebir! it was a nymph! a nymph divine!
 I cannot wait describing how she came,
 How I was sitting, how she first assumed
 The sailor; of what happened there remains
 Enough to say, and too much to forget.
 The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
 Before I was aware; for with surprise
 Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
 Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
 I heard a rustling, and where that arose
 My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
 Her feet resembled those long shells explored
 By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
 Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
 Her eyes too! O immortal gods! her eyes
 Resembled—what could they resemble? what
 Ever resemble those! E'en her attire
 Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
 Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
 Her girdle, the dove-coloured wave serene.
 'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
 And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
 I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
 How to keep up contention; could I fail
 By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
 'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
 Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
 I am not daunted; no, I will engage.
 But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
 'A sheep,' I answered; 'add what'e'er you will.'
 'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return:
 Our hid'd vessels in their pitchy round
 Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
 But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
 Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
 And I have others given me by the nymphs,
 Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have.
 But we, by Neptune, for no pipe contend.
 This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'
 Now came she forward, eager to engage,
 But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
 And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive.
 Her bosom seem'd, enclosed in haze like heaven,
 To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
 Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,

Above her breast, and just below her arms.
 'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
 If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'
 Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
 And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout,
 And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold,
 Again with violent impulse gush'd my blood,
 And hearing naught external, thus absorb'd,
 I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
 Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
 Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
 I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
 Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
 Often mine springing with eluded force
 Started aside, and trembled till replaced:
 And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
 My bosom and my throat felt so compressed,
 That life was almost quivering on my lips,
 Yet nothing was there painful! There are signs
 Of secret arts and not of human might—
 What arts I cannot tell. I only know
 My eyes grew dizzy, and my strength decay'd.
 I was indeed o'ercome! with what regret,
 And more, with what confusion, when I reached
 The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried:
 'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'
 She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
 Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
 And eyes that languish'd lengthening, just like love.
 She went away; I on the wicker gate
 Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
 The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
 But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
 And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
 Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip—
 One shoulder its poor efforts had uncoil'd—
 Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
 Restless then ran I to the highest ground
 To watch her—she was gone—gone down the tide—
 And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
 Lay like a jasper column half-uprear'd."

PASSAGE FROM COUNT JULIAN.

Julian. O cruelty—to them indeed the least!
 My children, ye are happy—ye have lived
 Of heart unconquered, honour unimpaired,
 And died, true Spaniards, loyal to the last.
Muza. Away with him.
Julian. Slaves! not before I lift
 My voice to heaven and man: though enemies
 Surround me, and none else, yet other men
 And other times shall hear: the agony
 Of an oppress and of a bursting heart
 No violence can silence; at its voice
 The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,
 And peace and war hide all their charms alike.
 Surely the guests and ministers of heaven
 Scatter it forth thro' all the elements;
 So suddenly, so widely, it extends,
 So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering
 To ask or fancy how it first arose.

FÆSULAN IDYL.

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
 Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
 And softer sighs, that know not what they want:
 Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
 Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
 While I was gazing a few paces off
 At what they seemed to show me with their nods,
 Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
 A gentle maid came down the garden steps,
 And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
 I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,
 (Such I believed it must be;) for sweet scents
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her best stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
 Whene'er their genius bid their souls depart,
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproach'd me; the ever sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
 I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
 I saw the foot, that, although half-erect
 From its gray slipper, could not lift her up
 To what she wanted: I held down a branch
 And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour
 Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
 Of harder wing were working their way through
 And scattering them in fragments under foot.
 So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
 For such appear the petals when detach'd,
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
 And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun:
 Yet every one her gown received from me
 Was fairer than the first—I thought not so,
 But so she praised them to reward my care.
 I said: "You find the largest."

"This indeed,"

Cried she, "is large and sweet."

She held one forth,
 Whether for me to look at or to take
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
 Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
 I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
 To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back

The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
 The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
 Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

TO IANTHE.

WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
 And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
 While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
 The ripening harvest and the hoary sands:
 Alone, and destitute of every page
 That fires the poet, or informs the sage,
 Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove,
 Rest upon past or cherish promised love?
 Alas! the past I never can regain,
 Wishes may rise, and tears may flow in vain.
 Fancy, that shows her in her early bloom,
 Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
 What then would passion, what would reason do?
 Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
 Here will I sit, 'till heaven shall cease to lour,
 And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
 Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
 Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

TO CORINTH.

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him
 Whose shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
 Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
 Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
 The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
 Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
 So high that vastest billows from above
 Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
 Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
 And pass away—the beautiful, the brave,
 And them who sang their praises.

But, O queen,

Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
 As when they first were uttered, are those words
 Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
 And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
 So perilous, him who brought before his eye
 The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last!
 Medea!—is that blood? again! it drops
 From my imploring hand upon my feet!—
 I will invoke the Eumenides no more.
 I will forgive thee—bless thee—bend to thee
 In all thy wishes—do but thou, Medea,
 Tell me, one lives."

"And shall I too deceive?"

Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
 And swifter than two falling stars descend
 Two breathless bodies—warm, soft, motionless,
 As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
 They lie three paces from him—such they lie
 As when he left them sleeping side by side,
 A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
 Between them, flushed with happiness and love.
 He was more changed than they were—doomed to
 show

Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarred
 Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
 And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
 Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the gods
 Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
 With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
 A nobler work remains: thy citadel
 Invites all Greece; o'er lands and floods remote
 Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
 Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
 Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
 Run bellowing, where their herdsmen goad them on;
 Instinct is sharp in them, and terror true—
 They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

STANZAS.

SAY ye, that years roll on and ne'er return?
 Say ye, the sun who leaves them all behind,
 Their great creator, cannot bring one back
 With all his force, though he draw worlds around?
 Witness me, little streams! that meet before
 My happy dwelling; witness, Africo
 And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
 Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
 As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
 When the tall cypress o'er the Doccia
 Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.
 Go, and go happy, pride of my past days
 And solace of my present, thou whom fate
 Alone hath sever'd from me! One step higher
 Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
 Friendship, with faltering accent, says depart!
 And take the highest seat below the crown'd.

WORSHIP GOD ONLY.

Ines. Revere our holy church; though some
 within
 Have erred, and some are slow to lead us right,
 Stopping to pry when staff and lamp should be
 In hand, and the way whiten underneath.
Pedro. Ines, the church is now a charnel-house,
 Where all that is not rottenness is growth.
 Thou hast but seen its gate hung round with flowers,
 And heard the music whose serenest waves
 Cover its gulfs and dally with its shoals,
 And hold the myriad insects in light play
 Above it, loth to leave its sunny sides.
 Look at this central edifice! come close!
 Men's bones and marrow its materials are,
 Men's groans inaugurated it, men's tears
 Sprinkle its floor, fires lighted up with men
 Are censers for it; agony and anger
 Surround it night and day with sleepless eyes;
 Dissimulation, terror, treachery,
 Denunciations of the child, the parent,
 The sister, brother, lover, (mark me, Ines!)
 Are the peace-offerings God receives from it.
Ines. I tremble—but betrayers tremble more.
 Now cease, cease, Pedro! cling I must to somewhat:
 Leave me one guide, one rest! Let me love God!
 Alone—if it must be so!
Pedro. Him alone—
 Mind; in him only place thy trust henceforth.

THE TAMED DORMOUSE.

THERE is a creature, dear to Heaven,
 Tiny and weak, to whom is given
 To enjoy the world while suns are bright,
 And shut grim winter from its sight—
 Tamest of hearts that beat on wilds,
 Tamer and tenderer than a child's—
 The Dormouse—this he loved and taught
 (Docile it is the day it's caught,
 And fond of music, voice or string)
 To stand before and hear her sing,
 Or lie within her palm half-closed,
 Until another's interposed,
 And claim'd the alcove wherein it lay,
 Or held it with divided sway.

TO A DEAD CHILD.

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
 The tears that overflow thy urn,
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
 Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
 And why the wish? the pure and blest
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep;
 O peaceful night! O envied rest!
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

NOT the last struggle of the sun,
 Precipitated from his golden throne,
 Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense,
 But the calm exod of a man
 Nearer, though high above, who ran
 The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
 Thus, O my SOUTHEY! poet, sage, and saint,
 Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
 What voice in anguish can we raise?
 Thee would we, need we, dare we praise?
 God now does that—the God thy whole heart loved.

SIXTEEN.

IS Clementina's artless mien
 Lucilla asks me what I see,
 And are the roses of sixteen
 Enough for me?
 Lucilla asks, if that be all;
 Have I not cull'd as sweet before—
 Ah, yes, Lucilla! and their fall
 I still deplore.
 I now behold another scene,
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
 More pure, more constant, more serene,
 And not less bright.
 Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;
 And modesty, who, when she goes,
 Is gone for ever.

REPENTANCE OF KING RODERIGO.

THERE is, I hear, a poor half-ruined cell
 In Xeres, whither few indeed resort;
 Green are the walls within, green is the floor
 And slippery from disuse; for Christian feet
 Avoid it, as half-holy, half-accurst.
 Still in its dark recess fanatic sin
 Abases to the ground his tangled hair,
 And servile scourges and reluctant groans
 Roll o'er the vault uninterruptedly,
 Till, such the natural stillness of the place,
 The very tear upon the damps below
 Drops audible, and the heart's throb replies.
 There is the idol maid of Christian creed,
 And taller images, whose history
 I know not, nor inquired—a scene of blood,
 Of resignation amid mortal pangs,
 And other things, exceeding all belief.
 Hither the aged Opas of Seville
 Walked slowly, and behind him was a man
 Barefooted, bruised, dejected, comfortless,
 In sackcloth; the white ashes on his head
 Dropt as he smote his breast; he gathered up,
 Replaced them all, groan'd deeply, looked to heaven,
 And held them, like a treasure, with clasped hands.

MORNING.

NOW to Aurora borne by dappled steeds,
 The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
 Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
 Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
 The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
 Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
 Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
 When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
 To which so warily her own she brings
 Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
 Of coming kisses fann'd by playful dreams.
 Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee.
 For 'twas the morning pointed out by fate
 When an immortal maid and mortal man
 Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
 The sheep, that, starting from the tufted thyme,
 Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
 And shake above our heads the craggy steep.
 Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
 While light and darkness seize the changeful oar;
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below
 A net of silver round the black canoe,
 Now the last lonely solace must it be
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea.
 Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
 My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

PASSAGE FROM IPPOLITO DI ESTE.

Ippolito. He saw his error.

Ferrante. All men do when age
 Bends down their heads, or gold shines in their way.

Ippolito. Although I would have helped you in
 distress,

And just removed you from the court awhile,
 You called me tyrant.

Ferrante. Called thee tyrant? I?
 By heaven! in tyrant there is something great
 That never was in thee. I would be killed
 Rather by any monster of the wild
 Than choked by weeds and quicksands rather
 crush'd

By maddest rage than clay-cold apathy.
 Those who act well the tyrant, neither seek
 Nor shun the name: and yet I wonder not
 That thou repeatest it, and wishest me;
 It sounds like power, like policy, like courage.
 And none that calls thee tyrant can despise thee.
 Go, issue orders for imprisonment,
 Warrants for death: the gibbet and the wheel,
 Lo! the grand boundaries of thy dominion!
 Oh what a mighty office for a minister!
 (And such Alfonso's brother calls himself),
 To be the scribe of hawkers! Man of genius!
 The lanes and allies echo with thy works.

A CATHEDRAL SCENE.

NOW all the people follow the procession:
 Here may I walk alone, and let my spirits
 Enjoy the coolness of these quiet ailes.
 Surely no air is stirring; every step
 Tires me; the columns shake, the ceiling fleets,
 The floor beneath me slopes, the altar rises.
 Stay!—here she stopt—what grace! what harmony!
 It seemed that every accent, every note,
 Of all the choral music, breathed from her:
 From her celestial airiness of form
 I could have fancied purer light descended.
 Between the pillars, close and wearying,
 I watch her as she went: I had rush'd on—
 It was too late; yet, when I stopt, I thought
 I stopt full soon: I cried, Is she not there?
 She had been: I had seen her shadow burst
 The sunbeam as she parted: a strange sound,
 A sound that stupefied and not aroused me,
 Filled all my senses; such was never felt
 Save when the sword-girt angel struck the gate,
 And Paradise wail'd loud, and closed for ever.

EPITAPH ON A POET IN A WELSH
CHURCHYARD.

KERN souls! who strive what pious hand shall bring
 The first-found crocus from reluctant spring,
 Or blow your wintry fingers while they strew
 This sunless turf with rosemary and rue,
 Bend o'er your lovers first, but mind to save
 One sprig of each to trim a poet's grave.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'T was vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!

"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, who'er you be,
And, oh! pray, too, for me!

THE BRIER.

My brier that smelledst sweet,
When gentle spring's first heat,
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and naught of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee sweet breathing brier,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet, methinks with thee,
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or wo, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet, but freed [too.
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets

THE DRAGON-FLY.

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade;
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.
Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and meshy wing,
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
'Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins! that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.
'T was a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
Till he came, who, deaf to pity,
Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoil'd and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?
Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?
All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.
Night may send to rave and ravage
Panther and hyena fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazelle.
When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

JOHN LEYDEN.

DR. LEYDEN was born at Denholm, a village on the borders of Teviotdale, in Scotland, in the autumn of 1775. His father was a shepherd farmer, whose humble cottage was the home of piety and content. Young LEYDEN entered the parish school of Kirktown when nine years of age, and continued his studies there for about three years, when he was removed to a private academy kept by a Cameronian clergyman who prepared him for the university. At Edinburgh he was a member of literary societies with Lord BROUGHAM, Dr. THOMAS BROWN, Lord JEFFREY, and the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH. After completing his classical course with distinguished reputation, he studied theology, and in 1795 was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of St. Andrews. He did not succeed very well in the pulpit, and soon abandoned it to enter upon a literary life. His first production was an "Historical and Descriptive Account of Discoveries in Africa," published in 1798, and his second, an edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," an old and scarce tract, to which he added an elaborate preliminary essay and a glossary. In 1799 he became acquainted with SCOTT, to whom he gave valuable aid in the preparation of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which appeared in 1801. In 1802, having previously obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the university of St. Andrews, he went to London with a view to embark for India, and while there prepared for the press his "Scenes of Infancy," a poem of considerable merit, in which he combines interesting allusions to local history and superstition with graphic description of the scenery amid which he passed his early years. Of this poem it has been said by a judicious critic, that "in genuine feeling and fancy, as well as in harmony and elegance of composition, it can encounter very few rivals in the English language. It touches so many of the genuine strings of the lyre, with the hand of inspiration; it draws forth so many tender notes, and carries our eyes and our hearts so utterly among those scenes with which the real bard is conversant, that we for a moment

enjoy some portion of the creative powers of the poet himself. Nowhere laboured, studied, or affected, he writes in a stream of natural eloquence, which shows the entire predominance of his emotion over his art."

Dr. LEYDEN sailed for Madras in the spring of 1803, and immediately after his arrival entered the service of the East India Company, in which he continued the larger portion of the time until his death. He devoted the intervals of business, when health permitted, to the laborious study of the literature and languages of the eastern nations. He made elegant translations from the Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit, wrote several valuable philological tracts, and grammars of the Malay, Pracrit and other languages.

In 1810 he resigned the office of Commissioner of Requests, and was preferred to that of Assayer of the Mint at Calcutta, with less arduous duties and a more liberal salary. In 1811 his services were required in the expedition against Java, and he sailed from Calcutta under Lord MINTO on the ninth of March in that year. After Batavia fell into the possession of the Company's forces, he employed his leisure in researches into the literature of the conquered city. He one day entered a large low room in one of the public buildings which was said to contain some Javanese curiosities, and the confined air of which was impregnated with the poisonous quality which has made Batavia the grave of so many Europeans. On leaving it he was suddenly affected with the first symptoms of a mortal fever, of which he died on the twenty-eighth of August, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

LEYDEN is said to have been pedantic and vain; but he had many admirable social qualities, and those who were most intimately acquainted with his character were his warmest friends. Sir WALTER SCOTT alludes to him in the following lines from the "Lord of the Isles," written soon after his death:—

His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;—
A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN's cold remains!

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

IN high JEHOVAH's praise, my strain
Of triumph shall the chorus lead,
Who plunged beneath the rolling main
The horseman with his vaunted steed.
Dread breaker of our servile chains,
By WHOM our arm in strength remains,
The scented algum forms THY car!
Our father's God! THY name we raise
Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
The Chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far in the caverns of the deep
Their chariots sunk to rise no more;
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep
Where the Red Sea's huge monsters roar.
Plunged like a rock amid the wave,
Around their heads the billows lave;
Down, down the yawning gulf they go,
Dash'd by THY high-expanded hand
To pieces on the pointed sand,
That strews the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round THEE gleam,
THY foes in blackening heaps to strew!
As o'er wide fields of stubble stream
The flames, in undulations blue.
And lo! the waters of the deep
Swell in one enormous heap,
Collected at THY nostrils' breath.
The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
Wall'd with huge crystal waves congeal'd,
Unfolds the yawning jaws of death.

"Swift, steeds of Egypt, speed your course,
And swift, ye rapid chariots, roll!
Not ocean's bed impedes our force;
Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul:
The sabre keen shall soon embrue
Its glimmering edge in gory dew"—
Impatient cried the exulting foe;—
When, like a ponderous mass of lead,
They sink—and sudden; o'er their head
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But THOU, in whose sublime abode
Resistless might and mercy dwell,
Our voices, high o'er every God,
With grateful hearts THY praises swell!
Outstretch'd we saw THY red right hand,
The earth her solid jaws expand;
Adown the gulf alive they sink:—
While we, within the incumbent main,
Beheld the tumbling floods in vain
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as fame's shrill notes resound,
With dire dismay the nations hear;
Old Edom's sons with laurels crown'd,
And Moab's warriors melt with fear.
The petrifying tale disarms
The might of Canaan's countless swarms,
Appall'd their heroes sink supine;
No mail'd band with thrilling cries
The might of Jacob's sons defies,
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our way impede,
Where nature's glowing embers lie;
But, led by THEE, we safely tread
Beneath the furnace of the sky.
To fields, where fertile olives twine
Their branches with the clustering vine
Soon shalt THOU Jacob's armies bring;
To plant them by THY mighty hand
Where the proud towers of Salem stand;
And ever reign their God and King.

Far in the deep's unfathom'd caves
Lie strew'd the flower of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge, that idly raves,
Heaves their cold corpses on the sand.
With courage unappall'd, in vain
They rush'd within the channell'd main;
Their heads the billows folded o'er:
While THOU hast Israel's legions led
Through the green ocean's coral bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chericál's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

PORTUGUESE HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Star of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee,
We hang within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the waving waters toss'd,
We call'd no other name but thine,
And hoped when other hope was lost.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main!
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high,
When virgins for their true loves sigh
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;—
The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea!
When wrecking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
The howling storms that seemed to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet;
The surging seas recede to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who pitying hear'st the seaman's cry!
The God of mercy as a child
On that chaste bosom loves to lie;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices name on high
The mother of the heavenly king.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep's foundations reel;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
The newly damn'd a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the mild and placid seas!

Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,
With hymns of grateful transport own,
When clouds obscure all other light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the deep! when angel lyres

To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay;
Mother of God! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires—
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.

Ave Maris Stella!

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

ALAS, that fancy's pencil still portrays
A fairer scene than ever nature drew!
Alas, that ne'er to reason's placid view
Arise the charms of youth's delusive days!
For still the memory of our tender years,
By contrast vain, impairs our present joys;
Of greener fields we dream and purer skies,
And softer tints than ever nature wears.—
Lo! now, to fancy, Teviot's vale appears
Adorn'd with flowers of more enchanting hue
And fairer bloom than ever Eden knew,
With all the charms that infancy endears.
Dearsences! which grateful memory still employ,
Why should you strive to blast the present joy!

A MORNING SCENE.

Lo! in the vales, where wandering rivulets run,
The fleecy mists shine gilded in the sun,
Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale,
Unfurls no more its lightly skimming sail;
But through the hoary flakes, that fall like snow,
Gleams in ethereal hue the watery bow.
'Tis ancient silence, robed in thistle down,
Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown;
His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,
While curling fogs compose his airy throne;
Serenely still, self-pois'd, he rests on high,
And soothes each infant breeze that fans the sky.
The mists ascend;—the mountains scarce are free,
Like islands floating in a billowy sea;
While on their chalky summits glimmering dance
The sun's last rays across the gray expanse:
As sink the hills in waves that round them grow,
The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow;
The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurl'd,
As ocean once embraced the prostrate world.

CHANGES OF HOME.

As every prospect opens on my view,
 I seem'd to live departed years anew ;
 When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,
 Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguiled ;
 The wabret leaf, that by the pathway grew,
 The wild-briar rose, of pale and blushful hue,
 The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,
 The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,
 The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
 That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground !

Again I view each rude romantic glade,
 Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd
 To watch the foam-bell of the bubbling brook,
 Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,
 Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless toil,
 At summer eve become the woodman's spoil !

Green down ascending drink the moorish rills,
 And yellow corn-fields crown the heathless hills,
 Where to the breeze the shrill brown linnet sings,
 And prunes with frequent bill his russet wings.
 High and more high the shepherds drive their flocks,
 And climb with timid step the hoary rocks ;
 From cliff to cliff the ruffling breezes sigh,
 Where idly on the sun-beat steeps they lie,
 And wonder, that the vale no more displays
 The pastoral scenes that pleased their early days.

No more the cottage roof, fern-thatch'd and gray,
 Invites the weary traveller from the way,
 To rest, and taste the peasant's simple cheer,
 Repaid by news and tales he loved to hear ;
 The clay-built wall, with woodbine twisted o'er,
 The house-leek clustering green above the door,
 While through the sheltering elms, that round
 them grew,

The winding smoke arose in columns blue :—
 These all have fled ; and from their hamlets brown
 The swains have gone, to sicken in the town,
 To pine in crowded streets, or ply the loom ;
 For splendid halls deny the cottage room.
 Yet on the neighbouring heights they oft convene,
 With fond regret to view each former scene,
 The level meads, where infants wont to play
 Around their mothers, as they piled the hay,
 The hawthorn hedge-row, and the hanging wood,
 Beneath whose boughs their humble cottage stood.

Gone are the peasants from the humble shed,
 And with them too the humble virtues fled.
 No more the farmer, on these fertile plains,
 Is held the father of the meaner swains,
 Partakes, as he directs, the reaper's toil,
 Or with his shining share divides the soil,
 Or in his hall, when winter nights are long,
 Joins in the burden of the damsel's song,
 Repeats the tales of old heroic times,
 While Bruce and Wallace consecrate the rhymes.
 These all are fled—and, in the farmer's place,
 Of prouder look, advance a dubious race,
 That ape the pride of rank with awkward state
 The vice, but not the polish of the great,
 Flaunt, like the poppy mid the ripening grain,
 A nauseous weed, that poisons all the plain.
 The peasant, once a friend a friend no more,
 Cringes, a slave, before the master's door :

Or else, too proud where once he loved to fawn,
 For distant climes deserts his native lawn,
 And fondly hopes beyond the western main
 To find the virtues here beloved in vain.

TEVIOTDALE.

LAND of my fathers !—though no mangrove here
 O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
 Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,
 Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
 Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree—
 Land of dark heaths and mountains ! thou art free.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot ! runs,
 With untoned blood of Gambia's sons :
 No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
 Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
 Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
 Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.
 Free, as the lark that carols o'er his head,
 At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
 Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
 And whistling loud directs the mining share ;
 Free, as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
 And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain ;
 Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

Dear native valleys ! may ye long retain
 The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain !
 Long mid your sounding glades in union sweet
 May rural innocence and beauty meet !
 And still be duly heard at twilight calm
 From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm !
 Then, Jedworth ! though thy ancient choirs shall
 fade,

And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
 From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
 And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
 Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong
 By Jed's pure stream a sweeter even song,
 Than long processions once, with mystic zeal,
 Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

SERENITY OF CHILDHOOD.

IN the sweet morn of life, when health and joy
 Laugh in the eye, and o'er each sunny plain
 A mild celestial softness seems to reign,
 Ah ! who could dream what woes the heart annoy !
 No saddening sighs disturb the vernal gale
 Which fans the wild-wood music on the ear ;
 Unbathed the sparkling eye with pity's tear,
 Save listening to the aged soldier's tale,
 The heart's slow grief, which wastes the child of wo,
 And lovely injured woman's cruel wrong,
 We hear not in the sky-lark's morning song,
 We hear not in the gales that o'er us blow,
 Visions devoid of wo which childhood drew,
 How oft shall my sad heart your soothing scenes
 renew !

CHARLES LAMB.

THE author of "Elia" was the son of JOHN LAMB, a scrivener, and was born in the Inner Temple, London, on the eighteenth of February, 1775. In 1782 he was admitted to the school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained until he had entered into his fifteenth year, from which time he was employed in the South-Sea House, under his elder brother, until 1792, when he obtained an appointment in the office of the accountant-general of the East India Company. He was in the India-house thirty-five years, rarely absent from his post a single day, and fulfilling his duties with most exact fidelity. He lived meantime with his "gentle sister Mary"—neither of them being ever married—and had at all times a circle of ardent friends, embracing some of the most eminent persons of the country, as COLERIDGE, who was his schoolfellow, WORDSWORTH, HAZLITT, SOUTHEY, and SERGEANT TALFOURD, his biographer. He continued nearly all his life in London, regarding it, with a sort of Chinese exclusiveness, as the only scene in which existence could be enjoyed, until within two or three years of his death, when he wrote to a friend that the town, with all his native hankering after it, was not what it had been in his earlier life. "The streets, the shops," he says, "are left, but all old friends are gone: I was frightfully convinced of this as I passed houses and places, empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about anybody; the bodies I cared for are in graves, or dispersed; my old chums that lived so long and flourished so steadily, are crumbled away."

LAMB's favourite reading was chiefly in the early English authors, and some of its results appeared in his "Selections from Dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare," and in his essays on Shakspeare's Tragedies, on the works of George Wither, &c. His first appearance as an author, however, was at the age of twenty-two, when he published in connection with COLERIDGE and CHARLES LLOYD, a volume of verses, not particularly deserving of admiration, and in the

next year, "Rosamund Gray," a story after the manner of MACKENZIE, which was more popular. In 1807 appeared "John Woodvil, a Tragedy;" in 1808 "The Adventures of Ulysses," and at intervals came out his "Essays of Elia," the most remarkable of his compositions, which established his reputation on good and lasting grounds.

Besides the works already mentioned, LAMB wrote a farce entitled "Mr. H—," which was acted at Drury Lane. Though ELLISTON personated the hero, it was for some reason unsuccessful. In America, however, it afterward had a great run, and was performed by Mr. Wood, in Philadelphia, as many nights, perhaps, as any piece of its nature ever brought out by that excellent comedian.

LAMB's poems, excepting the tragedy which we have named, are few and brief, and of less merit than his prose writings. "John Woodvil," however, contains passages which would not have done dishonour to the great dramatists of SHAKSPEARE's golden age; and "The Farewell to Tobacco," in these pages, is such a piece of verse as one might imagine "Elia" would write. His letters and his essays belong to that small and slowly increasing body of works constituting the standard literature of the English language. Their *bonhomie*, exquisite humour, and tenderness, will make them as great favourites with successive generations of readers, as the living CHARLES LAMB was with his personal friends.

Speaking of the "Farewell to Tobacco," reminds us of the most melancholy subject in LAMB's history—his intemperance. So far as we know, it was his only frailty, and it was one which he shared with COLERIDGE, the most intimate, as well as the greatest of his friends. Such infirmities of genius warn us of the necessity of preserving every guard to virtue, and teach the duty of charity and forbearance.

Mr. LAMB died suddenly at Edmonton, on the 27th of December, 1834, in the sixtieth year of his age.

FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse
 Strait confound my stammering verse,
 If I can a passage see
 In this word-perplexity,
 Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind,
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant)
 To take leave of thee, great plant!
 Or in any terms relate
 Half my love, or half my hate:
 For I hate, yet love, thee so,
 That, whichever thing I show,
 The plain truth will seem to be
 A constrain'd hyperbole,
 And the passion to proceed
 More for a mistress than a weed.
 Sooty retainer to the vine,
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
 Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon
 Thy begrimed complexion,
 And, for thy pernicious sake,
 More and greater oaths to break
 Than reclaimed lovers take
 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
 Much too in the female way,
 While thou suck'st the labouring breath
 Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
 That our worst foes cannot find us,
 And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
 Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
 While each man, thro' thy heightening steam,
 Does like a smoking Etna seem,
 And all about us does express
 (Fancy and wit in richest dress)
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
 That our best friends do not know us,
 And, for those allowed features,
 Due to reasonable creatures,
 Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
 Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
 Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
 Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
 His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
 That but by reflex can'st show
 What his deity can do,
 As the false Egyptian spell
 Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
 Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
 The weak brain may serve to amaze,
 But to the reins and nobler heart
 Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
 The old world was sure forlorn,
 Wanting thee, that aidest more
 The god's victories than before
 All his panthers, and the brawls
 Of his piping Bacchanals.
 These, as stale, we disallow,
 Or judge of thee meant: only thou

His true Indian conquest art;
 And, for ivy round his dart,
 The reformed god now weaves
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sovereign to the brain.
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foyson,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison,
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
 Such as perplex lovers use,
 At a need, when, in despair
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of dearest miss,
 Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk, and all that's evil,
 Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow's at the height,
 Lose discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gall,
 On the darling thing whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
 For thy sake, Tobacco, I
 Would do any thing but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.

But, as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will bate
 Any tittle of her state,
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Katherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
 Where though I, by sour physician,
 Am debarr'd the full fruition
 Of thy favours, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odours, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
 And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquer'd Canaanite.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
 Their place ye may not well supply,
 Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
 Yet cannot I by force be led
 To think upon the wormy bed,
 And her togeth'.

A springy motion in her gait,
 A rising step, did indicate
 Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
 I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
 It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
 Which doth the human feeling cool,
 But she was train'd in nature's school,
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
 Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
 To that unknown and silent shore,
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
 A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet fore-warning?

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
 hood.

Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling!
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left
 me,

And some are taken from me; all are departed;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE FAMILY NAME.

WHAT reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
 Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
 Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
 And I, a childless man, may end the same.
 Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
 In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
 Received thee first amid the merry mocks
 And arch-allusions of his fellow swains.
 Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
 With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
 Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
 Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
 Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
 No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

SONNET.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
 The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
 And Innocence her name. The time has been,
 We two did love each other's company;
 Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
 But when by show of seeming good beguiled,
 I left the garb and manners of a child,
 And my first love for man's society,
 Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
 My loved companion dropp'd a tear and fled,
 And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
 Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
 In what delicious Eden to be found—
 That I may seek thee the wide world around?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born on the twenty-seventh of September, 1777, in Glasgow, where his father was a retired merchant. When twelve years old he entered the university of his native city, and in the following year gained a prize for a translation from ARISTOPHANES, after a hard contest, over a competitor of nearly twice his age. He was here seven years, in all which time he had scarcely a rival in classical learning; and the Greek professor, when bestowing on him a medal for one of his versions, announced that it was the best ever produced in the university. He made equal proficiency in other branches of education, and, on completing his academical course, studied medicine and law.

He quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, whence he went to Edinburgh, where he was for several years a private tutor. At the early age of twenty-one he finished *The Pleasures of Hope*, which placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets. In the spring of 1800, he left Scotland for the Continent. While at Hamburg he wrote the *Exile of Erin*, from an impression made upon his mind by the condition of some Irish exiles in the vicinity of that city; and, with the Danish war in prospect, his famous naval lyric, *Ye Mariners of England*. He travelled over the most interesting portions of Germany and Prussia, visited their universities, and formed friendships with the SCHLEGELS, KLOPSTOCK, and other scholars and men of genius. From the walls of a convent he saw the charge of KLENAU upon the French at Hohenlinden, which he has so vividly described in his celebrated ode upon that battle. Soon after his return to Scotland, in 1801, he received a token of the royal admiration of his *Pleasures of Hope*, in a pension of two hundred pounds; and, after a short residence at Edinburgh, married Miss MATILDA SINCLAIR, and settled at Sydenham, near London, where he remained many years, and wrote *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and several of his minor poems. In 1820 he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted with a spirit and

ability worthy of his reputation, for ten years, at the end of which time the death of his wife induced its abandonment. In this period he took an active interest in the causes of Greece and Poland; was three times elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; discharged the duties of Professor of Poetry in the Royal Institution; and laid the foundation of the London University.

For several years before his death, Mr. CAMPBELL produced nothing of much excellence. *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* and other Poems, which appeared in 1842, owed all their little reputation to his name. He died at Boulogne, on the fifteenth of June, 1844, and his remains were interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey on the third of the following month.

CAMPBELL'S poetry has little need of critical illustration. His chief merit is rhetorical. There is no vagueness or mysticism in his verse. The scenes and feelings he delineates are common to human beings in general, and the impressive style with which these are unfolded, owes its charm to vigour of language and forcible clearness of epithet. Many of his lines ring with a harmonious energy, and seem the offspring of the noblest enthusiasm. This is especially true of his martial lyrics, which in their way are unsurpassed. *The Pleasures of Hope*, his earliest work, is one of the few standard heroic poems in our language. Poetic taste has undergone many remarkable changes since it appeared, but its ardent numbers are constantly resorted to by those who love the fire of the muse as well as her more delicate tracery. Though more generally read, it is by no means equal to *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a Pennsylvania Tale, written in the full maturity of his powers, and characterized by remarkable taste, feeling and tenderness. Nearly all CAMPBELL'S earlier writings are popular, and although a more transcendental school of poetry is at present in vogue, admirers of felicity of expression can never fail to recognise the stamp of true genius in one who has sung in such thrilling numbers of patriotism and affection.

Besides his poems, Mr. CAMPBELL wrote A History of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens; Lectures on Greek Poetry; Letters from the South during a Journey to Algiers; Lives of Petrarch, Shakspeare, and Mrs. Siddons; several articles on poetry and belles lettres, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and other prose writings, none of which deserved much consideration. His name appears also on the title-pages

of a Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, but I believe he had little to do with the work. His Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry, was published in seven volumes in 1819, and has recently been reproduced by Mr. Murray. It is a work of great value, containing much admirable criticism, and a judicious account of the poetry in the English language down to the time of Cowper.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard. LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed for their country and crown;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision
to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say rush the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north!
Lo! the deathshot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit! Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast!
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd
my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my
sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn!
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling—oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims;
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not
the tale:

For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of Fame.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time:
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bida thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, floods, and earth,
The vassals of his will;
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death!

Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell that night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the north,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the holdest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between. [gun
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried; when each
From its adamant line lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun."

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the daystar attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy seabeaten shore;
But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken, [more.
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me [me?
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase
Never again, shall my brothers embrace me;
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure!
Tears like the rain drop, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-
votion—
Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh!

VALEDICTORY STANZAS TO J. P.
KEMBLE, ESQ.

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought the heroic age
Revived to fancy's view
Like fields refresh'd with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble! fare thee well!
His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only actors lends,—
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.
Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possess'd
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The graces gave their zone.
High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguish'd
glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!
And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddon's auxiliary power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your *Kemble's* spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste:—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:—
And must we lose them now!
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow!
Alas; the moral brings a tear!—
'Tis all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go!
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review:—
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fogot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.
I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

DESCRIPTION OF WYOMING.

ON Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe
From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where on Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While, hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again,

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story sung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet rung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar!

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,

Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

DIRGE OF OUTALISSI.

AND I could weep!—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun:—
But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow his head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Arcouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe;
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foe-man's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—

Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight;
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?

Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that crop'd its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!

And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd?
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?

Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone;
And stones themselves, to ruin grown
Like me, are death-like old.

Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!"

But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!

THE FALL OF POLAND.

Oh, sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh, heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
Hope for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

'Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAROLINE.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle-tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime!
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain-heath and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy land!

For sure, from some enchanted isle,
Where heaven and love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undecieved;

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost;
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be Caroline.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

On, once the harp of Innisfail
 Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
 But yet it often told a tale
 Of more prevailing sadness.
 Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
 As winds that moan at night forlorn
 Along the isles of Fion-Gael,
 When for O'Connor's child to mourn,
 The harper told how lone, how far
 From any mansion's twinkling star,
 From any path of social men,
 Or voice, but from the fox's den,
 The lady in the desert dwelt,
 And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
 Say, why should dwell in place so wild
 The lovely, pale O'Connor's child?
 Sweet lady! she no more inspires
 Green Erin's heart with beauty's power,
 As in the palace of her sires
 She bloom'd a peerless flower.
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
 The regal broche, the jewell'd ring,
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone
 Like dews on lilies of the spring.
 Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne,
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
 While yet in Leinster unexplored,
 Her friends survive the English sword;
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—
 The lovely, pale O'Connor's child!
 And, fix'd on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness;
 And wherefore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness?
 Dishevell'd are her raven locks,
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals.
 Placed in the foxglove and the moss,
 Behold a parted warrior's cross!
 That is a spot where, evermore,
 The lady, at her shieling door,
 Enjoys that in communion sweet,
 The living and the dead can meet:
 For lo! to lovelorn fantasy,
 The hero of her heart is nigh.
 Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
 A son of light—a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad:
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
 His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
 Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
 The hunter and the deer a shade!
 Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain;
 Yet she will tell you she is blest,
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
 When bards high praised her beauty's power,

And kneeling pages offer'd up
 The morat in a golden cup.
 "A hero's bride! this desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call—My love lies bleeding?"
 "This purple flower my tears have nursed;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
 O, hearken, stranger, to my voice;
 This desert mansion is my choice;
 And blest, though fatal, be the star
 That led me to its wilds afar:
 For here these pathless mountains free
 Gave shelter to my love and me;
 And every rock and every stone
 Bore witness that he was my own.
 "O'Connor's child, I was the bud
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
 But wo to them that wrapt in blood
 The tissue of my story!
 Still as I clasp my burning brain,
 A death-scene rushes on my sight;
 It rises o'er and o'er again,
 The bloody feud—the fatal night,
 When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
 They call'd my hero basely born,
 And bade him choose a meaner bride
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
 And Cathal of the bloody hand,—
 Glory (they said) and power and honour
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor;
 But he, my loved one, bore in field
 A meaner crest upon his shield.
 "Ah, brothers! what did it avail
 That fiercely and triumphantly
 Ye fought the English of the pale,
 And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?
 And what was it to love and me
 That barons by your standard rode;
 Or heal-fires, for your jubilee,
 Upon a hundred mountains glow'd?
 What though the lords of tower and dome
 From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride
 Could break the knot that love had tied?
 No:—let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
 But ties around this heart were spun,
 That could not, would not, be undone.
 "At bleating of the wild watch fold
 Thus sang my love—"O, come with me,
 Our bark is on the lake: behold,
 Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
 Come with thy belted forester,
 And I beside the lake of swans
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer,
 And build thy hut and bring thee home
 The wild fowl and the honeycomb;

And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

"And fast and far, before the star
Of dayspring rush'd me through the gløde,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle Connor fade.

Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore:
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

"When all was hush'd at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
'Be hush'd!' my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.'
Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,
Their bloody bands had track'd us out:
Up-listening starts our couchant hound,—
And hark! again that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
'Spare—spare him—Bazil—Desmond fierce!'
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—O God! O God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

"Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eyeball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear,
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

"But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.

Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged as to the judgment seat
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Glad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay:
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go! I cried, the combat seek:
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, then ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.

"They would have cross'd themselves all mute,
They would have pray'd to burst the spell
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
And go to Athunree! I cried;
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know!
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead as the green, oblivious flood,
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where downward when the sun shall fall
The raven's wing shall be your pall;
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

"A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw;
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans,
Thrice ten Innisfallian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom;

But once again in heaven the bands
Of thunder-spirits clapt their hands.

"Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
The flower of Love-lies-bleeding."

LAST SCENE IN GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

A SCENE of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow:
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow.
There sad spectatress of her country's wo!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild
alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause that bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort, [flew;
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near!—yet there, with lust of murderous
deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wounds,
These drops?—O God! the life-blood is her own.
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown,
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I hee'd
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is
death indeed.

"Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,

And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still when death-itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death, to be
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips; but still their
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt [bland
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah! heart where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that love has whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As love's own altar honour me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

THE Honourable and Very Reverend WILLIAM HERBERT, now Dean of Manchester, was born in 1778, in the county of Hampshire, and is the third son of HENRY third Earl of CAERNARVON and Lady ELIZABETH WYNDHAM, sister of the late Earl of EGREMONT, being descended directly on the father's side from the Earls of PEMBROKE, and on the mother's from the Earls of PERCY. He was educated at Eton, with his brother, the late earl, who was himself distinguished for his ability as a speaker in the House of Lords, and for his strenuous denunciation of King GEORGE the Fourth in the matter of the divorce of Queen CAROLINE. From Eton Mr. HERBERT went to Christ's Church, Oxford, in which university he was afterward elected fellow of Merton College; and both at school and the university he obtained high distinction as a classical scholar. He adopted civil and ecclesiastical law as his profession, became a member of Doctors Commons, was retained largely by American shipholders in the admiralty suits previous to the last war, and in the case of the *Snipe*, delivered an argument which was considered the ablest that was produced in any of those cases, and which Sir WILLIAM SCOTT said contained so many and strong new points that he must take time to consider previous to giving a decision. During the consideration, however, war was declared, in consequence of earlier confiscations, and the decision was at length adverse. About this time Mr. HERBERT was returned to the House of Commons for the borough of Cricklade in Wiltshire, and afterward for his native county, in a strongly contested election, and in the House soon came to be considered a rising member of uncommon promise. During this time he had the satisfaction of sharing the glory of the immortal WILBERFORCE, with whom he was a steady co-operator, in the abolition of the slave trade. Shortly afterward, all hopes of the Whig party, to which he was attached, coming into power, being destroyed by the change in the Prince Regent's policy, and his brother having sold the borough of Cricklade, Mr. HERBERT, who had in the

meantime married the daughter of Viscount ALLEN,—with an increasing family, and no hopes of political success,—took orders in the church, for which he had always felt a strong inclination, and was inducted to a valuable rectory in Yorkshire, in the gift of his uncle the Earl of EGREMONT, where he has constantly resided since 1816, dividing his time between his parishioners, his literary pursuits, and his beautiful gardens and collection of exotics. In 1840 he was installed to the deanery of Manchester, whereby his sphere of utility and benevolence has been very much increased, although it is to be feared that his leisure for literary occupation may be considered almost at an end.

Mr. HERBERT's writings are in many languages, and are as remarkable for their variety, as for their depth, their compass, and their correctness. As a botanist, it would probably not be too much to say, that throughout the world he has no living superior; as a naturalist and ornithologist, he has produced much new and accurate information; as a preacher, he is one of the first in the church of which he is among the brightest ornaments. As a classical scholar, of exquisite taste and finish, his whole mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Greek and Roman orators and poets, he has been favourably known from his childhood upward; and he still continues to compose in the dead languages with fluency and grace, as some of our selections from his recent works will show. At a period when the tongues of northern Europe, the Scandinavian and Sclavonic, little known even now, were utterly unstudied, Mr. HERBERT made himself so thoroughly a proficient in their intricacies as to compose in them likewise easily and well; as also in the sweeter and more usually known languages of Italy and Spain.

His poetry consists, for the most part, of original poems and translations, either on the northern model, or from the northern tongue. The grandest and most sustained of all is "*Attila*," which the Edinburgh Review pronounced the most Miltonic poem that has appeared since "*Paradise Regained*." Their

character will be best shown by the copious extracts given below; it may not be, however, superfluous to add, that in his knowledge and practice of rhythm and versification, no one is superior to our author.

After the withdrawal of Lord FRANCIS EGERTON from the chair of the British Association, when it was assembled at Manchester, his place was supplied by the Dean, who took the opportunity of delivering a handsome compliment to Mr. EVERETT, and America, of which country, as being in politics a mild and now conservative Whig, he has ever been

a steady and consistent friend. In politics he gave his support to the movers of Roman Catholic emancipation; and he seconded the nomination of Lord MORPETH for Yorkshire during the excitement previous to the passage of the reform bill, in favour of which he voted. It may not be impertinent to add, that he has recently been elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. An edition of his writings, comprising his poems, criticisms, and sermons, was published by Bohn, in three large octavo volumes, in 1842.

THE PHANTOM FIGHT.

THE night was calm and murky; the soft gale
Seem'd to diffuse fair peace o'er hill and vale;
But Hilda slept not, whom the strong desire
Of her lost Hedin gnaw'd with secret fire.
To the still grave she bent her fearless way,
While her dark thoughts with nature's gloom
conspire;

Awhile she seem'd in anguish to survey
The monumental pile above his mouldering clay.

But not to mourn she sought that mansion lone,
Or weep unseen upon the dreary stone,
And in her sorrow there was nothing meek;
Gloomy her eye, and lowering seem'd to speak
A soul by deep and struggling cares distraught;
And the bright hectic flush upon her cheek
Told the mind's fever, and the darkling thought
With haughty high designs and steadfast passion
fraught.

Strange signs upon the tomb her hands did trace;
Then to the witching north she turn'd her face,
And in slow measure breathed that fatal strain,
Whose awful harmony can wake the slain,
Rive the cold grave, and work the charmer's will.
Thrice, as she call'd on Hedin, rang the plain;
Thrice echo'd the dread name from hill to hill!
Thrice the dark wold sent back the sound, and all
was still.

Then shook the ground as by an earthquake rent,
And the deep bowels of the tomb upsent
A voice, a shriek, a terror; sounds that seem'd
Like those wild fancies by a sinner dream'd;
A clang of deadly weapons, and a shout:
With living strength the heaving granite teem'd,
Inward convulsion, and a fearful rout, [out.
As if fiends fought with fiends, and hell was bursting

And then strange mirth broke frantic on her ear,
As if the evil one was lurking near;
While spectres wan, with visage pale and stark,
Peep'd ghastly through the curtain of the dark,
With such dire laugh as phrensy doth bewray,
It needs a gifted hand, with skill to mark

Hilda's proud features, which no dread betray,
Calm amid lonesome deeds and visions of dismay.

On her pale forehead stream'd an eyrie light
From that low mansion of infernal night,
Displaying her fair shape's majestic mould
In beauteous stillness; but an eye that told
More sense of inward rapture than of wo,
Thoughts of forbidden joy, and yearnings bold.
On the lone summits of eternal snow [glow.
So shines, in nature's calm, the pure sky's azure

Speechless she gazed, as from the yawning tomb
Rose Hedin, clad as when he met his doom.
Dark was his brow, his armour little bright,
And dim the lustre of his joyless sight;
His habergeon with blood all sprinkled o'er,
Portentous traces of that deadly fight.
His pallid cheek a mournful sadness wore,
And his long flowing locks were all defiled with gore.

There have been those, who, longing for the dead,
Have gazed on vacancy till reason fled;
And some dark vision of the wandering mind
Had ta'en the airy shape of human kind,
Giving strange voice to echoes of the night,
And warning sounds by heaven's high will de-
sign'd:

But this was bodily which met her sight,
And palpable as once in days of young delight.

High throb'd her heart; the pulse of youth
swell'd high;

Love's ardent lightning kindled in her eye;
And she has sprung into the arms of death,
Clasp'd his cold limbs, in kisses drunk his breath;
In one wild trance of rapturous passion blest,
And reckless of the hell that yawn'd beneath.
On his dire corslet beats her heaving breast,
And by her burning mouth his icy lips are press'd.

Stop, fearless beauty! hope not that the grave
Will yield its wealth, which frantic passion gave,
Though spells accursed may rend the solid earth,
Hell's phantoms never wake for joy or mirth!
Hope not that love with death's cold hand can wed,
Or draw night's spirits to a second birth!
Mark the dire vision of the mound with dread,
Gaze on thy horrid work, and tremble for the dead!

All arm'd, behold her vengeful father rise,
And loud, "Forbear, dishonour'd bride!" he cries.
With starting sinews from her grasp has sprung
The cold wan form, round which her arms were
Again in panoply of warlike steel [flung;
They wake those echoes to which Leyra rung;
Fierce and more fierce each blow they seem to deal,
And smite with ruthless blade the limbs that nothing
feel.

Darkling she stands beside the silent grave,
And sees them wield the visionary glaive.
What charm has life for her that can compare
With the deep thrill of that renew'd despair?
To raise the fatal ban, and gaze unseen,
As once in hope, on all her fondest care!
In death's own field life's trembling joys to glean,
And draw love's keen delight from that abhorr'd
scene!

The paths of bliss are joyous, and the breast
Of thoughtless youth is easy to be blest.
There is a charm in the loved maiden's sigh;
There is sweet pleasure in the calm blue sky.
When nature smiles around; the mild control
Of buoyant fancy bids the pulse throb high;
But when strong passion has engross'd the soul,
All other joys are dead; that passion is its whole.

The beaming sun may wake the dewy spring,
The flowers may smile, and the blithe greenwood
ring;
Soft music's touch may pour its sweetest lay,
And young hearts kindle in their hour of May;
But not for Hilda shall life's visions glow;
One dark deep thought must on her bosom prey.
Her joys lie buried in the tomb below, [flow.
And from night's phantoms pale her deadly bliss must

There still each eve, as spirit stories tell,
By that lone mound her spirit wakes the spell;
Whereat those warriors, charmed by the lay,
Renew, as if in sport, the deadly fray:
Till when, as paler grows the gloom of night,
And faint begins to peer the morning's ray,
The spectre pageant fadeth from the sight,
And vanisheth each form before the eye of light.

THE DESCENT TO HELA.

HARD by the eastern gate of hell
In ancient time great Vala fell;
And there she lies in massive tomb
Shrouded by night's eternal gloom,
Fairer than gods, and wiser, she
Held the strange keys of destiny;
And not one dark mysterious hour
Was veil'd from her all-searching power.
She knew what chanced, ere time began,
Ere world there was, or gods, or man;
And, had she list, she might have told
Of things that would appal the bold.
No mortal tongue has ever said
What hand unknown laid Vala dead;

But yet, if rumour rightly tells,
In her cold bones the spirit dwells;
And, if intruder bold presume,
Her voice unfolds his hidden doom:
And oft the rugged ear of death
Is soothed by her melodious breath,
Slow-rising from the hollow stone
In witching notes and solemn tone;
Immortal strains, that tell of things,
When the young down was on the wings
Of hoary Time, and sometimes swell
With such a wild enchanting spell,
As heard above would fix the eye
Of nature in sweet ecstasy,
Steal every sense from mortal clay,
And drag the willing soul away.

Dark is the path, and wild the road,
That leads unto that dread abode;
By shelving steepes, through brier and wood,
Through yawning cliff and cavern'd flood,
Where thousand treacherous spirits dwell,
Loose the huge stones, bid waters swell,
And guard the dire approach of hell.
And none, since that high Lord of heaven,
To whom the sword of death is given,
Stern Odin, for young Balder's sake,
Has dared the slumbering Vala wake.
But love can pass o'er brier and stone
Unharm'd, through floods and forests lone;
Love can defy the treacherous arm
Of spirits leagued to work its harm,
Pierce the dread silence of the tomb,
And smooth the way, and light the gloom.

Whence art thou? essence of delight!
Pure as the heavens, or dark as night!
Feeding the soul with fitful dreams,
And ever blending the extremes
Of joys so fearful, cares so sweet,
That wo and bliss together meet!
Thy touch can make the lion mild,
And the sweet ringdove fierce and wild.
Thy breath can rouse the gentlest maid
That e'er on couch of down was laid,
Brace her soft limbs to meet the cold,
And make her in the danger bold;
The breast, that heaves so lily-white,
Defy the storms and brave the night,
While the rude gales that toss her hair,
Seem whispers of the tremulous air,
And heaviest toils seem passing light,
And every peril new delight.

Oh, whose is that love-lighted eye!
What form is that, slow gliding by?
Sweet Helga, risen from the bed
Where sleepless lay thy virgin head,
Thou dar'st explore that dread abyss,
To learn what tides thee, wo or bliss!
Whether it stand by fate decreed
That stern Angantyr's breast shall bleed,
Or he to whom in secret turn'd
Thy heart with gentle passion burn'd,
He whom thy soul had learn'd to cherish,
For thy dear sake untimely perish.

The night was calm; a pallid glow
Stream'd o'er the wide extended snow,

Which like a silvery mantle spread
O'er copse, and dale, and mountain's head.
Oh, who has witness'd near the pole
The full-orb'd moon in glory roll!
More splendid shines her lustrous robe,
And larger seems the radiant globe;
And that serene unnumber'd choir,
That pave the heaven's blue arch with fire,
Shoot through the night with brighter gleam,
Like distant suns, their twinkling beam.
While in the north its streamers play,
Like mimic shafts of orient day;
The wondrous splendour, fiery red,
Round half the welkin seems to spread,
And flashes on the summits bleak
Of snowy crag or ice-clad peak,
Lending a feeble blush, to cheer
The twilight of the waning year.
The thoughtful eye undazzled there
May pierce the liquid realms of air,
And the rapt soul delighted gaze
On countless worlds that round it blaze.
No floating vapour dims the sight
That dives through the blue vault of night,
While distance yields to fancy's power,
And rapture rules the silent hour.

A calm so holy seem'd to brood
O'er white-robed hill and frozen flood,
A charm so solemn and so still,
That sure, if e'er the sprites of ill
Shrink from the face of nature, this
Must be the hallow'd hour of bliss,
When no dark elves or goblins rude
Dare on the walks of man intrude.

Pure as the night, at that calm hour,
Young Helga left her virgin bower;
And trod unseen the lonely road
To gloomy Hela's dire abode.
The broken path and toilsome way
Adown a sloping valley lay,
Where solid rocks on either side
Might have the hand of time defied;
But some convulsion of old earth
Had given the narrow passage birth.
Onward with labouring steps and slow
The virgin pass'd, nor fear'd a foe.
The moon threw gloriously bright
On the gray stones her streaming light;
Till now the valley wider grew,
And the scene scowl'd with dreariest hue.
From the steep crag a torrent pouring
Dash'd headlong down, with fury roaring,
Through frozen heaps that midway hung;
And, where the beams their radiance flung,
Columns of ice and massive stone
Blending and undistinguish'd shone;
While each dark shade their forms between
Lent deeper horror to the scene;
And gloomy pines, that far above
Lean'd from the high and rocky cove,
With frozen spray their heads besprung
Under the hoary burden bent.
Before her spread a forest drear
Of antique trees with foliage sere;
Wreath'd and fantastic were their roots,

And one way stretch'd their stunted shoots:
Each hollow trunk some beast might hide,
Or fiends more wily there abide.
She seem'd in that strange wilderness
A spirit sent to cheer and bless,
A beauteous form of radiant light
Charming the fearful brow of night.
The wind, with a low whisper'd sigh,
Came rushing through the branches dry;
Heavy and mournful was the sound,
And seem'd to sweep along the ground.
The virgin's heart throbb'd high; the blood
Beat at its doors with hastier flood:
But firm of purpose, on she pass'd,
Nor heeded the low rustling blast.
A mist hung o'er the barren ground,
And soon she was all mantled round
In a thick gloom, so dark and dread,
That hardly wist she where to tread.
Mute horror brooded o'er the heath,
And all was dark and still as death:
When sudden a loud gust of wind,
Shaking the forest, roar'd behind,
And wolves seem'd howling in the brake,
And in her path the hissing snake.
Then all was hush'd; till swift and sheen
A meteor flash'd upon the scene;
A hoarse laugh burst upon her ear,
And then a hideous shriek of fear.
Dire phantoms, in the gloom conceal'd,
Were instant by that light reveal'd;
For, lurking sly, behind each tree
Strange faces peep'd with spiteful glee,
And ghastly forms and shapes obscene
Glided the hoary rocks between.
Oh, who shall save thee, Helga! mark
The ambush'd spirits of the dark!
Those are the powers accurs'd, that ride
The blasting whirlwind, and preside
O'er nature's wrecks; whose hands delight
To weave the tempest of the night,
Spread the red pestilence, and throw
A deeper gloom o'er human woe!
Those are the fiends, that prompt the mind
To deeds of darkness, and behind
Send their fell crew with sickening breath,
Despair, and infamy, and death!

Nor yet unmoved the virgin gazed;
She trembled as that meteor blazed;
But high she spread her white arms sheen,
And thus she pray'd to beauty's queen.

"Immortal Freya! if e'er my mind
Has to thy gentle rites inclined;
If e'er my hand fresh garlands wove
Of flowers, the symbols of chaste love,
And cull'd from all its blooming hoards
The sweets which opening spring affords;
If I have knit the silken twine
To deck thy pure and honour'd shrine;
Immortal Freya, attend my prayer!
To a lone virgin succour bear!
Give me to reach great Vala's grave,
And from the powers of darkness save!"

Fair Helga spoke; and as she pray'd,
A charm descended on the maid,

Like the sweet fall of measured sound,
 Or dew distill'd on holy ground ;
 And vanish'd seem'd the powers of ill,
 And nature smiled serene and still.
 The darksome mist was roll'd away,
 And tranquil, as the fall of day,
 A milder gloom imbrown'd the way ;
 While through that wild and barren scene
 The lofty gates of hell were seen.
 A strain delightful pouring slowly
 Breathed in soft cadence pure and holy :
 And the strange voice she long'd to hear
 Stole gently on her wondering ear.
 Hark ! the wild notes are sweetly swelling,
 Now upon things unearthly dwelling,
 And now of time's old secrets telling.

To rapture charm'd, fair Helga long
 Stood listening that immortal song ;
 But onward now she sprang with haste,
 And through hell's portals quickly paced.
 Then, starting from his gory bed,
 The whelp of Hela raised his head,
 And, as he view'd the daring maid,
 Gnash'd his keen fangs, and fiercely bay'd.
 His glowing eyes with fury scowl'd,
 And long and loud the monster howl'd :
 For well he mark'd athwart the gloom
 A living form by Vala's tomb.
 But unappall'd the virgin stood,
 And thus, in calm unalter'd mood :

"By the force of Runic song,
 By the might of Odin strong,
 By the lance and glittering shield
 Which the maids of slaughter wield,
 By the gems whose wondrous light
 Beams in Freya's necklace bright,
 By the tomb of Balder bold,
 I adjure thine ashes cold.
 Vala, list a virgin's prayer !

Speak ! Hjalmar's doom declare !"
 She ceased ; when breathing sad and slow,
 Like some unwilling sound of wo,
 A sweetly solemn voice was sent
 Forth from that gloomy monument.

"Deep-bosom'd in the northern fells
 A pigmy race immortal dwells,
 Whose hands can forge the falchion well
 With many a wondrous mutter'd spell.
 If bold Hjalmar's might can gain
 A weapon from their lone domain,
 Nor stone nor iron shall withstand
 The dint of such a gifted brand ;
 Its edge shall drink Angantyr's blood,
 And life's tide issue with the flood.
 Victorious, at night's silent hour,
 The chief shall reach fair Helga's bower.
 But thou, who darest with living tread
 Invade these realms, where rest the dead ;
 Breaking the slumbers of the tomb
 With charms that rend hell's awful gloom ;
 Who seek'st to scan, with prescience bold,
 What gods from mortal man withhold,
 Soon shall thine heart despairing rue
 The hour that gave these shades to view,
 And Odin's wrath thy steps pursue."

It ceased ; and straight a lurid flash
 Burst through the gloom with thunder crash.
 It lighted all death's dreary caves,
 It glared on thousand thousand graves.
 Hell's iron chambers rang withal,
 And pale ghosts started at the call ;
 While, as the gather'd tempest spreads,
 Rush'd the red terror o'er their heads.
 And well I deem, those realms might show
 Unnumber'd shapes of various wo ;
 Lamenting forms, a ghastly crew,
 By the strange gleam were given to view ;
 And writhing agony was there,
 And sullen motionless despair :
 Sights, that might freeze life's swelling tide,
 Blanch the warm cheek of throbbing pride,
 And shake fair reason's frail defence,
 Though strongly nerved by innocence.
 Nor dared the breathless virgin gaze
 On hell's dread cells and devious ways ;
 Back rush'd unto her heart the blood,
 And horror stay'd its curdling flood ;
 As fainting nigh the gates of hell
 In speechless trance young Helga fell.
 Her glowing lips are pale and cold ;
 Her dainty limbs of heavenly mould,
 Fashion'd for bliss and form'd to rest
 On couch of down by love caress'd,
 Lie by yon damp and mouldering tomb,
 Faded, and stript of mortal bloom ;
 Like flowers on broken hawthorn bough,
 Or snow-vreaths on the mountain's brow.

Shall e'er that bosom move again,
 To know love's subtle bliss or pain ?
 Shall e'er those languid beauties stir ?
 Shall heaven's pure light revisit her ?
 Or is she thus enveloped quite
 By curtain of eternal night ?
 And ye, who in life's varied scene
 Still its frail joys and sorrows glean,
 Say, does her fate for pity cry,
 Or were it best to sink and die,
 While innocence is chaste and pure,
 And flattering fancies yet allure
 To leave the hopes of youth half-tasted,
 To fly, before its dreams are blasted,
 Its charms foredone, its treasures wasted ;
 Ere guilty bliss with secret smart
 Has touch'd the yet untainted heart,
 To shun the pleasure and the crime,
 Nor trust the wintry storms of time ?

True to the charge, some guardian power
 Watch'd over Helga's deathlike hour ;
 Whether by pity moved and love
 Bright Freya glided from above,
 Spread round her limbs a viewless spell,
 And snatch'd her from the jaws of hell ;
 Or Odin's self reserved the fair
 For other woes and worse despair ;
 For at the earliest dawn of day
 In her still bower young Helga lay,
 And waked, as from a feverish dream,
 To hail the morning's orient beam.

SOLITUDE.

'T WERE sweet to lie on desert land,
 Or where some lone and barren strand
 Hears the Pacific waters roll,
 And views the stars of Southern pole!
 'T were best to live where forests spread
 Beyond fell man's deceitful tread,
 Where hills on hills proud rising tower,
 And native groves each wild embower,
 Whose rocks but echo to the howl
 Of wandering beast or clang of fowl!
 The eagle there may strike and slay;
 The tiger spring upon his prey;
 The cayman watch in sedgy pool
 The tribes that glide through waters cool;
 The tender nestlings of the brake
 May feed the sly coiling snake:
 And the small worm or insect weak
 May quiver in the warbler's beak:
 All there at least their foes discern,
 And each his prey may seize in turn.
 But man, when passions fire the soul,
 And reason stoops to love's control,
 Deceitful deals the murderous blow
 Alike on truest friend or foe:
 And oft the venom'd hand of hate
 Points not the bitterest shaft of fate:
 But faithless friendship's secret fang
 Tears the fond heart with keener pang,
 And love demented weaves a spell
 More dreadful than the pains of hell.

FUTURITY.

SAY, when the spirit fleets away
 From its frail house of mortal clay,
 When the cold limbs to earth return,
 Or rest in proudly sculptur'd urn,
 Does still oblivion quench the fire
 That warm'd the heart with chaste desire?
 Do all our fond affections lie
 Buried in dark eternity?
 Or may the souls of those we love
 In darkness oft around us move,
 Drawn back by faithful thoughts to earth,
 Haunt the dear scenes that gave them birth,
 And still of former ties aware,
 Float on the gently sighing air?
 It may not be, a flame so bright
 Should ever sink in endless night;
 And if, when fails the transient breath,
 The soul can spurn the bonds of death,
 Love's gentle spirit ne'er shall die,
 But dove-like with it mount the sky!
 Oh, 'tis not sure the poet's dream,
 Sweet-fancy's visionary theme.
 Where'er the fleeting soul shall go,
 Still will our pure affections glow,
 Though life's frail thoughts are past and vain,
 The sense of good must still remain,
 And death, that conquers all, shall ne'er
 From the delighted spirit tear
 The memory of a mother's care!

That fond remembrance still shall cling
 In heaven to life's immortal spring!
 And thou, whose bright and cherish'd form,
 Clasp'd to his heart with rapture warm,
 Oft wakes the humble poet's eye
 To more than mortal ecstasy,
 Whose blooming cherubs, fresh as May,
 In harmless sport around him play,
 Say, does he dream! shall joy like this
 Pass as a shadowy scene of bliss?
 Or, when that beauteous shape shall fade,
 And his cold tongue in dust be laid,
 Shall the fond spirits ever glow
 With love together link'd as now?
 It is not false! Love's subtle fire
 Shall live, though mortal limbs expire:
 E'en now from heaven's ethereal height
 Hialmar turns his wistful sight,
 To Sigtune's towers, where, bathed in tears,
 Mid anxious hopes and throbbing fears,
 He sees the lovely mourner lie
 With pallid cheek and languid eye.
 Ne'er shall her bold victorious lord
 Return to breathe the blissful word;
 By Samsøe's rocks his body lies,
 To love a bleeding sacrifice:
 And pensive there, though aid is vain,
 And past the poignant throb of pain,
 Friendship bends sadly to survey
 The unconscious form and lifeless clay.

JEALOUSY.

FOUR things the wise man knew not to declare,
 The eagle's path athwart the fields of air;
 The ship's deep furrow thro' the ocean's spray;
 The serpent's winding on the rock; the way
 Of man with woman. Into water clear
 The jealous Indian rudely thrust his spear,
 And, quick withdrawing, pointed how the wave
 Subsided into stillness. The dark grave,
 Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
 The fatal doubt once cast on woman's fame.
 Night's shade fell thick; the evening was far spent
 Ere proud Montalban to her chamber went.
 Slowly he enter'd, and with cautious glance
 Cast his eye round, before he did advance;
 Then placed a bowl of liquor by her side,
 And thus severe address'd his sorrowing bride:
 "The night advances, Julia: hast thou pray'd
 To Him whose eye can pierce the thickest shade.
 Who, robed in truth, is never slow to mark
 The hidden guilty secrets of the dark?"
 "Yes, honour'd Albert, I have duly learn'd
 That prayer is sorrow's balm," the wife return'd.
 "The voice of God is awful, when the breast
 Of the weak sufferer is by guilt oppress'd;
 But mercy dawns upon the patient head,
 The peace of Him who for our failings bled."
 Her words some tender sympathy awoke,
 But he repress'd it, and thus sternly spoke.
 "If morning's dawn must glimmer on our bier,
 Say, canst thou meet the future without fear?"

Is thy soul chasten'd, and resign'd to go
This night to everlasting bliss or wo?"

His accents falter'd; but unmoved he stood,
And, firm of heart, his beauteous victim view'd.
He wore the ghastly aspect of the dead,
But his lip quiver'd, and his eye was red;
And such dark feelings character'd his gaze,
That Julia shrunk with terror and amaze.
She paused; her eye fell doubtful on that bowl;
O'er all her frame a shuddering horror stole. [raise
Then thus with downcast look; (she dared not
Her eye to meet again that fearful gaze:)

"Yes, Albert, I have made my peace with Heaven,
At whose pure shrine my secret thoughts are
shriven.

When'er fate calls, this humble soul obeys;
The tear of sorrow asks no fond delays.
With tremulous hope the lingering heart may cling
To life's blest walks, illumed by pleasure's spring.
Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod,
Which leads the mournful spirit to its God."

She spoke, half-timid, and presaging ill
From his knit brow and look severely still.
The thought of death came o'er her; and the mind
Disown'd her words, more fearful than resign'd.
Love's secret influence heaved the conscious breast
With fluttering pulse, that would not be at rest.
Stern Albert mark'd the tremor of her brow,
And the cheek's fitful colour come and go.
His eye was big with anguish, as it stray'd
O'er all the charms, which her thin robe betray'd;
The perfect loveliness of that dear form
In its full spring of beauty ripe and warm;
And never had she look'd so wondrous fair,
So precious, so surpassing all compare,
In blither hours, when innocent delight
Flush'd her young cheek and sparkled in her sight,
As languid, in that careless garb array'd,
Half-lit by the pale lamp, half-hid in shade.
He would have given health, life, eternity,
The joys that fleet, the hopes that never die,
Once more in tenderest rapture to have press'd
That shape angelic to his troubled breast;
But pride forbade, and from each living charm
Drew fiercer hate, which love could not disarm.
Upon that form of beauty, now his bane,
Pollution seem'd to have impress'd a stain.
Awhile he paced the floor with heavy stride,
Then gazed once more upon his sorrowing bride;
And, parting with his hands the glossy hair
On the white forehead of the silent fair,
Look'd wistfully; then, bending sad and slow,
Fix'd one long kiss upon that brow of snow,
It seem'd as if love's spirit in his soul
Was battling with his passion's fierce control.
He sat before her; on one hand reclined
His face, which told the struggle of his mind;
The other held the bowl: she raised her head,
As, slow his hand extending, thus he said:

"Drink, Julia; pledge me in this cup of peace;
Drink deep, and let thy tears of sorrow cease."

Her eye was fix'd and motionless; her cheek
Had lost its changeful hue; she did not speak.
Her nerves seem'd numb'd, and icy horror press'd,
Like a cold weight of lead, upon her breast.

"Drink, Julia," spoke again that dreadful voice:
"Drink, Julia, deep; for thou hast now no choice."

A fatal shiver seem'd to reach her soul,
And her hand trembled, as it touch'd the bowl;
But duty's call prevail'd o'er shapeless dread;
She look'd with silent terror, and obey'd.
I know not, whether it was fancy's power [hour,
Which smote each conscious sense in that dread
Or whether, doom'd at mortal guilt to grieve,
Thus his good angel sadly took his leave;
But he half-started, and in truth believed
That a deep lengthen'd sob was faintly heaved,
And some dark shuddering form behind him pass'd,
Which o'er her shape its fearful shadow cast.
Breathless he listen'd by his thoughts appall'd;
(The hour of mercy could not be recall'd.)
Then to his lips in turn the draught applied,
Which should in death unite him with his bride.

THE MOTHER'S PLEA.

"I STAND not here in judgment, haughty priest;
Nature forbids. Against a mother's love,
Against a wife's firm faith, there is no law,
Not e'en to fellest nations gorged with flesh
Of mangled captives. Whence should we adore
Thy deity, who mew'd like one infirm,
In that low fane, sends forth his ministers
To deeds of pitiless rape? Our God bestows
Harvest and summer fruits, chaining the winds
Which never lash our groves. Ye bend the knee
To the carved crucifix in temples wrought
By human hands; ye lift the hymn of praise
By torches' glare at noon day: but the God
We serve, best honour'd by the glorious ray
Of his great luminary, dwells not here
Prison'd midst walls, frail work of mortal skill.
We worship him abroad, under the vault
Of his own heaven; yon star-paved firmament,
The wilderness, the flood, the wreathed clouds
That float from those far mountains robed in mist,
The summits unapproach'd, untouch'd by time,
Snow-clad, are his; too vast to be confined
He fills his works. Bow ye the trembling knee
To your own idols and that murder's law
Which bids you seize a mother's callow brood
In hour of peace! The Carib doth not this,
The man-devouring Cabre! Are ye slaves
Unto the spirit of ill who wars with God,
Iolokiamo, the worst foe to man?
That, riveting thus the hallow'd ties of life,
Ye work his evil will, and mar the scheme
Of Him beneficent, whose fostering care
Amid these wilds is over all his works.
If there be one great Being, who hears our prayer,
When that sonorous trump, which but to view
Were death to woman, through each leafy glade
Ten leagues aloof sends forth the voice of praise,
Oh, tremble at his wrath! My little ones,
If e'er, restored, ye reach your father's hut,
Tell him I live but while the fervent hope
Of freedom and reunion with my own
Leaves life its worth. That lost I welcome death."

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Slow struggling through the mist, that reek'd to heaven,

Day dawn'd on Chalons' plain. Faintly it show'd
Indistinct horror, and the ghastly form
Of havoc lingering o'er its bloody work.
Oh for the tongue that told how once the fiend
Over immortal Athens from his wing
Scatter'd disease and death! and, worse than death,
The living curse of sunder'd charities,
Whereby the fount of feeling and love's pulse
Was stay'd within through dread, and, when most
lack'd,

The hospitable mansion sternly closed
Against a parent's prayer, while corpses foul,
On the barr'd threshold's edge lay uninhumed,
Exhaling plague! Oh, for the voice of him;
Who drew the curtain of Apocalypse,
To man declaring things for man too high,
That I may speak the horrors, which broke slow
Upon the sight at dawn! The ample field,
Which, but short hours before was redolent
With herbs and healthful odours, now upturn
By thousand hoofs, batter'd beneath the strength
Of wheels and horse and man, a barren mass
Of dark confusion seem'd; a trampled waste
Without the blush of verdure, but with gore
Distain'd, and steep'd in the cold dews of death.
Thick strewn, and countless, as those winged tribes
Which clamoring blacken all the grassy mead
In sickly autumn, when the wither'd leaves
Drift on the moaning gale, lay swords and pikes,
Bucklers, and broken cuirasses, and casques,
Shower'd by the pelting battle, when it rush'd
With such hoarse noise as does the foaming surge
Upon some rocky ledge, where Æolus
Bids foul winds blow. But not of arms alone
Rent fragments, and the broken orb of shields
Embossed with gold, and gorgeous housings lay
Cumbering that fearful waste. The mind shrinks
back

From the thick scatter'd carnage, the dread heaps
That late were living energy and youth,
Hope emulous, and lofty daring; strength,
Which raised again from that corrupting sod,
Thro' Ardenne's desert unto utmost Rhine
Might have spread culture; thousands whose blithe
voice

Might yet have caroll'd to the breath of morn,
Or joy'd the banquet, or with gifted hand
Waked the ecstatic lyre, adorning still
With rich diversity of active power
Cottage or palace, the marmorean hall's
Proud masonry, with Roman wealth o'erlaid,
Or of Sarmatian hut the pastoral hearth,
Abode of love, where fond remembrance now
Looks sadly over hills and native dales
For forms beloved in vain, which far away,
Spurn'd by the grazed ox, shall heap the sod
Of Chalons' glebe with undistinguish'd clay.
Alas!—If erst, on that unhallow'd eve
When Ramah quaked with dread, the deep lament
Of Rachel mourning for her babes appall'd
Utmost Judea, and the holy banks

Of Jordan unto Syria's frontier bounds,
What ear, save Thine to whom all plaints arise,
Might have abided the commingling wail
Of matrons widow'd, and of maids that day
Bereft of bridal hopes! like those lorn men
Hard by the rock of Rimmon, when the Lord
Smote Benjamin in all his fenced towns,
Virgin, and wife, and infant with the sword
Utterly destroying; and one oath restrain'd
Each willing fair in Israel; yet brides
For these still bloom'd in Gilead, and, what time
The vintage glow'd, in Shiloh danced with song
Ripe for connubial joys. But whence for these
Shall ravaged Europe light the nuptial torch,
Whose hopes have wither'd as the herbs, that
bloom'd

Odorously yesternorn on Chalons' plain!
There foes on foes, friends lay with icy cheek
Pressing their maim'd companions. On that field
The eye might trace all war's vicissitudes
Impress'd in fatal characters; the rush
Headlong of flight, and thundering swift pursuit,
Rescue and rally, and the struggling front
Of hard contention. Strewn on every side
Lay dead and dying, like the scatter'd seed
Cast by the husbandman, with other thoughts
Of unstain'd harvest; chariots overthrown,
Shields cast behind, and wheels, and sever'd limbs,
Rider and steed, and all the merciless shower
Of arrows barb'd, strong shafts, and feather'd darts
Wing'd with dismay. As when of Alpine snows
The secret fount is open'd, and dread sprites,
That dwell in those crystalline solitudes [moan,
Have loosed the avalanche whose deep-thundering
Predicting ruin, on his couch death-doom'd
The peasant hears; waters on waters rush
Uptearing all impediment, woods, rocks,
Ice rifted from the deep carulean glens,
Herds striving with the stream, and bleating flocks,
The dwellers of the dale, with all of life
That made the cottage blithesome; but ere long
The floods o'erpass; the ravaged valley lies
Tranquil and mute in ruin. So confused
In awful stillness lay the battle's wreck.
Here heaps of slain, as by an eddy cast, [steel,
And hands, which, stiff, still clench'd the ruddy
Show'd rallied strength, and life sold dearly. There
Equal and mingled havoc, where the tide
Doubtful had paused whether to ebb or flow.
Some prone were cast, some headlong, some supine;
Others yet strove with death. The fallow cheek
Of the slain Avar press'd the mangled limbs
Of yellow-hair'd Sicambrian, whose blue eyes
Still swum in agony; Gelonic steed
Lay panting on the cicatrized form
Of his grim lord, whose painted brow convulsed
Seem'd a ferocious mockery. There, mix'd
The Getic archer with the savage Hun,
And Dacian lancers lay, and sturdy Goths
Pierced by Sarmatian pike. There, once his pride
The Sueve's long-flowing hair with gore besprent,
And Alans stout, in Roman tunic clad.
Some of apparel stripp'd by coward bands
That vulture-like upon the skirts of war
Ever hang merciless; their naked forms

In death yet beauteous, though the eburnean limbs
Blood had defiled. There some, whom thirst all
night

Had parch'd, too feeble from that fellowship
To drag their fever'd heads, aroused at dawn
From fearful dreaming to new hope and life,
Die riled by the hands whose help they crave.
Others lie maim'd and torn, too strong to die,
Imploring death. Oh, for some friendly aid
To staunch their burning wounds and cool the lip
Refresh'd with water from an unstain'd spring!
But that foul troop of plunderers unrestrain'd
Ply their abhorred trade, of groan or prayer
Heedless, destroying whom war's wrath had spared.
Some, phrensied, crawl unto the brook, which late
Pellucid roll'd, now choked with slain, and swell'd
With the heart's blood of thousands; gore they quaff
For water, to allay the fatal thirst [God!
Which only death may quench. And this, great
This is thy field of glory and of joy
To man, the noblest of created forms,
In thy pure image moulded! This the meed
For which exalted natures toil and strive,
Placed in such high preeminence, to be
Thine own similitude, in glory next
Thine incorporeal ministers! Long while
Upon that loathly scene gazed Attila
Touch'd by no thought of sufferings.

HYMN TO DEATH.

WHAT art thou, O relentless visitant,
Who with an earlier or later call,
Dost summon every spirit that abides
In this our fleshly tabernacle! Death!
The end of worldly sorrowing and joy,
That breakest short the fantasies of youth,
The proud man's glory, and the lingering chain
Of hopeless destitution! The dark gate
And entrance into that untrodden realm,
Where we must all hereafter pass! Art thou
An evil or a boon? that some shrink back
With shuddering horror from the dreaded range
Of thine unmeasured empire, others plunge
Unbidden, goaded by the sense of ill,
Or weariness of being, into the abyss!
And should we call those blest who journey on
Upon this motley theatre, through life
Successful, unto the allotted term
Of threescore years and ten, even so strong,
That they exceed it? or those, who are brought down
Before their prime, and, like the winged tribes,
Ephemeral, children of the vernal beam,
Just flutter round the sweets of life and die?—
An awful term thou art; and still must be,
To all who journey to that bourne, from whence
Return is none, and from whose distant shore
No rumor has come back of good or ill,
Save to the faithful, and even they but view
Obscurely things unknown and unconceived,
And judge not even, by what sense the bliss,
Which they imagine, shall hereafter be
Enjoy'd or apprehended. And shall man

Unbidden rush on that mysterious change,
Which, whether he believe or mock the creed
Of those who trust, awaits him, and must bring
Or good, or evil, or annihilate
The sense of being, and involve him quite
In darkness upon which no dawn shall break!—
Fearful and dreaded must thy bidding be
To such as have no light within, vouchsafed
From the Most High, no reason for their hope;
But go from this firm world, into the void
Where no material body may reside,
By fleshly cares polluted and unmeet
For spiritual joy; and ne'er have known,
Or knowing, have behind them cast the love
Of their Redeemer, who thine awful bonds,
Grim Potentate, has broken, and made smooth
The deathbed of the just through faith in Him.
How oft, at midnight, have I fix'd my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumined, each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
Until, by strange excitement stirr'd, the mind
Has long'd for dissolution, so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And show the marvel of eternal things,
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of Nature. Vain desire!
Illusive aspirations! daring hope!
Worm that I am, who told me I should know
More than is needful, or hereafter dive
Into the counsel of the God of worlds?
Or ever, in the cycle unconceived
Of wondrous eternity, arrive
Beyond the narrow sphere, by Him assign'd
To be my dwelling wheresoe'er? Enough
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern, mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast call'd away
All those whom nature twined around my breast
In my fond infancy, and left me here
Denuded of their love! Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That link'd our souls together, and draw down
The secret dew-drop on my cheek, whene'er
I turn unto the past! or will the change
That comes to all, renew the alter'd spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory
Of all my earliest time, a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core, as when we last in joy
Were gather'd round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will affections then
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,

Unworthy our regard!—This is too hard
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After his likeness, and be satisfied.

AETIUS THE UNBELIEVER.

As he who sails aloof
Upon the perilous Atlantic, vex'd
By baffling gales, what time his gallant bark
Or on the summit of some dark blue wave
Storm-beaten rides, or plunges into the chasm
From that tremendous altitude, and straight
Lies in his trough becalm'd, as if the grave
Had swallow'd her; nathless undaunted sets
His fix'd regard upon the starry vault,
And notes the hour, and frequent calculates
Distance and bearings, and with skill corrects
The errors of his course. So darkling steer'd
Aëtius, through the shoals and fearful blasts
Of his tempestuous time, but never found
That anchorage, secure from every change
Of fitful gales, that haven, which the just
Alone inherit; for the sons of earth,
Who, vex'd with vain disquietude, pursue
Ambition's fatuous light, through miry pools
That yawn for their destruction, stray foredoom'd
Amid delusive shadows to their end.
That certain hope, which shineth evermore
A beacon to the righteous, over them
Its peaceful radiance never shall diffuse;
And bitterness shall be the bread they chew,
While striving to devour the portion snatch'd
By strong injustice from their fellow men,
A baneful meal; and their satiety
Shall be a curse, more fatal than the void
Of meager famine, an unwholesome weight,
That haply shall bring dreams beyond the grave
To the charged soul, and phantoms of the things
Which have been on this earth, and which shall be
Hereafter, when the trumpet wakes the dead.

WOMAN.

Fairest and loveliest of created things,
By our great Author in the image form'd
Of his celestial glory, and design'd
To be man's solace! Undefined by sin
How much dost thou exceed all earthly shapes
Of beautiful, to charm the wistful eye,
Bland to the touch, or precious in the use!
His treasure of delight, while the fresh prime
Adorns his forehead with the joy of youth,
His comfort in the winter of the soul!
Chaste woman! thou art e'en a brighter gem
To him, who wears thee, than e'er shone display'd
Upon the monarch's diadem; a charm
More sweet to lull all sorrow, than the tint
Of spring's young verdure in the dewy morn,
Or music's mellow tones, which floating come

Over the water like a fairy dream!
Thou hangest, as a wreath upon his neck,
More fragrant than the rose, in thy pure garb
Of blushing gentleness. Thou art a joy
More sprightly than the lark in vernal suns
Pouring his throat to heaven, or forest call
By blithesome Dryads blown; a faithful stay
In all the world's mischances; a helpmeet
For man in sickness, and decay, and death.
Thou art more precious than an only child
In weary age begotten, a clear spring
Amid the desert, an unhop'd-for land
To baffled mariners, or dawn of day
To who has press'd all night a fever'd couch.
Oh, wherefore, best desired and most beloved
Of all heaven's works, oh, wherefore wert thou
made
To be our curse as well as blessing! lured
From thy first shape of innocence to become
A thing abased by guilt, and more deform'd
As thine original glory was more bright!

FAREWELL.

Reader, whoe'er hast travell'd to the goal
Through this long chant unwearied, if my verse,
Tuned to no trivial strain, hast lent thee aught
Of pleasure or of profit, o'er the work
Wrought by the chaste artificer of song
Bend kindly, yielding such small meed of praise
Earn'd by high musing, as may send his name
Not ill-esteem'd upon the wings of Time
Unto his children's children, when the sod
Shall lie upon the hand that gave it life,
Calling the soul's unborn imaginings [forms
From thought's deep fountain; like the glowing
Of Eros and his brother, who uprose
From their wet cradle at the wizard's voice,
This mournful, o'er his neck the jetty locks
With hyacinthine ringlets clustering,
That bythe and golden as the god of day.

Perchance I shall not walk with thee again
Along the Muse's haunt, and we shall both
Be number'd with the countless things that lie
O'ershadow'd by oblivion; hearts that beat
High in the noontide of ambitious hopes,
And forms of loveliest symmetry, that once
Delighted the beholder, by the hand,
Which deals just measure unto all that tread
This changeful world, o'ertaken in their dream
Of summer joy. Calm reason throws a cloud
O'er the enchantment of aspiring thoughts
Which whisper of a life beyond the tomb
Upon the lips of men, and tells how vain
The shadow of such glory, nothing worth
To him who hath his dwelling with the worm.
But that Almighty will, which placed man here
To labour in his calling, hath set deep
Within his bosom an undying hope,
An aspiration unto nobler ends
Than he hath compass'd yet; a stirring thirst
For praise beyond the term that nature's law
Has granted to his brief mortality,

This, ever of the gloomy monitor
 Regardless, bids him peril much, to win
 The unsubstantial fame, which unto him
 Shall be as if not being; a sweet strain
 Of soul-enrapturing music to the deaf,
 A scene of beauty and of light to eyes
 That lie in darkness, and by slumber seal'd
 Without the sense of vision. Strange, forsooth,
 Appear the workings of the mind of man,
 Which goad him to his loss. The promised boon
 Of that stupendous glory, which shall be
 Hereafter, and survive the wreck of worlds
 Unto the end of Time, wants substance now
 To wrestle with his sense of present good;
 That which is lighter than a transient gleam
 Of sunshine or the shadow of a shade
 Reflected from a mirror, and, if gain'd,
 Can never be by any sense of his
 Enjoy'd or apprehended, the vain wish
 To float upon the memory of men
 After his term of being oft becomes
 A master passion, and for that one aim
 He barter all, that his Creator gave
 Of joy or solace in the vale of life,
 And that inheritance of perfect bliss
 Which might be his for ever. Then happy they
 Who in the airy building of a name,
 Have travell'd through the guiltless ways of peace
 Innocuous, and held the mind's calm eye
 Fix'd on a better star than those vague fires,
 Which, fatuous, tole man to the abyss. 'Time was,
 Nor will return, when poesy might rear
 A more perennial monument than brass,
 Towering above the age-worn edifice,
 Where loath'd corruption saith unto the worm,
 "Thou art my sister." The famed capitol
 No longer sees the silent virgin climb
 Its marble steps, nor does the pomp profane
 Of sacrificial pontiffs crowd its ways;
 Yet still the chaplet blooms, wherewith the muse
 Inwreathed the forehead of Venusium's bard
 Fragrant and fresh, while ages fling their dust
 Upon the crumbling domes, with which he claim'd
 Coeval glory. But the boast that told
 Of sepulchres by magic verse uppled,
 Which neither storms nor all consuming Time
 Should bring to nothingness, would perish now
 Even in the utterance. I have yet beheld
 But half an age, yet in that petty space
 Such giant forms of havoc and of change
 Have glided o'er the earth, that the mazed thought
 Dwells little on the past, but gazing forth,
 Like the Ebudan seer, with ravishment
 Strains after what shall be. The ear is cloy'd
 Unto satiety with honied strains
 That daily from the fount of Helicon
 Flow murmuring; and that which is to-day

Inshrined upon the lip of praise, shall be
 To-morrow a tale told, a shadow pass'd
 Into those regions where oblivion throws
 Over the bright creations of the mind
 A darkness as of death. Scared learning flies
 An age, which bubbling with unnumber'd tongues
 In quest of some new wonder hurries on,
 And hath no retrospect. Enough for me,
 That this my tuneful labour, short howe'er
 Its term of glory, hath my solace been
 Through many a wintry hour, when icy chains
 Bound the froze champaign; a sweet anodyne
 To inward cares, lulling the tremulous heart
 That throbs with high aspirings, and would fain
 Live unapproach'd upon the rolls of fame,
 Mindful of its Creator, who requires
 From each with usury the gifts He gave,
 And stirs by inborn thirst of good report
 Man to his noblest uses. To have walk'd
 No servile follower, nor vainly trick'd
 With meretricious gauds of modern song,
 Beneath Aovian umbrage never sere,
 Where Melesigenes and Maro sang,
 Where British Milton gave his country's lyre
 A voice from ancient days, hath been to me
 A charm illusive, a refreshing toil
 Year after year. My little bark, o'er which
 Long fashioning thy symmetry I hung,
 Now launch'd upon the ocean wide of Time,
 Whose winds are evil tongues, and passions roused
 Amidst the warring multitude its storms,
 Sore shall I miss thee! like the child, first sent
 From the safe home, where fond parental cares
 Watch'd o'er his growing energies. Go forth
 Unto thy destinies, and fare unharm'd
 Adown the current, which may waft thee soon
 To that Lethæan pool, where earthly toils
 Sink unregarded in forgetfulness!

WASHINGTON.

A BETTER prize

There is for man, a glory of this world
 Well worth the labour of the blessed, won
 By arduous deeds of righteousness, that bring
 Solace, or wisdom, or the deathless boon
 Of holy freedom to his fellow men,
 And praise to the Almighty. Such a wreath
 Encircled late the patriotic brows
 Of him, who, greater than the kings of earth,
 To young Atlantis in an upright cause
 Gave strength and liberty, and laid the stone
 Whereon shall rise, if so Jehovah will,
 An empire mightier than the vast domain
 Sway'd once by vicious Cæsars.



W. H. H. 1791

EARLY DAYS OF WASHINGTON

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SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

SINCE BACON, no man has exhibited so wonderful a combination of the highest powers of science with the faculties of the poet, as Sir HUMPHRY DAVY. COLERIDGE said to Mr. POOLE, "Had not DAVY been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age;" and the "Consolations in Travel," and the notes and poems recently given to the world by his brother, Dr. JOHN DAVY, are sufficient to prove that that opinion was not extravagant. "Who that has read his sublime quatrains on the doctrine of SPINOZA," says LOCKHART, the soundest critic of our times, "can doubt that he might have united, if he had pleased, in some great didactic poem, the vigorous ratiocination of DRYDEN and the moral majesty of WORDSWORTH?" Even taking his effusions as we find them, it would not be difficult to vindicate their superiority to a vast deal of the most popular poetry of the age.

The life and scientific career of Sir HUMPHRY are so fully before the world in the biographies of Dr. PARIS and Dr. DAVY, that it is unnecessary here to do more than refer to a few dates. He was born at Penzance, on the shore of Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, the 17th December, 1778. His faculties were developed very early: he made rhymes and displayed a fondness for drawing when scarcely five years old. In 1798, Dr. BEDDOES conferred upon him the situation of superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution at Clifton, and he accordingly removed to that place. In 1802, he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution, London. From this post he retired upon his marriage, in 1812, with Mrs. APREECE. In the following year he went abroad, and remained there till 1815. In 1818, he made a second visit to the continent. Two

years after, on the death of Sir JOSEPH BANKS, he was elected President of the Royal Society. Towards the close of 1826, he experienced an attack of paralysis; but so far recovered as to be able to undertake a journey to the continent early in the next year. He died at Geneva, 29th May, 1829. His remains were deposited in the burying-ground of that city.

The poetry now printed is a selection from the pieces published by his brother. It was written at various periods. Some of his poems appeared in 1799, in the Annual Anthology, an interesting miscellany, of which two of the volumes were edited by SOUTHEY, and the third by TOBIN. One of these poems, "The Tempest," is printed below; it bears the date 1796. The poem alluded to by Mr. LOCKHART, is that entitled "Written after Recovery from a dangerous Illness."

There is a remark in one of Sir HUMPHRY DAVY's memorandum-books, exhibiting so singular a coincidence, in feeling and perception, with one of Mr. WORDSWORTH's admired passages, that it will probably interest the reader to see it extracted.—"To-day, for the first time in my life, I have had a distinct sympathy with nature. I was lying on the top of a rock to leeward; the wind was high, and every thing in motion; the branches of an oak tree were waving and murmuring to the breeze; yellow clouds, deepened by gray at the base, were rapidly floating over the western hills; the whole sky was in motion; the yellow stream below was agitated by the breeze; every thing was alive, and myself part of the series of visible impressions; I should have felt pain in tearing a leaf from one of the trees." The poem entitled "Nutting" will occur to every reader of WORDSWORTH.

THE TEMPEST.

THE tempest has darken'd the face of the skies,
The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,
The fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise, [main.
And mingle the clouds with the white foaming
All dark is the night and all gloomy the shore,
Save when the red lightnings the ether divide;
Then follows the thunder with loud sounding roar,
And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But tho' now all is murky and shaded with gloom,
Hope, the soother, soft whispers the tempest shall
cease :
Then nature again in her beauty shall bloom,
And enamour'd embrace the fair, sweet-smiling
peace.

For the bright blushing morning, all rosy with light,
Shall convey on her wings the creator of day;
He shall drive all the tempest and terrors of night,
And nature, enliven'd, again shall be gay.

Then the warblers of springs shall attune the soft lay,
And again the bright floweret shall blush in the vale;

On the breast of the ocean the zephyr shall play,
And the sunbeam shall sleep on the hill and the dale.

If the tempest of nature so soon sink to rest;
If her once faded beauties so soon glow again;
Shall man be for ever by tempest oppress'd,—
By the tempest of passion, of sorrow, and pain?

Ah, no! for his passions and sorrows shall cease,
When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er:
In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.

And shall not this night, and its long dismal gloom,
Like the night of the tempest again pass away?
Yea! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,
And rise to the morning of heavenly day.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE mists disperse,—and where a sullen cloud
Hung on the mountain's verge, the sun bursts forth
In all its majesty of purple light.

It is a winter's evening, and the year
Is fast departing; yet the hues of heaven
Are bright as in the summer's warmest month.
It is the season of the sleep of things;
But nature in her sleep is lovely still!

The trees display no green, no forms of life;
And yet a magic foliage clothes them round,—
And purest crystals of pellucid ice,
All purple in the sunset. Midst the wood
Fantastically rise the towering cliffs,
That in another season had been white,
But now, contrasted with the brilliant ice,
Shine in ærial tints of purest blue!

The varied outline has a thousand charms;
Here rises high a venerable wood,
Where oaks are seen with massy ice girt round,
And birches pendent with their glittering arms,
And graceful beeches clinging to the soil;
There, massy forms exist of rocks alone,—
Rising as if the work of human art,
The pride of some great Paladin of old,
In awful ruins. Nearer I behold

The palace of a race of mighty kings;
But now another tenants. On these walls,
Where erst the silver lily spread her leaves—
The graceful symbol of a brilliant court—
The golden eagle shines, the bird of prey,—
Emblem of rapine and of lawless power:
Such is the fitful change of human things:
An empire rises, like a cloud in heaven,
Red in the morning sun, spreading its tints
Of golden hue along the feverish sky,
And filling the horizon;—soon its tints
Are darken'd, and it brings the thunder-storm,—
Lightning, and hail, and desolation comes;
But in destroying it dissolves, and falls
Never to rise!

WRITTEN AFTER RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
The flames of life that bounteous nature gives;
The limpid dew becomes the rosy flower,
The insensate dust awakes, and moves, and lives.

All speaks of change: the renovated forms
Of long-forgotten things arise again;
The light of suns, the breath of angry storms,
The everlasting motions of the main—

These are but engines of the Eternal will,
The One Intelligence, whose potent sway
Has ever acted, and is acting still,
Whilst stars, and worlds, and systems all obey;

Without whose power, the whole of mortal things
Were dull, inert, an unharmonious band,
Silent as are the harp's untuned strings
Without the touches of the poet's hand

A sacred spark created by His breath,
The immortal mind of man His image bears;
A spirit living 'midst the forms of death,
Oppress'd but not subdued by mortal cares;

A germ, preparing in the winter's frost
To rise, and bud, and blossom in the spring;
An unfledged eagle by the tempest toss'd,
Unconscious of his future strength of wing;

The child of trial, to mortality
And all its changeful influences given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.

Soon as it breathes, to feel the mother's form
Of orb'd beauty through its organs thrill,
To press the limbs of life with rapture warm,
And drink instinctive of a living rill;

To view the skies with morning radiance bright,
Majestic mingling with the ocean blue,
Or bounded by green hills, or mountains white,
Or peopled plains of rich and varied hue;

The nobler charms astonish'd to behold,
Of living loveliness,—to see it move,
Cast in expression's rich and varied mould,
Awakening sympathy, compelling love;

The heavenly balm of mutual hope to taste,
Soother of life, affection's bliss to share;
Sweet as the stream amidst the desert waste,
As the first blush of arctic daylight fair;

To mingle with its kindred, to descry
The path of power; in public life to shine;
To gain the voice of popularity,
The idol of to-day, the man divine;

To govern others by an influence strong [main,
As that high law which moves the murmuring
Raising and carrying all its waves along,
Beneath the full-orb'd moon's meridian reign;

To scan how transient is the breath of praise,
A winter's zephyr trembling on the snow,
Chill'd as it moves; or, as the northern rays,
First fading in the centre, whence they flow.

To live in forests mingled with the whole
Of natural forms, whose generations rise,
In lovely change, in happy order roll,
On land, in ocean, in the glittering skies ;

Their harmony to trace ; the Eternal cause
To know in love, in reverence to adore ;
To bend beneath the inevitable laws,
Sinking in death, its human strength no more !

Then, as awakening from a dream of pain,
With joy its mortal feelings to resign ;
Yet all its living essence to retain,
The undying energy of strength divine !

To quit the burdens of its earthly days,
To give to nature all her borrow'd powers,—
Ethereal fire to feed the solar rays,
Ethereal dew to glad the earth with showers.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

COMPOSED AT WESTHILL, IN THE GREAT STORM, 1824.*

GONE is the hard, who, like a powerful spirit,
A beautiful and fallen child of light,
Of fiery seraph the aspiring peer,
Seem fitted by his nature to inherit
A wilder state than in the genial strife
Of mighty elements is given our sphere,
Fix'd in a stated round its course to run,
A chained slave, around the master sun !

Of some great comet he might well have been
The habitant, that through the mighty space
Of kindling ether rolls ; now visiting
Our glorious sun, by wondering myriads seen
Of planetary beings ; then in race
Vying with light in swiftmess, like a king
Of void and chaos, rising up on high
Above the stars in awful majesty.

Now passing near those high and bless'd abodes,
Where beings of a nobler nature move
In fields of purest light, where brightest rays
Of glory shine—in power allied to gods,
Whose minds in hope and in fruition prove
That unconsuming and ethereal blaze
Flowing from, returning to, eternal love.

And such may be his fate ! And if to bring
His memory back, an earthly type were given,
And I possess'd the artist's powerful hand,
A genius with an eagle's powerful wing
Should press the earth recumbent, looking on heaven
With wistful eye ; a broken lamp should stand
Beside him, on the ground its naphtha flowing
In the bright flame, o'er earthly ashes glowing.

* It was during a storm that he expired. Mr. Gordon, in his admirable History of the Greek Revolution, records it : "At six o'clock in the afternoon of Easter Monday, (April 19,) at the instant of an awful thunder-storm, Byron expired."

MONT BLANC.

WITH joy I view thee, bathed in purple light,
Whilst all around is dark ; with joy I see
Thee rising from thy sea of pitchy clouds
Into the middle heaven,—
As if a temple to the Eternal raised
By all the earth, framed of the pillar'd rock,
And canopied with everlasting snow !—
That lovely river, rolling at my feet
Its bright green waves, and winding 'midst the rocks,
Brown in their winter's foliage, gain'd from thee
Its flood of waters ; through a devious course,
Though it has laved the fertile plains, and wash'd
The cities' walls, and mingled with the streams
Of lowland origin, yet still preserves
Its native character of mountain strength,—
Its colour, and its motion. Such are those
Amongst the generations of mankind [heaven,
To whom the stream of thought descends from
With all the force of reason and the power
Of sacred genius. Through the world they pass
Still uncorrupted, and on what they take
From social life bestow a character
Of dignity. Greater they become,
But never lose their native purity.

THE SYBIL'S TEMPLE.*

THE faith, O Roman ! was a natural faith,
Well suited to an age in which the light
Ineffable gleam'd through obscuring clouds
Of objects sensible,—not yet revealed
In noontide brightness on the Syrian mount.
For thee, the Eternal Majesty of heaven
In all things lived and moved,—and to its power
And attributes poetic fancy gave
The forms of human beauty, strength, and grace.
The Naiad murmur'd in the silver stream,
The Dryad whisper'd in the nodding wood,
(Her voice the music of the zephyr's breath ;)
On the blue wave the sportive Nereid moved,
Or blew her conch amidst the echoing rocks.
I wonder not, that, moved by such a faith,
Thou rais'dst the Sybil's temple in this vale,
For such a scene was suited well to raise
The mind to high devotion,—to create
Those thoughts indefinite which seem above
Our sense and reason, and the hallowed dream
Prophetic.—In the sympathy sublime,
With natural forms and sounds, the mind forgets
Its present being,—images arise
Which seem not earthly,—midst the awful rocks
And caverns bursting with the living stream,—
In force descending from the precipice,—
Sparkling in sunshine, nurturing with dews
A thousand odorous plants and fragrant flowers.
In the sweet music of the vernal woods,
From winged minstrels, and the louder sounds
Of mountain storms, and thundering cataracts,
The voice of inspiration well might come !

A FRAGMENT.

It is alone in solitude we feel
And know what powers belong to us.
By sympathy excited, and constrain'd
By tedious ceremony in the world,
Many whom we are fit to lead we follow ;
And fools, and confident men, and those who think
Themselves all knowing, from the littleness
Of their own talents and the sphere they move in,
Which is most little,—these do rule the world ;
Even like the poet's dream of elder time
The fabled Titans imag'd to aspire
Unto the infinitely distant heaven,
Because they raised a pile of common stones,
And higher stood than those around them.

—The great is ever
Obscure, indefinite ; and knowledge still,
The highest, the most distant, most sublime,
Is like the stars composed of luminous points,
But without visible image, or known distance.
E'en with respect to human things and forms,
We estimate and know them but in solitude.
The eye of the worldly man is insect-like,
Fit only for the near and single objects ;
The true philosopher in distance sees them,
And scans their forms, their bearings, and relations.
To view a lovely landscape in its whole,
We do not fix upon one cave or rock,
Or woody hill, out of the mighty range
Of the wide scenery,—we rather mount
A lofty knoll to mark the varied whole,—
The waters blue, the mountains gray and dim,
The shaggy hills and the embattled cliffs,
With their mysterious glens, awakening
Imagination wild,—interminable !

THE EAGLES.

THE mighty birds still upward rose,
In slow but constant and most steady flight,
The young ones following ; and they would pause,
As if to teach them how to bear the light,
And keep the solar glory full in sight.
So went they on till, from excess of pain,
I could no longer bear the scorching rays ;
And when I looked again, they were not seen,
Lost in the brightness of the solar blaze.
Their memory left a type, and a desire :
So should I wish towards the light to rise,
Instructing younger spirits to aspire
Where I could never reach amidst the skies,
And joy below to see them lifted higher,
Seeking the light of purest glory's prize.
So would I look on splendour's brightest day
With an undazzled eye, and steadily
Soar upwards full in the immortal ray,
Through the blue depths of the unbounded sky,
Portraying wisdom's boundless purity.
Before me still a lingering ray appears,
But broken and prismatic, seen through tears,
The light of joy and immortality.

THE FIRE-FLIES.

AGAIN that lovely lamp from half its orb
Sends forth a mellow lustre, that pervades
The eastern sky, and meets the rosy light
Of the last sunbeams dying in the west.
The mountains all above are clear and bright,
Their giant forms distinctly visible,
Crested with shaggy chestnuts, or erect,
Bearing the helmed pine, or raising high
Their marble columns crown'd with grassy slopes.
From rock to rock the foaming Lima pours
Full from the thunder-storm, rapid, and strong,
And turbid. Hush'd is the air in silence ;
The smoke moves upwards, and its curling waves
Stand like a tree above. E'en in my heart,
By sickness weaken'd and by sorrow chill'd,
The balm of calmness seems to penetrate,—
Mild, soothing, genial in its influence.
Again I feel a freshness, and a power,
As in my youthful days, and hopes and thoughts
Heroical and high ! The wasted frame
Soon in corporeal strength recruits itself,
And wounds the deepest heal ; so in the mind,
The dearth of objects and the loss of hope
Are in the end succeeded by some births
Of new creative faculties and powers,
Brought forth with pain, but, like a vigorous child,
Repaying by its beauty for the pang.

LIFE.

OUR life is like a cloudy sky, midst mountains,
When in the blast the watery vapours float.
Now gleams of light pass o'er the lovely hills,
And make the purple heath and russet bracken
Seem lovelier, and the grass of brighter green ;
And now a giant shadow hides them all.
And thus it is, that in all *earthly* distance
On which the sight can fix, still fear and hope,
Gloom and alternate sunshine, each succeeds.
So of another and an unknown land
We see the radiance of the clouds reflected,
Which is the future life beyond the grave !

THOUGHT.

BE this our trust, that ages (filled with light
More glorious far than those faint beams which shine
In this our feeble twilight) yet to come
Shall see distinctly what we now but hope,—
The world immutable in which alone
Wisdom is found, the light and life of things,
The breath divine, creating power divine,
The *One* of which the human intellect
Is but a type, as feeble as that image
Of the bright sun seen on the bursting wave—
Bright, but without distinctness ; yet in passing
Showing its glorious and eternal source.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.

JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE was born in Exeter, on the fifth of August, 1779. He was educated at Cambridge, studied law, was a successful barrister, and in 1826 was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. His "Poems, Original and Translated," were published by Pickering, in three volumes, in March, 1844. The third volume comprises translations from SCHILLER, and appeared simultaneously with Sir EDWARD LYTTON BULWER's "Songs and Ballads of Schiller," to which it has been generally preferred by the critics. His versions

from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and several other languages, are all remarkable for a strict fidelity, but his diction is frequently difficult and inharmonious. One of Mr. MERIVALE's earliest works was "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," in continuation of Dr. BEATTIE, whose style he successfully imitated. The most perfect of his longer poems is "Orlando in Roncesvalles," a story of the Italian school, suggested by the "Morgante Maggiore" of LUIGI PULCI. He died in London, on the fifth of April, 1844.

ODE ON THE DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE, 1814.

THE hour of blood is past;
Blown the last trumpet's blast;
Peal'd the last thunders of the embattled line:
From hostile shore to shore
The bale-fires blaze no more;
But friendly beacons o'er the billows shine,
To light, as to their common home,
The barks of every port that cut the salt sea foam.

"Peace to the nations!"—Peace!
Oh sound of glad release
To millions in forgotten bondage lying;
In joyless exile thrown
On shores remote, unknown,
Where hope herself, if just sustain'd from dying,
Yet sheds so dim and pale a light,
As makes creation pal upon the sickening sight.

"Peace! Peace the world around!"
Oh strange, yet welcome sound
To myriads more that ne'er beheld her face;
And, if a doubtful fame
Yet handed down her name
In faded memory of an elder race,
It seem'd some visionary form,
Some Ariel, fancy-bred, to soothe the mimic storm.

Now the time-honour'd few,
Her earlier reign that knew,
May turn their eyes back o'er that dreamy flood,
And think again they stand
On the remember'd land,
Ere yet the sun had risen in clouds of blood,
Ere launch'd the chance-directed bark
On that vast world of ocean, measureless and dark.

And is it all a dream?
And did these things but seem—
The vain delusions of a troubled sight?
Or, if indeed they were,
For what did nature bear

The long dark horrors of that fearful night?
Only to breathe and be once more [shore?
Even as she was and breathed upon that former

O'er this wild waste of time,
This sea of blood and crime,
Doth godlike virtue rear her awful form,
Only to cheat the sight
With wandering, barren light—
The meteor, not the watch-fire, of the storm?
The warrior's deed, the poet's strain, [vain?
The statesman's anxious toil, the patriot's sufferings,

For this did Louis lay,
In Gallia's sinful day,
On the red altar his anointed head?
For this did Nelson pour,
In Britain's glorious hour,
More precious blood than Britain e'er had shed?
And did their wing'd thoughts aspire,
Even in the parting soul's prophetic trance, no
higher?

Ye tenants of the grave,
Whom unseen wisdom gave
To watch the shapeless mist o'er earth extending,
Yet will'd to snatch away
Before the appointed day
Of light renew'd, and clouds and darkness ending,
Oh might ye now permitted rise, [eyes;
Cast o'er this wondrous scene your unobstructed

And say, O thou, whose might,
Bulwark of England's right,
Stood forth, the might of Chatham's lordly son;
Thou "on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung,"
When freedom's ebbing sand almost had run;
To the deliver'd world declare,
That each hath seen fulfill'd his latest, earliest prayer.

Rejoice, kings of the earth!
But with a temperate mirth;

The trophies ye have won, the wreaths ye wear—
 Power with his red right hand,
 And empire's despot brand,
 Had ne'er achieved these proud rewards ye bear;
 But, in one general cause combined, [mind.
 The people's vigorous arm, the monarch's constant

Yet that untired by toil,
 Unsway'd by lust of spoil,
 Unmoved by fear, or soft desire of rest,
 Ye kept your onward course
 With unremitted force,
 And to the distant goal united press'd;
 The soldier's bed, the soldier's fare,
 His dangers, wants, and toils, alike resolved to share.

And more—that when, at length,
 Exulting in your strength,
 In tyranny o'erthrown, and victory won,
 Before you lowly laid,
 Your dancing eyes survey'd
 The prostrate form of humbled Babylon,
 Ye cried, "Enough!"—and at the word
 Vengeance put out her torch, and slaughter
 sheath'd his sword—

Princes, be this your praise!
 And ne'er in after days
 Let faction rude that spotless praise profane,
 Or dare with license bold
 The impious falsehood hold,
 That Europe's genuine kings have ceased to reign,
 And that a weak adulterate race, [place,
 Degenerate from their sires, pollutes high honour's

Breathe, breathe again, ye free,
 The air of liberty,
 The native air of wisdom, virtue, joy!
 And, might ye know to keep
 The golden wealth ye reap,
 Not thrice ten years of terror and annoy,
 Of mad destructive anarchy,
 And pitiless oppression, were a price too high.

Vaulting ambition!
 Thy bloody laurels torn,
 And ravish'd from thy grasp the sin-bought prize;
 Or, if thy meteor fame
 Still win the world's acclaim,
 Let it behold thee now with alter'd eyes,
 And pass, but with a pitying smile,
 The hope-abandon'd chief of Elba's lonely isle.

FROM RUFINUS.

Thus garland intertwined with fragrant flowers,
 Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my love, I send,
 Pale lilies here with blushing roses blend;
 Anemone, besprout with April showers;
 Lovelorn Narcissus; violet that pours
 From every purple cup the glad perfume;
 And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
 Yield to the voice of love thy passing hours!
 For thou, like these, wilt fade at nature's doom.

THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING.

Whoso with patient and inquiring mind
 Would seek the stream of science to ascend,
 Must count the cost, and never hope to find
 Rest to his feet, or to his wanderings end.
 The faithless road doth ever onward tend,
 And clouds and darkness are its utmost bound:
 The sacred fount no human eye hath kenn'd,
 Though many a wight, beguiled by sight or sound,
 "Ερπυζα!" may exclaim; "I—I the place have
 found."

And, sooth to tell, it is a pleasant way
 Through sweet variety of lawn and wood,
 Mountain and vale, green pasture, forest gray
 And peopled town, and silent solitude;
 And many a point, at distance dimly view'd,
 For idle loiterers an unmeasured height,
 By persevering energy subdued,
 Rewards the bold adventurer with a sight
 Of undiscover'd worlds—vast regions of delight.

ANSWER TO A CHARGE OF INCON- STANCY.

Or not that I am faithless say
 Or that my love's no more the same,
 If Cynthia once inspired my lay,
 And then Licymnia lit the flame
 One goddess only I adore,
 Although in different forms I woo her;
 Nor, though she bid me love no more,
 Could I be e'er inconstant to her.

The sailor, midst the dangerous main,
 Full many a lovely region sees,
 Fair islands, bright with golden grain,
 And rich with ever-blooming trees;
 But, till the destined port he gains,
 Those transient charms he little prizes,
 And quits with joy the happiest plains
 Soon as a favouring gale arises.

My fancy had a mistress drawn,
 And stamp'd her image on my heart;
 I roved o'er hill and vale and lawn,
 But ne'er could find the counterpart:
 This had the form, the air, the face,
 That, the sweet smile's bewitching beauty,
 And every singly winning grace
 Fix'd for the time my wandering duty.

But now 'tis sped—my fancy's flight:
 All former trivial, vain desires,
 Like spectres fade before the light,
 Or perish in sublimer fires.
 He needs not fear again to fall
 Before the shadow of perfection,
 Who for the bright original
 Has dared avow his soul's election.

HORACE SMITH.

MR. SMITH was born about the year 1780, in London, where his father was an eminent barrister. In 1812 he and his elder brother, Mr. JAMES SMITH, wrote their celebrated "Rejected Addresses," a work which has passed through twenty-five editions, and which is now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, hardly less popular than on its first appearance. They soon afterward published "Horace in London," parts of which had appeared in the "Monthly Mirror," and in 1813 the subject of this notice produced a successful comedy entitled "First Impressions," and subsequently "The Runaway," "Trevention or Matrimonial Errors," "Brambletye House," "Tor Hill," "Reuben Apsley," and several other novels, some of which were deemed not unworthy of the author of "Waverly." In 1840 he published an edition of the Miscellaneous Writings of his brother

JAMES, who died in the sixty-fifth year of his age, in 1839; and in 1842 his last work, "Adam Brown, the Merchant."

MR. SMITH is one of the most voluminous and popular writers of the nineteenth century. I have seen no separate collection of his poems, but his imitations in the "Rejected Addresses," his parodies of HORACE, and his lyrical contributions to the literary magazines, show him to be not only an admirable versifier, but a possessor of the sense of beauty and a most poetical fancy. His powers are versatile, and he has shown himself able to master any style with which he has chosen to grapple. His works have uniformly been successful, and the reader of his "Hymn to the Flowers," and other pieces in this volume, will not doubt that if he had devoted attention to poetry, he would have won an enduring and enviable reputation as a poet.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with man, to
twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye!
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate
With numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create.

Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon sup-
ply;

Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander [sod,
Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour,
"Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,"
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread
hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for
pleasure,

Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 A second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

THE HEAD OF MEMNON.

In Egypt's centre, when the world was young,
 My statue soar'd aloft,—a man-shaped tower,
 O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,
 And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,
 I mark'd the labours of unwearied time ;
 And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,
 Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime !

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound,
 Some new colossus more enormous springs,
 So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,
 I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,
 Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb,
 (Such the inscrutable decrees of fate,)
 Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world !
 Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast ;
 When lo ! the Persian standards were unfurl'd,
 And fierce Cambyzes led the invading host.

Where from the east a cloud of dust proceeds,
 A thousand banner'd suns at once appear ;
 Nought else was seen ;—but sound of neighing
 steeds,
 And faint barbaric music met mine ear.

Onward they march, and foremost I descried,
 A cuirass'd Grecian band, in phalanx dense,
 Around them throng'd, in oriental pride,
 Commingled tribes—a wild magnificence.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,
 Which Egypt's children worship and obey ;
 They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,
 And fall—a pious, unresisting prey.

Then, havoc leagu'd with infuriate zeal,
 Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown ;
 Apis is stabb'd !—Cambyzes thrusts the steel,
 And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan !

The firm Memnonium mock'd their feeble power,
 Flames round its granite columns hiss'd in vain,
 The head of Isis, frowning o'er each tower,
 Look'd down with indestructible disdain.

Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace :—
 Beneath my shade a wondering army flock'd ;
 With force combined, they wrench'd me from my
 base,

And earth beneath the dread concussion rock'd.

Nile from his banks receded with affright,
 The startled Sphinx long trembled at the sound ;
 While from each pyramid's astounded height,
 The loosen'd stones slid rattling to the ground.

I watch'd, as in the dust supine I lay,
 The fall of Thebes,—as I had mark'd its fame,—
 Till crumbling down, as ages roll'd away,
 Its site a lonely wilderness became !

The throngs that choked its hundred gates of yore,
 Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen ;
 Its priesthood's pomp, its Pharaohs were no more,—
 All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been !

Deep was the silence now, unless some vast
 And time-worn fragment thunder'd to its base ;
 Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,
 Died in the distant solitude of space.

Or haply, in the palaces of kings,
 Some stray jackal sate howling on the throne :
 Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs
 Some gaunt hyena, laughing all alone.

Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—
 By slow degrees entombing all the land ;
 She buries every monument sublime,
 Beneath a mighty winding-sheet of sand.

Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,
 Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;
 Behold ! their proudest palaces and fanes
 Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,
 And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;
 Quickly it threaten'd to engulf its prey,
 And close in everlasting night mine eyes.

Snatch'd in this crisis from my yawning grave,
 Belzoni roll'd me to the banks of Nile,
 And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,
 This massy fragment reach'd the imperial isle.

In London, now with face erect I gaze
 On England's pallid sons, whose eyes upcast,
 View my colossal features with amaze,
 And deeply ponder on my glories past.

But who my future destiny shall guess ?
 Saint Paul's may lie, like Memnon's temple, low ;
 London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness,
 • And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.

Then haply may my travels be renew'd :—
 Some transatlantic hand may break my rest,
 And bear me from Augusta's solitude,
 To some new seat of empire in the west.

Mortal ! since human grandeur ends in dust,
 And proud piles must crumble to decay ;
 Build up the tower of thy final trust [away !
 In those blest realms—where naught shall pass

MORAL RUINS.

ASIA's rock-hollow'd fanes, first-born of time,
 In sculpture's prime,
 Wrought by the ceaseless toil of many a race,
 Whom none may trace,
 Have crumbled back to wastes of ragged stone,
 And formless caverns, desolate and lone.
 Egypt's stern temples, whose colossal mound,
 Sphinx-guarded, frown'd
 From brows of granite challenges to fate
 And human hate,
 Are giant ruins in a desert land,
 Or sunk to sculptured quarries in the sand.
 The marble miracles of Greece and Rome,
 Temple and dome,
 Art's masterpieces, awful in th' excess
 Of loveliness,
 Hallow'd by statued gods which might be thought
 To be themselves by the celestials wrought,—
 Where are they now?—their majesty august,
 Grovels in dust,
 Time on their altars prone their ruins flings
 As offerings
 Forming a lair whence ominous bird and brute
 Their wailful *misereres* howl and hoot.
 Down from its height the Druid's sacred stone,
 In sport is thrown,
 And many a Christian fane have change and hate
 Made desolate,
 Prostrating saint, apostle, statue, bust,
 With Pagan deities to mingle dust.
 On these drear sepulchres of buried days
 'Tis sad to gaze;
 Yet, since their substances were perishable,
 And hands unstable
 Uprear'd their piles, no wonder that decay
 Both man and monument should sweep away.
 Ah me! how much more sadden'd is my mood,
 How heart-subdued,
 The ruins and the wrecks when I behold,
 By time unroll'd,
 Of all the faiths that man hath ever known,
 World-worshipp'd once—now spurn'd and over-
 thrown!
 Religions—from the soul deriving breath,
 Should know no death,
 Yet do they perish, mingling their remains
 With fallen fanes.
 Creeds, canons, dogmas, councils, are the wreck'd
 And mouldering masonry of intellect.
 Apis, Osiris, paramount of yore,
 On Egypt's shore,
 Woden and Thor, through the wide north adored,
 With blood outworn;
 Jove, and the multiform divinities,
 To whom the Pagan nations bent their knees,—
 Lo! they are cast aside, dethroned, forlorn,
 Defaced, outworn,

Like the world's childish dolls, which but insult
 Its age adult,
 Or prostrate scarecrows, on whose rags we tread,
 With scorn proportion'd to our former dread.

Alas, for human reason! all is change,
 Ceaseless and strange,
 All ages form new systems, leaving heirs
 To cancel theirs;
 The future will but imitate the past,
 And instability alone will last.

Is there no compass, then, by which to steer
 This erring sphere?
 No tie that may indissolubly bind
 To God, mankind!
 No code that may defy time's sharpest tooth?
 No fix'd, immutable, unerring truth?

There is! there is! One primitive and sure,
 Religion pure,
 Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
 Wear myriad modes,
 Contains all creeds within its mighty span—
The love of God, display'd in love of man.

This is the Christian's faith, when rightly read:
 Oh! may it spread
 Till earth, redeem'd from every hateful heaven,
 Makes peace with heaven;
 Below, one blessed brotherhood of love,
 One Father—worshipp'd with one voice—above!

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

AND thou hast walk'd about—how strange a
 story!—

In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak!—for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue,—come—let us hear its tune!
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground,
 mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs and features!

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?—
 Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?—
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?—
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason,—and forbidden
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade:
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest;—if so, my struggles
 Are vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Hath hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass,—
 Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,—
 Or doff'd thine own, to let Queen Dido pass,—
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch, at the great temple's dedication !

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled ?
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develope, if that wither'd tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green !—
 Or was it then so old that history's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages ?

Still silent !—Incommunicative elf !
 Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows !
 But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,—
 Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house :—
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures
 number'd !

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,—
 New worlds have risen,—we have lost old
 nations,—
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,—
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
 The nature of thy private life unfold !
 A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd :—
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that
 face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh !—Immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !

Posthumous man,—who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecay'd within our presence !
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its
 warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh ! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
 In living virtue,—that when both meet sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS, DEPOSITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Thou alabaster relic ! while I hold
 My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
 Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
 Might'st thou relate the changes thou hast known ;
 For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
 Launch'd from the Almighty's hand at the creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
 And worlds unnumber'd roll'd into their places ;
 When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
 And fix'd the blazing sun upon its basis,
 And with his finger on the bounds of space
 Mark'd out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
 Thou slept'st in darkness it were vain to ask,
 Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
 And year by year pursued their patient task,
 Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
 Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus !

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
 Or David reign'd in holy Palestine,
 Some ancient Theban monarch was extended
 Beneath the lid of this emblazon'd shrine,
 And to that subterranean palace borne,
 Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes, from her hundred portals, fill'd the plain,
 To see the car on which thou wert upheld ;
 What funeral pomps extended in thy train,
 What banners waved, what mighty music swell'd,
 As armies, priests, and crowds bewail'd in chorus,
 Their King—their God—their Serapis—their Orus !

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
 Thee, and the lord of all the nations round,
 Grim king of silence ! monarch of the dust !
 Embalm'd, anointed, jewel'd, scepter'd, crown'd,
 Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,
 A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages roll'd ; but their dissolving breath
 Could only blacken that imprison'd thing,
 Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
 As if it struggled still to be a king ;
 And each dissolving century, like the last,
 Just dropp'd its dust upon thy lid, and pass'd.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt pour'd
 His devastating host—a motley crew ;
 The steel-clad horseman,—the barbarian horde,—
 Music and men of every sound and hue,—
 Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes,—
 Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyzes tear away
 The ponderous rock that seal'd the sacred tomb ;
 Then did the slowly penetrating ray
 Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,
 And lower'd torches flash'd against thy side,
 As Asia's king thy blazon'd trophies eyed.

Pluck'd from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,
The features of the royal corse they scann'd;
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand;
And on those fields, where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Upclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill;
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramids nor sphynx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni came;
From the tomb's mouth unlink'd the granite links,
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,
To charm the pallid children of the north!

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,
Was what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beast more savage men pursue;
A scene by nature cursed, by man disgraced.
Now—'tis the world's metropolis! The high
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury!

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine;
Others have also stood beside thy brink,
And vainly conn'd the moralizing line!
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touch'd this stone, like me,
Where are ye now!—Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation;—he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour.
His bones are dust, his very name unknown!—
Go, learn from him the vanity of power;
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.

MORAL ALCHEMY.

THE toils of alchemists, whose vain pursuit
Sought to transmute
Dross into gold, their secrets and their store
Of mystic lore,
What to the jibing modern do they seem?
An ignis fatuus chase, a fantasy, a dream!
Yet for enlighten'd moral alchemists,
There still exists
A philosophic stone, whose magic spell
No tongue may tell,
Which renovates the soul's decaying health,
And what it touches turns to purest mental wealth.
This secret is reveal'd in every trace
Of nature's face,
Whose seeming frown invariably tends
To smiling ends
Transmuting ills into their opposite,
And all that shocks the sense to subsequent delight.
Seems earth unlovely in her robe of snow?
Then look below,

Where nature in her subterranean ark,
Silent and dark,
Already has each floral germ unfurl'd, [world.
That shall revive and clothe the dead and naked

Behold those perish'd flowers to earth consign'd;
They, like mankind,
Seek in their grave new birth. By nature's power,
Each in its hour,
Clothed in new beauty from its tomb shall spring,
And from each tube and chalice heavenward incense
fling.

Laboratories of a wider fold
I now behold,
Where are prepared the harvests yet unborn,
Of wine, oil, corn.—
In those mute, rayless banquet-halls I see,
Myriads of coming feasts with all their revelry.

Yon teeming and minuter cells enclose
The embryos,
Of fruits and seeds, food of the feather'd race,
Whose chanted grace,
Swelling in choral gratitude on high,
Shall with thanksgiving anthems melodize the sky.

And what materials, mystic alchemist!
Dost thou enlist
To fabricate this ever varied feast,
For man, bird, beast!
Whence the life, plenty, music, beauty, bloom?
From silence, languor, death, unsightliness, and
gloom!

From nature's magic hand whose touch makes sad-
Eventual gladness, [ness
The reverent moral alchemist may learn
The art to turn
Fate's roughest, hardest, most forbidding dross,
Into the mental gold that knows not change or loss.

Lose we a valued friend? To soothe our wo
Let us bestow
On those who still survive an added love,
So shall we prove,
Howe'er the dear departed we deplore, [store.
In friendship's sum and substance no diminish'd

Lose we our health? Now may we fully know
What thanks we owe
For our sane years, perchance of lengthen'd scope;
Now does our hope
Point to the day when sickness taking flight,
Shall make us better feel health's exquisite delight.

In losing fortune many a lucky elf
Has found himself.—
As all our moral bitters are design'd
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.

There is no gloom on earth, for God above
Chastens in love;
Transmuting sorrows into golden joy
Free from alloy,
His dearest attribute is still to bless, [fulness.
And man's most welcome hymn is grateful cheer-

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, who has unquestionably attained to the highest reputation as a lyric poet of all contemporaries, was born in Dublin, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1780, and at the early age of fourteen years, became a student of Trinity College in his native city, where he took his degree in 1799. He then went to London, entered the Middle Temple, and in due time was admitted to the bar.

In 1800 he published his translation of "Anacreon," which at once made him famous among the gay and the witty spirits who thronged the court of the Regent. Of this translation it may be said, that while it equals the original in grace and harmony, it unhappily surpasses it in seductiveness and voluptuous license. In the next year it was followed by a volume of amatory poems, under the name of LITTLE, which has been no less celebrated for its lubricity and licentiousness.

In 1803 he was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda, and during his absence from England he made a flying visit to the United States, which gave rise to a series of satirical and somewhat bitter Odes and Epistles on society and manners in this country, published on his return to London, in 1806. These were attacked in an article by JEFFREY, and the poet sent the critic a challenge. The parties met, but the police prevented a duel, and the pistols, on examination, were found to contain paper pellets, which the seconds had cautiously substituted for bullets, a circumstance alluded to by BYRON in his "English Bards," in a manner which provoked a remonstrance from Mr. MOORE. The poets however, soon became intimate friends, and continued so till the death of BYRON.

In 1811 appeared Mr. MOORE's "M. P., or the Blue Stocking;" in 1812, "The Two-penny Post Bag, by Thomas Browne the Younger;" in 1813, his "Irish Melodies;" in 1816, his "Sacred Songs," and in the following year, his celebrated oriental romance of "Lalla Rookh," the four tales in which, and the framework which unites them, were compared in the "Edinburgh Review" to four beautiful pearls, joined together by a

thread of silk and gold. Much the best of these tales, and the best of all Mr. MOORE's longer poems, is "The Fire-Worshippers," which is quoted entire in the following pages.

Another volume of humorous sarcasm, entitled "The Fudge Family in Paris," appeared in 1818, and in 1823 his "Loves of the Angels," a poem containing some beautiful passages, but altogether inferior to his earlier productions, and undeserving of comparison with BYRON's "Heaven and Earth," or CROLY's "Angel of the World," which are founded on the same subject. Beside these poems, he has written "Fables for the Holy Alliance," "Corruption and Intolerance," "The Skeptic," "The Summer Fete," and others, all of which are included in the edition of his poetical works published by Carey and Hart, in the present year.

Mr. MOORE we believe commenced his career as an author with some brilliant but not very powerful political tracts, and he has since produced several prose works, none of which, excepting "The Epicurean," have added to his good reputation. The *Life of SHERIDAN* is an amusing book; and with such materials as were placed in the hands of his biographer it could not well have been made otherwise. When GEORGE IV. was told that MOORE had murdered SHERIDAN, he exclaimed, "Not so: he only *attempted* his life." His memoirs of BYRON, which appeared in two quarto volumes in 1830, are alike unworthy the subject and the author; and the burning of some of BYRON's papers, at the request of interested parties, was an act of dishonour toward the great poet, which nothing can justify. The "Life of Captain Rock," and "The Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion," and the "History of Ireland," of which several volumes have been published, would hardly be attributed to the author of "Lalla Rookh," and the "Irish Melodies," were his name not on their title pages.

The history of Mr. MOORE is little more than the history of his writings. He is deservedly popular in society for his amiable qualities and fascinating manners; he has

shared the intimacy of all the greatest men and writers of an era more prolific in great men and great geniuses than any since that of SHAKESPEARE, and RALEIGH, and SIDNEY; and dividing his time between the quiet charms of domestic ease and the smiles of the most elevated society, he may be pronounced a happy and a fortunate man. As a song writer, he doubtless stands unrivalled. His versification is exquisitely finished, harmonious, and musically toned. The sense is never obviously sacrificed to the sound; on the contrary, he delights in that species of antithetical and

epigrammatic turn, which is generally held to excuse some roughness, and to be scarcely compatible with perfect melody of rhythm.

In grace, both of thought and diction, in easy fluent wit, in melody, in brilliancy of fancy, in warmth and depth of sentiment, and even in purity and simplicity, when he chooses to be pure and simple, no one is superior to MOORE: but in grandeur of conception, power of thought, and, above all, unity of purpose, and a great aim, he is singularly deficient, and these are necessary to the character, not of a sweet minstrel, but of a great poet.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozi'a's walls,
And through her emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lover's lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion,
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;—
The light-tower on the emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.
E'en he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race had brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless chief, unmoved alike
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven:
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!
Just Alla! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy sacred book,
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?

E'en as those bees of Trehizond,—

Which, from the sunniest hours that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad!
Never did fierce Arabia send

A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend

Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd
In their own land—no more their own—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh shame! were turn'd,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance:—hearts that yet,

Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's set,
Beam all the light of long-lost days!—
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;

As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in heaven's approving ray!
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved

By the white moonbeam's dazzling power:
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild.
'Tis she, that emir's blooming child,
All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
Though born of such ungente race;
An image of youth's radiant fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—

The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity !

So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—

Like those, who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs !

Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer eves, through Yemen's dales ;
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils ;—

And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jassamin'd flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosks or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay harems smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel-shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness :—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded, like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this !

A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,

Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere !

Such is the maid, who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,

Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah ! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.

Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep ?

Whom waits she all this lonely night ?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night air
After the day-beam's withering fire,
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair :—
Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what love can dare—
Love, all-defying love, who sees

No charm in trophies won with ease ;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on danger's precipice !
Bolder than they, who dare not dive

For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,

Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest wave !
Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,

There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb th' untrodden solitude

Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
And think its steep, though dark and dread,
Heav'n's path-ways, if to thee they led !

E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way :

E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,

And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below !

Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scaled the terrace of his bride ;—
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, " There, love there !"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold

The hero Zal in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth, who, fleet and bold
Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.

See—light as up their granite steep
The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,

Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,

Some beauteous bird, without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day

To wondering eyes, and wing away !
Will he thus fly—her nameless lover ?

Alla forbid ! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over

Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
Alone, at this same watching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,

Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could wait a mortal there ?)

Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay !
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :

And though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,

Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !

Fond girl ! nor fiend, nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity ;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the day-god's living fire !

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow :
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now :
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 't was joy to wake and weep,
Visions that will not be forgot,

But sadden every waken scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been !

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle !

Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,

Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone—
Far from the cruel and the cold—

Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely !
Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turn'd, that he might see,
The passing smile her cheek put on ;

But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;
And bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night !

I knew, I knew it could not last—
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past !
Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !

Now too—the joy most like divine,
Of all I ever dreamt, or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh misery ! must I lose *that* too ?

Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,

Though heaven—it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger !

Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger !"

"Danger !—oh, tempt me not to boast,"
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nursed
In danger's paths, has dared her worst !
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking !
Danger !—"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again !"

"Oh ! look not so—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'T would be those eyes ;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away !
But no—'t is fix'd—*my* awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours ?
Oh, Arab maid ! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine !
Thy father—"

"Holy Alla save
His gray-head from that lightning glance !
Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave

Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd

With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.

And still, whene'er, at haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
And won with shouts of victory !
Nay, turn not, from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own,

Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st

The unholy strife these Persians wage :—
Good heaven that frown !—e'en now thou glow'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie !
One victory o'er those slaves of fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors—"

"Hold, hold—thy words are death—"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Here, maiden look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me !
Yes—I am of that impious race,

Those slaves of fire, who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place

Among the living lights of heaven !

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die.
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—

He who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot

From which our fires of worship rise !
But know—'t was he I sought that night,

When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,

And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within ;—

Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If love hath made one thought his own,

That vengeance claims first—last—alone !
Oh ! had we never, never met,

Or could this heart e'en now forget
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,

Had fate not frown'd so dark between,
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,

At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,

In which the charm of country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,

Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—
While in thy lute's awakening sigh

I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine

Returning hours of glory shine !—
While the wrong'd spirit of our land

Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through
God ! who could then this sword withstand ?

Its very flash were victory !
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,

Far as the grasp of fate can sever ;
Our only ties what love has wove,—

Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide ;—

And then, then only, true to love,

When false to all that's dear beside !

Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—

Hate never look'd so lovely yet !

No—sacred to thy soul will be

The land of him who could forget

All but that bleeding land for thee !

When other eyes shall see, unmoved,

Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,

Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,

And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all !

But look—"

With sudden start he turn'd

And pointed to the distant wave,

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd

Blue, as o'er some seaman's grave ;

And fiery darts, at intervals,

Flew up all sparkling from the main,

As if each star that nightly falls,

Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal-lights !—I must away—

Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.

Farewell—sweet life ! thou cling'st in vain—

Now—Vengeance !—I am thine again."

Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd

Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd

Down mid the pointed crags beneath,

As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young Hinda stood,

Nor moved, till in the silent flood

A momentary plunge below

Startled her from her trance of wo ;

Shrieking she to the lattice flew,—

"I come—I come—if in that tide

Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,

In death's cold wedlock by thy side.

Oh ! I would ask no happier bed

Than the chill wave my love lies under ;—

Sweeter to rest together dead,

Far sweeter, than to live asunder !"

But no—their hour is not yet come—

Again she sees his pinnace fly,

Wafting him fleetly to his home,

Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie ;

And calm and smooth it seem'd to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,

As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind.

THE princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story ; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the poet's theme ; for, when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Seln.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country ;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those

holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadlaadeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn had risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kisma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen,
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who, from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the stary choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on Cadessia's bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
Where freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,

Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts, where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds;
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he, who scaled that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power,
How safe e'en tyrants' heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain—
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue—blest to be
E'en for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moon since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, e'en here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's, success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers!—
Those mountaineers, that, truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that god whose eyelids east
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm ;—
Shout but that awful name around,

And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire !

Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel

Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest Hafed in the midst should rise !

A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,

Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,

And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless chief,—

One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,

For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,

His only spell-word, liberty !

One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood ;
As Lebanon's small mountain flood

Is render'd holy by the ranks

Of sainted cedars on its banks !

'T was not for him to crouch the knee

Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;—

'T was not for him, whose soul was cast

In the bright mould of ages past,

Whose melancholy spirit, fed

With all the glories of the dead,

Though framed for Iran's happiest years,

Was born among her chains and tears !

'T was not for him to swell the crowd

Of slavish heads, that, shrinking, bow'd

Before the Moslem, as he pass'd.

Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—

No—far he fled, indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame ;

While every tear her children shed

Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;

And as a lover hails the dawn

Of a first smile, so welcomed he

The sparkle of the first sword drawn

For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flower

Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,

Against Al Hassan's whelming power.

In vain they met him, helm to helm,

Upon the threshold of that realm

He came in bigot pomp to sway.

And with their corpses block'd his way—

In vain—for every lance they raised,
Thousands around the conqueror blazed ;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust cloud !

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully :
A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink

Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,

As if to guard the gulf across :

While, on its peak, that braved the sky,

A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high

That oft the sleeping albatross

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,

And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering

Started—to find man's dwelling there

In her own silent fields of air !

Beneath, terrific caverns gave

Dark welcome to each stormy wave

That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ;—

And such the strange, mysterious din

At times throughout those caverns roll'd ;—

And such the fearful wonders told

Of restless sprites imprison'd there,

That bold were Moslem, who would dare,

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff

Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,

That seem'd above the grasp of time,

Were sever'd from the haunts of men

By a wide, deep, and wizard glen ;

So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between ;

It seem'd a place where Ghouls might come

With their foul banquets from the tomb,

And in its caverns feed unseen.

Like distant thunder, from below,

The sound of many torrents came ;

Too deep for eye or ear to know

If 't were the sea's imprison'd flow,

Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For each ravine, each rocky spire

Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;

And, though for ever past the days

When God was worshipp'd in the blaze

That from its lofty altar shone,—

Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,

Still did the mighty flame burn on

Through chance and change, through good and ill

Like its own God's eternal will,

Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led

His little army's last remains ;—

" Welcome, terrific glen !" he said,

" Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread.

Is heaven to him who flies from chains !"

O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers ;—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
 Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread ;
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vulture's beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die !

'Twas night when to those towers they came ;
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glared on his features, as he spoke :—
 " 'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done :

If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God !
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace !
 The blood of Zal, and Rustam, rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,

And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday !
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to heav'n, and bondage grows
 Too vile for e'en the vile to bear !

Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall !
 But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd ;—

This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned ;

And, though but few—though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,
 We'll bound upon our startled prey ;—
 And when some hearts that proudest swell
 Have felt our falchion's last farewell ;
 When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And e'en despair can prompt no more,
 This spot, shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save !"
 His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the mighty sate ;
 No longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering spirits of their dead ;
 Though neither priests nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate,

Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,

Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ;
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them* ; while on that altar's fires
 They swore the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,
 To die upon that mount of flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled shrine !

Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom love first touch'd with others' wo—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, Emir ! thy unheeding child,
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
 While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—

And oft, when thou hast paced along,
 Thy haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
 That came across thee, calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear.
 Far other feelings love hath brought—

Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness.
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all ;"
 And bitterly, as day on day

Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim ;
 There's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.

No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight ;
 And—had he look'd with clearer sight—
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
 When from the field of blood he came ;
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by love alone !

Ah ! not the love, that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast :
 Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
 That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,

In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!

No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
Is nursed in silence. sorrow, shame.—

A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,

It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's sea,

Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly

Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep.
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.

The owl's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogged wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting,
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow

Is brighten'd with unusual joy—

What mighty mischief glads him now,

Who never smiles but to destroy!

The sparkle upon Herkend's sea,

When tost at midnight furiously,

Tells not a wreck and ruin nigh

More surely than that smiling eye!

"Up, daughter up—the Kerna's breath

Has blown a blast would waken death,

And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see

This blessed day for heaven and me,

A day more rich in Pagan blood

Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.

Before another dawn shall shine,

His head, heart, limbs—will all be mine,

This very night his blood shall steep

These hands all over ere I sleep!"

"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind

Still singling *one* from all mankind—

"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,

Hafed, my child, this night is ours.

Thanks to all-conquering treachery,

Without whose aid the links accurst,

That bind these impious slaves, would be

Too strong for Alla's self to burst!

That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread

My path with piles of Moslem dead,

Whose baffling spells had almost driven

Back from their course the swords of heaven,

This night, with all his band shall know

How deep an Arab's steel can go,

When God and vengeance speed the blow,

And—Prophet!—by that holy wraith

Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,

I swear, for every sob that parts

In anguish from these heathen hearts,

A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead!

But cheer thee, maid—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,

To-day shall waft thee from the shore;

And, ere a drop of this night's gore

Have time to chill in yonder towers,

Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—

There lurk'd one wretch among the few

Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count

Around him on that fiery mount.

One miscreant, who for gold betray'd

The pathway through the valley's shade,

To those high towers where freedom stood

In her last hold of flame and blood.

Left on the field last dreadful night,

When, sallying from their sacred height,

The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,

He lay—but died not with the brave;

That sun, which should have gilt his grave,

Saw him a traitor and a slave;—

And, while the few, who thence return'd

To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd

For him among the matchless dead

They left behind on glory's bed,

He lived, and, in the face of morn,

Laugh'd them and faith and heaven to scorn!

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,

Whose treason, like a deadly blight,

Comes o'er the councils of the brave,

And blasts them in their hour of might!

May life's unblest cup, for him,

Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim—

With hopes, that but allure to fly,

With joys that vanish while he sips,

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,

But turn to ashes on the lips!

His country's curse, his children's shame,

Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,

May he, at last, with lips of flame

On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh

Are fading off, untouch'd. untasted

Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!

And, when from earth his spirit flies,

Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell

Full in the sight of Paradise,

Beholding heaven and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOEH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on the Eastern Ocean,

where the sea-gipsies who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the poet thus continued:—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!

There's not a cloud in that blue plain,

But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth, 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land:—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore.—
No music timed her parting oar,
Nor friends, upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more.
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,

With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath!

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter,
Is wafted from the scenes of slaughter,
As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,

Shooting around their jasper fount.—
Her little garden mosque to see,

And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary

In her own sweet acacia bower,
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?

No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if e'en now she felt at heart

The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
As a pale angel of the grave;

And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,

Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!

“Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?”

Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
The unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart

Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla! yes—

If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves that round us roll,

Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith, home, father, all—

Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship e'en thyself above him—

For oh! so wildly do I love him,
Thy paradise itself were dim

And joyless, if not shared with him!”

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;

And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,

Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes, [now,—

Which show'd—though wandering earthward
Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, e'en while it errs;

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not

The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd;

Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.

But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,

Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful heav'n! what *can* it be?

'T is not the storm, though fearfully

The ship has shudder'd as she rode

O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!

Forgive me!"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,

Trembling all over—for she felt,

As if her judgment hour was near;

While crouching round, half dead with fear,

Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—

When, hark!—a second crash—a third—

And now, as if a bolt of thunder

Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,

The deck falls in—what horrors then!

Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men

Come mix'd together through the chasm;—

Some wretches in their dying spasm

Still fighting on—and some that call

"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away

The perils of the infuriate fray,

And snatch'd her, breathless, from beneath

This wilderment of wreck and death?

She knew not—for a faintness came

Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame,

Amid the ruins of that hour,

Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,

Beneath the red volcano's shower!

But oh! the sights and sounds of dread

That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!

The yawning deck—the crowd that strove

Upon the tottering planks above—

The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er

The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,

Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash

Of sabres, and the lightning's flash

Upon their blades, high toss'd about

Like meteor brands—as if throughout

The elements one fury ran,

One general rage, that left a doubt

Which was the fiercer, heaven or man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—

'T was fancy all—yet once she thought,

While yet her fading eyes could see,

High on the ruin'd deck she caught

A glimpse of that unearthly form,

That glory of her soul—e'en then.

Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,

Shining above his fellow men,

As, on some black and troublous night,

The Star of Egypt, whose proud light,

Never hath beam'd on those who rest

In the White Islands of the West,

Burns through the storm with looks of flame

That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!

But no—'t was but the minute's dream—

A fantasy—and ere the scream

Had halfway pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And e'en that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heavens
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,

Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung,
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun,
Resting their limbs, as for that day

Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look,
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla! who shall save her now? .

There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt that wraps
Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power;—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd,
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought,
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'t was but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half-light, half-shade, which fancy's beams,
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound

Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees,

Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies

Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!

Amid the illumined land and flood,
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone,
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near

The craggy base, she felt the waves,
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass,
Beneath the mount's volcanic mass:
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch,

Through which departed spirits go;—
Not e'en the flare of brand and torch

Its flickering light could further throw,
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around,
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns

The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.

Just then a day-beam, through the shade,
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!

E'en Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,

Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled:
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,

Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way.
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—
And that eternal, saddening sound

Of torrents in the glen beneath,
 As 'twere the ever-dark profound
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
 All, all is fearful—o'en to see,
 To gaze on those terrific things
 She now but blindly hears, would be
 Relief to her imaginings!
 Since never yet was shape so dread,
 But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
 And by such sounds of horror fed,
 Could frame more dreadful of her own.
 But does she dream? has fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 "Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here!"
 She does not dream—all sense—all ear,
 She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
 'T was his own voice—she could not err—

Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
 Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,
 Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one!
 Though blest, mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
 Hath power to make e'en ruin dear,—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
 How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her—a maid of Araby—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim;
 And their fair land a wilderness!
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
 "Save him this night—and if thine eyes

Have ever welcomed with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
 Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they oe
 Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to Thee!
 Let him but live, the burning tear,
 The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,

Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 The eclipse of earth, he too may shine
 Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin;—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 'To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are Thine,
 Together Thine—for, blest or crost,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine;
 And if he perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat for the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

'To tearless eyes and hearts at ease,
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
 'T was one of those ambrosial evenings,
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the west
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
 And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'T was stillness all—the winds that late
 Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
 And shaken from her bowers of date,
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,
 Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
 Were melted all to form the stream.
 And her fair islets, small and bright,
 With their green shores reflected there,
 Look like those Peri isles of light,
 That hang by spell-work in the air.
 But vainly did those glories burst
 On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
 The bandage from her brow was taken,
 And pale and awed as those who waken
 In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
 The Searchers of the Grave appear,—
 She shuddering turn'd to read her futo

In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;
And saw those towers, all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying e'en the smile

Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream ! again 't is fled.
And oh ! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,

When voices from without proclaim
"Hafed, the chief!"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name !

He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's holdest sons can bear !
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night !
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening, round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell !

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now ;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread

Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread ;

Till Hafed, with a trembling hand,
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
And 't was enough—the shriek that broke

From her full bosom told the rest.—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes

To hide them on her Gheber's breast !
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the fire-fiend's brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom !
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last !

E'en he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves !
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down, and share her death—
E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh ! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of wo ;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught !

She too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !

The mighty ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,

Where lightly o'er the illumined surge

Many a fair bark, that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if to grace the gorgeous west,

The spirit of departing light
That eve had left its sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love !
Beneath them waves of crystal move
In silent swell—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven.

But ah ! too soon that dream is past—

Again, again her fear returns ;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,

More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay

On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies

A glance she casts—then wildly cries,

"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—

Fly, fly—if yet thou lovest me, fly—

Soon will his murderous band be here,

And I shall see thee bleed and die.—

Hush!—heard'st thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors e'en to agony
She clings around the wondering chief;—
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet the unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!
Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking stars that dwells
Near God, will be thy sentinels;
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——"

"To-morrow!—no!"—
The maiden scream'd—"thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good heaven, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own loved youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So amazed and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,

Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still halls of Ishmonie!
But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days!
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of aftertimes,
The suffering brave shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light,
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes!
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
The accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain,
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow:
And ne'er did Saint of Issa gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half-lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrade's hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-god's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoots his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear!
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!

If in that soul thou'st ever felt

Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees, that never knelt

To any but their God before,

I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly—

Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.

Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither

Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea

East—west—alas, I care not whither,

So thou art safe, and I with thee!

Go where we will, this hand in thine,

Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine.

The world's a world of love for us!

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,

Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—

Where thus to worship tenderly

An erring child of light like thee,

Will not be sin—or, if it be,

Where we may weep our faults away,

Together kneeling, night and day,

Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,

And I—at *any* God's for thine!"

Wildly those passionate words she spoke—

Then hung her head, and wept for shame,

Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke

With every deep-heaved sob that came.

While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not

If, for a moment, pride and fame,

His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,

And Iran's self are all forgot

For her whom at his feet he sees,

Kneeling in speechless agonies.

No, blame him not, if hope awhile

Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile

O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,

Wing'd with those precious, pure delights

Which she, who bends all beauteous there,

Was born to kindle and to share!

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd

To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,

First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud

Of softness passing o'er his soul.

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,

Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—

Like one who, on the morn of fight,

Shakes from his sword the dews of night,

That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the unnerving thrill,

Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,

That the fond, fearing, hoping maid

Half counted on the flight she pray'd,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown

As soft, as yielding as her own;

And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—

"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,

Where fadeless truth like ours is dear—

If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,

Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest

We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart

If good or ill these words impart,

When the roused youth impatient flew

To the tower-wall, where, high in view,

A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew

A signal, deep and dread as those

The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—

Full well his chieftains, sworn and true

Through life and death, that signal knew;

For 't was the appointed warning blast,

The alarm to tell when hope was past,

And the tremendous death-die cast!

And there, upon the mouldering tower,

Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,

Ready to sound o'er land and sea

That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call

Came slowly round, and with them all—

Alas, how few! the worn remains

Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains

Went gayly prancing to the clash

Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,

Catching new hope from every flash

Of their long lances in the sun—

And, as their coursers charged the wind,

And the wide ox-tails stream'd behind,

Looking, as if the steeds they rode

Were wing'd, and every chief a god!

How fallen, how alter'd now! how wan

Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,

As round the burning shrine they came;—

How deadly was the glare it cast,

As mute they paused before the flame

To light their torches as they pass'd!

'T was silence all—the youth had plann'd

The duties of his soldier-band;

And each determined brow declares

His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—

And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,

That look from heaven, ye may behold

Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!

Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,

The maiden sees the veteran group

Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet;—

And now the youth, with gentle care,

Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,

And press'd her hand—that lingering press

Of hands, that for the last time sever;

Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,

When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.

And yet to *her* this sad caress

Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!

'T was joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—

Their happy flight's dear harbinger;

'T was warmth—assurance—tenderness—

'T was any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,

But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;

And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!

With thee upon the sun-bright deep,

Far off, I'll but remember this,

As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!

And thou—" but ah!—he answers not—

Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone!

She now has reach'd that dismal spot,

Where, some hours since, his voice's tone

Had come to soothe her fears and ills,

Sweet as the Angel Israfil's,

When every leaf on Eden's tree

Is trembling to his minstrelsy—

Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—

"Hafed! my Hafed!—if it be

Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

Let me but stay to die with thee,

And I will bless thy loved name,

Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid

But near each other while they fade:

Let us but mix our parting breaths,

And I can die ten thousand deaths!

You too, who hurry me away

So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh! stay—one moment is not much;

He yet may come—for *him* I pray—

Hafed! dear Hafed!"—All the way

In wild lamentings, that would touch

A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name

To the dark woods—no Hafed came;—

No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last;

Your hearts should both have broken then:

The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—

You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!

Still half-way down the steep he stands,

Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,

Light all he loves on earth away!

Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd

The corpse of one, loved tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind;

And on the deck still lingering stay,

And long look back, with sad delay,

To watch the moonlight on the wave,

That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?

That dreadful shout! across the glen

From the land side it comes, and loud

Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd

Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,

Its Ghouls and Dives and shapes of hell

Had all in one dread howl broke out,

So loud, so terrible that shout!

They come—the Moslems come!" he cries,

His proud soul mounting to his eyes—

"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam

Enfranchised through yon starry dome,

Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire

Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound

To their young loves, reclin'd the steep

And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—

Their swords, with his instinctive leap,

Together, at that cry accurst,

Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.

And hark! again—again it rings;

Near and more near its echoesings

Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then

Had seen those listening warrior-men,

With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame

Turn'd on their chief—could doubt the shame,

The indignant shame with which they thrill.

He read their thoughts—they were his own—

"What! while our arms can wield these blades,

Shall we die tamely! die alone!

Without one victim to our shades,

One Moslem heart where, buried deep,

The sabre from its toil may sleep!

No—God of Iran's burning skies!

Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.

No—though of all earth's hope bereft,

Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

We'll make yon valley's roeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,

Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves

Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains

Our refuge still from life and chains,

But his the best, the holiest bed,

Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,

While vigour, more than human, strung

Each arm and heart. The exulting foe

Still through the dark defiles below,

Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale

The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.

No torch the Ghebers need—so well

They know each mystery of the dell,

So oft have, in their wanderings,

Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,

The very tigers from their delves

Look out, and let them pass, as things

Untamed and fearless as themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay

Yet darkling in the Moslem's way,—

Fit spot to make invaders rue

The many fall'n before the few.

The torrents from that morning's sky

Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,

And, on each side, aloft and wild,

Huge cliffs and topplings crags were piled,

The guards, with which young freedom lines

The pathways to her mountain shrines.

Here, at this pass, the scanty band

Of Iran's last avengers stand—

Here wait, in silence like the dead,

And listen for the Moslem's tread

So anxiously, the carrion-bird

Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water

Gives signal for the work of slaughter.

Now, Ghebers, now—if ere your blades

Had point or prowess, prove them now—

Wo to the file that foremost wades!

They come—a falchion greets each brow,

And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,

Beneath the gory waters sunk,

Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless;
 Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
 So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand
 The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.

Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd!
 All up the deary, long ravine,
 By the red, murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
 Wretches who wading, half on fire
 From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire:
 And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
 Countless as towards some flame at night
 The north's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,

What hope was left for you? for you,
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
 Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
 And burn with shame to find how few.
 Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
 Some found their graves where first they stood;
 While some with harder struggle died,
 And still fought on by Hafed's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Towards the high towers his gory track;
 And, as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
 From the wild covert where he lay,
 Long battles with the overwhelming tide,
 So fought he back with fierce delay,
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
 Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
 By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
 "Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
 They panting cry, "so far behind—
 Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent
 To track the way the Gheber went!"
 Vain wish—confusedly along
 They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
 Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,

Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
 And down the darkling precipice
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss:
 Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
 A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
 Of ravening vultures—while the dell
 Re-echoes with each horrid yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
 That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
 Now reach him, as aloft, alone,
 Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
 He lay beside his reeking blade,
 Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,
 And Iran's self could claim no more.
 One only thought, one lingering beam
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'t was she,
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet
 Above the waste of memory,
 When all life's other lights were set.
 And never to his mind before,
 Her image such enchantment wore.
 It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
 Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
 And not one cloud of earth remain'd
 Between him and her glory cast;—
 As if to charms, before so bright,
 New grace from other worlds was given,
 And his soul saw her by the light
 Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'t was the tone
 Of a loved friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors left with life
 From that short night's tremendous strife.—
 "And must we then, my chief, die here?—
 Foes round us, and the shrine so near?"
 These words have roused the last remains
 Of life within him—"what! not yet
 Beyond the reach of Moslem chains?"—

The thought could make e'en death forget
 His icy bondage—with a bound
 He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
 E'en feebler, heavier than his own,
 And faintly up the pathway leads,
 Death gaining on each step he treads.
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow?
 They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
 The rock-weeds dripping with their gore—
 Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
 Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
 Come near and nearer from below—
 One effort more—thank Heaven! 'tis past,
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
 When, lo! his weak, worn comrade falls
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
 "Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
 And must I leave thee withering here,

The sport of every ruffian's tread,
 The mark for every coward's spear?
 No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
 He cries, and with a strength that seems
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame
 Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame
 Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
 The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
 Then lights the consecrated brand,
 And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze,
 Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's sea.—
 "Now, freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
 The youth exclaims, and with a smile
 Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
 In that last effort, ere the fires
 Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
 It came from yonder drifting bark,
 That just has caught upon her side
 The death-light—and again is dark.
 It is the boat—ah, why delay'd!—
 That bears the wretched Moslem maid
 Confided to the watchful care
 Of a small veteran band, with whom
 Their generous chieftain would not share
 The secret of his final doom;
 But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
 Was render'd to her father's eyes,
 Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
 The ransom of so dear a prize.
 Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
 And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
 Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
 That foam around those frightful caves,
 When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
 Come echoing from the distant dell—
 Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
 Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
 And, driving at the current's will,
 They rock'd along the whispering tide,
 While every eye, in mute dismay,
 Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
 Where the dim altar's quivering ray
 As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd,
 Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
 Of fancy's most terrific touch,
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
 Thy silent agony—'twas such
 As those who feel could paint too well,
 But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
 'Twas not alone the dreary state
 Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
 When, though no more remains to dread,
 The panic chill will not depart;—
 When, though the inmate hope be dead,
 Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
 No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
 Like things within the cold rock found
 Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
 But there's a blank repose in this,
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain—

That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
 That breathless, agonized suspense,
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
 The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights,
 Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,
 She who is there, so desolate now,
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that to make her blest,
 And the fresh, buoyant sense of being
 That bounds in youth's yet careless breast—
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now!—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
 All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
 E'en now, this night, himself must die!
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wondering guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast—
 Too well she knows—her more than life,
 Her soul's first idol and its last,
 Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.
 But see—what moves upon the height?
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
 What bodes its solitary glare?
 In gasping silence toward the shrine
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
 Fix their last failing life-beam there.
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
 The death-pile blazed into the sky,
 And far away o'er rock and flood
 Its melancholy radiance sent;
 While Hafed, like a vision, stood
 Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
 Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire,
 Shrined in its own grand element!
 "Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
 But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
 High burst in air the funeral flames,
 And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
 Then sprung, as if to reach the blaze,
 Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
 And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
 Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
 Shall reach her innocent heart again!

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea:)
 No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute
blowing,

And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the
old,

The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she
dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalmd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the
deep ;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd
chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are
sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that
mountain, [wave,

They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more !

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives !

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

On ! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came ;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night, [shame.
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's
The clouds passed soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame ;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor ;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came ;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that drops in springing ;—
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching !
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking !
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone,
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

SACRED SONG.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne!
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 When I shall read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
 That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
 Thy mercy in the azure hue
 Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of the Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,
 And meekly wait that moment when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS
SHADED?

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That even in sorrow were sweet.
 Does Time, with his cold wing, wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?
 Come, child of misfortune! hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine?
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine.
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display;
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away!

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus, too, the cold world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear,—
 Come, child of misfortune! hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

OH NO! NOT EVEN WHEN FIRST WE
LOVED.

Oh, no!—not e'en when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;
 And though I then might love thee more,
 Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
 Might kindle with more wild desire;
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core
 That then but sparkled on my brow;
 And though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now!"

CALEB C. COLTON.

THE author of "Lacon" was educated at Cambridge, where, in 1804, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he obtained a fellowship. He took orders, and was presented with the livings of Tiverton, Kew and Peter-sham. These, with his fellowship, produced a liberal income, but his necessities or eccentricities caused him to reside in an obscure garret, where he wrote the most celebrated of his works, "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words." By this he acquired considerable reputation, and his disappearance soon after, on the murder of WEARE, a person with whom he was supposed to have had some gambling transactions, induced a rumour that he had been assassinated. He left England however only to avoid his creditors, and came to America. Here, under an assumed name, he remained two years, at the end of which time he went to France, where he continued to reside for the residue of his life.

In Paris, he devoted himself to literature, gambling, and trade in pictures and wine. He wrote the celebrated letters in the London Morning Chronicle, signed O. P. Q.,* which attracted so much attention during the time of the Greek revolution, and several pamphlets on French politics and the state of Europe. He was deprived of his church livings for non-residence, but is said to have more than supplied the loss with his cards and dice. He committed suicide, at Fontainebleau, in the summer of 1832.

The habits of Mr. COLTON, in his most prosperous days, were peculiar. A friend who visited his lodgings in London, when he was in the zenith of his reputation, describes them as the most singular and ill-furnished apartments he had ever seen. Keeping no servant, he swept his own floors, and lighted his own fires. He had but a single chair fit for use, but his closet was always stored with wines and cigars of the finest qualities, and he received his guests therefore without a thought

of apologies for the meanness of his rooms. Notwithstanding his dissolute life, few men were ever more earnest and constant in their advocacy of virtue; and the eloquence and energy with which he delivered his public discourses, sometimes led his parishioners to think he had reformed his morals. On one occasion, he surprised his congregation by a sermon of extraordinary power, uttered with the most serious and impressive voice and gesture; but on leaving the pulpit, with gun in hand, he joined his dogs, and drove to the house of a sporting friend in the neighbourhood, to be ready for the next day's chase.

"Lacon" is doubtless a work of great merit, but the germs of many of its ideas may be found in BACON and other authors, and some of its passages are commonplace in both thought and diction. Mr. COLTON's other productions are "A Narrative of the Sampford Ghost," "Remarks on the Talents of Lord Byron and the Tendencies of Don Juan," poems entitled "Napoleon," "The Conflagration of Moscow," and "Hypocrisy;" and "Modern Antiquity, and other Lyrical Pieces," published after his death. They are very unequal, and are marked sometimes by a redundancy of epithets, at others by a condensation which renders them unintelligible, and nearly always by a straining after effect and antithesis. One of the finest of his pieces is that beginning

"How long shall man's imprison'd spirit groan?"

which was written but a few weeks before he entered unbidden the presence of Him of whose laws he was so conspicuous a teacher and violator.

Mr. COLTON's political writings are among the most powerful and original essays in the language, but they were on subjects of temporary interest, and are forgotten. No work of its kind ever attracted more universal or lasting regard than "Lacon;" but with a perversity of judgment not without parallel in the histories of men of genius, he regarded "Hypocrisy" as the most perfect and enduring of his productions.

* This signature was subsequently used by a letter-writer of inferior abilities. Mr. COLTON's correspondence ended we believe in 1831.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

HER royal nest the Russian eagle fires,
And to the wild recess—revenged—retires;
Her talons unexpended lightnings arm,
And high resentments all her courage warm.
Tempt not, thou fiend of France! her arduous track;
Ambition spurs thee on—defeat shall call thee back.
False friends in rear, in front a stubborn foe,
Thy caterer, famine,—and thy couch the snow:
Then view that fiery cope with ghastly smile,
’T is thy ambition’s grand funeral pile.

Blaze on, ye gilded domes and turrets high,
And like a furnace glow, thou trembling sky!
Be lakes of fire the tyrant’s sole domain,
And let that fiend o’er flames and ruins reign;
Doom’d, like the rebel Angel, to be shown
A fiery dungeon, where he hoped a throne.
Blaze on! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice
E’er lit by patriot hands, or fann’d by patriot’s sighs.

By stubborn constancy of soul, a rock
That firmly meets but to return the shock,—
By all that power inflicts, or slavery bears—
By all that freedom prompts, or valour dares—
By all that bids the bright historic page
Of Greece and Rome inspire each after age—
By all of great, that must our wonder raise
In direst, worst extremities,—we praise
A deed that animates, exalts, inflames
A world in arms—from Tanais to the Thames!
Hail! nobly daring, wisely desperate deed:
Moscow is Paris, should the Gaul succeed!

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tower
That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour;
Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,
And triumph o’er affections, customs, laws;
With Roman daring be the flag unfurl’d—
Themselves they conquer’d first, and then the world.
Be this the dirge o’er Moscow’s mighty grave,
She stood to foster, but she fell to save!
Her flames like Judah’s guardian pillar rose
To shield her children, to confound her foes;
That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,
It rouses earth, and flashes o’er the main.

The sacrifice is made, the deed is done:
Russia! thy woes are finish’d, Gaul’s begun!
Soon to return—retire! There is a time
When earthly virtue must not cope with crime.
Husband thy strength, let not a life be lost,
One patriot’s life is worth the Gallic host;
Unbend a while thy bow, more strongly still
To force thy shaft, and all thy quivers fill;
Crouch’d like the tiger, prescient of the prey,
Collect thy might, augmented by delay;
Still as the calm, when on her siren breast
The slumbering earthquake and the whirlwind rest.
To courage, strength—to strength, cool wisdom
bring;

Nurse every nerve, and plume thy ruffled wing;
Firm, but composed,—prepared, but tranquil prove,
As the dread eagle at the throne of Jove!
Each arm provide, and engine of the war,
Till rout and havoc answer—Here we are!
And valour, steel’d by virtuous energy,
To just revenge shall utter—Come with me!

From pine-ploughed Baltic, to that ice-bound coast,
Where desolation lives, and life is lost,
Bid all thy Centaur-sons around thee close,
Suckled in storms, and cradled on the snows,
Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their strand
With marble wave, more solid than the land;
Men fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,
And as the grave tenacious of the spoil,—
Throng’d as the locust, as the lion brave,
Fleet as the pard that hies her young to save;
Tell them their king, their father takes the field,
A host his presence—and his cause a shield!
Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern hive,
Concentrating thick, for death or glory strive;
Then round the invader swarm, his death-fraught
cloud,

While the white desert girds him like a shroud,—
Full on his front and rear, the battle-tide
With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder guide;
Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph rue—
Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too!

Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclipsed by light,
And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.
Roused by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,
Both fed and fann’d the ruin that it found.
Long stood each stately tower and column high,
And saw the molten gulf beneath them lie:
Long rear’d their heads the aspiring flames above,
As stood the giants when they war’d with Jove,—
Conquer’d at length, with hideous crash they fall,
And one o’erwhelming havoc covers all.
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combined
In horrid league, and chafed by every wind
That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,
Could with such wreck astound both earth and
heaven.

Rage, elements! wreck, ravage all ye can,
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man! [mand,
Wide and more wide, self-warr’d, without com-
Gaul’s awe-struck files their circling wings expand;
Through many a stage of horrors had they pass’d—
The climax this, the direst and the last;
Albeit unused o’er others’ griefs to moan,
Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,
The billowing, crackling conflagration ran,—
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies
With tall colossal magnitude defies,—
Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,
Weak as the bulrush to the lava’s ire.
Long had that circle, belted wide and far
By burnish’d helm, and bristling steel of war,
Presented hideous to the Gallic-host
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast!
High o’er their head the bickering radiance towers,
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers:
Beneath their crimson concave long they stood
Like bordering pines, when lightning fires the wood,
And as they hemm’d that grim horizon in,
Each rear in each the terrors of the scene.
Some fear’d—accusing conscience waked the fear,
The day of wrath and retribution near. [proclaim,
Deem’d that they heard that thunderous Voice
“Thou moon, to blood be turned; thou earth, to
flame!”

Red-robed destruction far and wide extends
Her thousand arms, and summons all her fiends
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood!
Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood;
Their music, wo: nor did that feast of hell
Fit concert want,—the conquerors' savage yell—
Their groans and shrieks whom sickness, age, or
wound,

Or changeless, fearless love in fatal durance bound.

While valour sternly sighs, while beauty weeps;
And vengeance, soon to wake like Samson, sleeps,
Shrouded in flame, the imperial city low
Like Dagon's temple falls—but falls to crush the foe!

Tyrant! think not she unavenged shall burn;
Thou too hast much to suffer, much to learn:
That thirst of power the Danube but inflamed,
By Neva's cooler current may be tamed.
Triumph a little space by craft and crime,
Two foes thou canst not conquer—Truth and time.
Resistless pair! they doom thy power to fade,
Lost in the ruins that itself hath made!

Or, damn'd to fame, like Babylon to scowl
O'er wastes where serpents hiss, hyenas howl.

Forge then the links of martial law, that *bind*,
Enslave, *imbrute*, and *mechanise* the mind;
Indite thy conscript code with iron pen,
That cancels crime, demoralizes men;
Thy false and fatal aid to virtue lend,
And start a Washington, a Nero end;
And vainly strive to strangle in his youth
Freedom, the Herculean son of light and truth.
Stepfather foul!—thou to his infant bed
Didst steal, and catch a changeling in his stead.
—Yes, yes,—I see thee turn thy vaunting gaze,
Where files reflect to files the o'erpowering blaze;
Rather, like Xerxes, o'er those numbers sigh,
Braver than his, but sooner doom'd to die.

Here—*number* only courts that death it cloys!
Here—*might* is weakness, and *herself* destroys;
Lead then thy southern myriads lock'd in steel,
Lead on! too soon their nerveless arm shall feel
Those magazines impregnable of snow,
That kill without a wound, o'erwhelm without a foe!

I see thee,—'t is the bard's prophetic eye,
Blindly presumptuous chief,—I see thee fly!
While breathing skeletons, and bloodless dead,
Point to the thirsting foe the track you tread.
To seize was easy, and to march was plain;
Hard to retreat, and harder to retain.
Reft of thy trappings, pomp, and glittering gear,
Dearth in thy van,—destruction in thy rear,—
Like foil'd Darius, doom'd too late to know
The stern enigmas of a Scythian foe,—
Thy standard torn, while vengeful scorpions sting
The imperial bird, and cramp his flagging wing,—
The days are number'd of thy motley host,
Freedom's vain fear, oppression's vainer boast.

And lo! the Beresyna opens wide
His yawning mouth, his wintry weltering tide!
Expectant of his mighty meal, he flows
In silent ambush through his trackless snows:
There shall thy way-worn ranks despairing stand,
Like trooping spectres on the Stygian strand,
And curse their fate and thee.—and conquest sown
With retribution deep, in vain repentance moan!

Thy veteran worn by wounds, and years, and toils,
Pilgrim of honour in all suns and soils!
By thy ambition foully tempted forth
To fight the frozen rigours of the north,
Above complaint, indignant at his wrongs,
Curses the morsel that his life prolongs, [sigh,—
Unpierced, unconquer'd sinks; yet breathes a
For he had hoped a soldier's death to die,
Was it for this that fatal hour he braved,
When o'er the cross the conquering crescent waved!
Was it for this he ploughed the western main,
To weld the struggling negro's broken chain,—
Faced his relentless hate, to frenzy fired;
Stung by past wrongs, by present hopes inspired,—
Then hurried home to lend his treacherous aid,
And stain more deeply still the warrior's blade,
When spoiled Iberia, roused to deeds sublime,
Made vengeance virtue—clemency a crime;
And 'scaped he these, to fall without a foe!
The wolf his sepulchre—his shroud the snow!

'T is morn!—but lo, the warrior-steed in vain
The trumpet summons from the bloodless plain;
Ne'er was he known till now to stand aloof,
Still midst the slain was found his crimson hoof;
And struggling still to join that well-known sound,
He dies, ignobly dies, without a wound!
Oft had he hailed the battle from afar,
And paw'd to meet the rushing wreck of war!
With relentless neck the danger oft had braved,
And crush'd the foe—his wounded rider saved;
Oft had the rattling spear and sword assail'd
His generous heart, and had as often fail'd:
That heart no more life's frozen current thaws,
Brave, guiltless champion, in a guilty cause!
One northern night more hideous work hath done
Than whole campaigns beneath a southern sun.

Spoil'd child of fortune! could the murder'd

Turk

Or wronged Iberian view thy ghastly work,
They'd sheathe the vengeful blade, and clearly see
France needs no deadlier, direr curse than thee.
War hath fed war!—such was thy dread behest,
Now view the iron fragments of the feast.
Oh, if to cause and witness others' grief
Unmoved, be firmness—thou art Stoa's chief!
Thy fell *recorded* boast, all Zeno said
Outdoes—"I wear my heart within my head!"—
Caught in the northern net, what darest thou dare!
Snatch might from madness? courage from despair!
If courage lend *thy* breast a transient ray,
'T is the storm's lightning—not the beam of day:
When on thine hopes the cloud of battle lowers,
And frowns the vengeance of insulted powers;
When victory trembles in the doubtful scale,
And death deals thick and fast his iron hail;
When all is staked, and the dread hazard known,
A rising scaffold, and a falling throne!
Then, can thy dastard soul some semblance wear
Of manhood's stamp—when fear hath conquer'd
fear!

Canst *thou* be brave! whose dying prospects show
A scene of all that's horrible in wo!
On whose ambition, long by carnage nursed,
Death stamps the greatest change—the last, the
worst!

Death!—to thy view most terrible of things,
 Dreadful in all he takes and all he brings!
 —But, King of Terrors! ere thou seize thy prey,
 Point with a lingering dart to Moscow's fatal day;
 Shake with that scene his agonizing frame,
 And on the wreck of nations write his name!
 Oh, when will conquerors from example learn,
 Or truth from aught but self-experience earn!
 How many Catos must be wept again!
 How many Cæsars sacrificed in vain!
 While Europe dozed—too aged to be taught—
 The historic lesson young Columbia caught,
 Enraptured hung o'er that inspiring theme,
 Connd it by wood, by mountain, and by stream,
 Till every Grecian, Roman name, the morn
 Of freedom hail'd,—and Washington was born!

I see thee redder at that mighty name,
 That fills the herd of conquerors with shame:
 But ere we part, Napoleon! deign to hear
 The howlings of thy future dark career;
 Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,
 Praught with thy ruin—read it and be brief,—
 Then to thy senate flee, to tell the tale
 Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant wail.
 —It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,
 Rejecting, and rejected by, the true;
 A stirring name, *thrice* proffered, to refuse;
 And highest means pervert to lowest views;
 Till fate and fortune—finding that thou'rt still
 Untaught by all their good and all their ill,
 Expell'd, recall'd, reconquer'd—all in vain,—
 Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again.
 Though times, occasions, chances, foes and friends,
 Urged thee to purest fame, by purest ends,
 In this alone be great—to have withstood
 Such varied, vast temptations to be good!
 As hood-wink'd falcons boldest pierce the skies,
 The ambition that is blindest highest flies;
 And thine still waked by night, still dream'd by day,
 To rule o'er kings, as these o'er subjects away;
 Nor dared thy mitred Mentor set thee right:
 Thou art not Philip's son—nor he the Stagyrite!

And lo, thy dread, thy hate! the Queen of Isles,
 Frowns at thy guilt, and at thy menace smiles;
 Free of her treasure, freer of her blood,
 She summons all the brave, the great, the good.
 But ill befits her praise my partial line,
 Enough for me to boast—that land is mine.—

And last, to fix thy fate and seal thy doom,
 Her bugle note shall Scotia stern resume, [plume:
 Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plaided bonnet
 From hill and dale, from hamlet, heath, and wood,
 She pours her dark, resistless battle-flood.
 Breathe there a race, that from the approving hand
 Of nature, more deserve, or less demand!
 So skill'd to wake the lyre, or wield the sword;
 To achieve great actions, or, achieved—record;
 Victorious in the conflict as the truce,—
 Triumphant in a Burns as in a Bruce!
 Where'er the bay, where'er the laurel grows,
 Their wild notes warble, and their life-blood flows.
 There, truth courts access, and would all engage,
 Lavish as youth—experienced as age;
 Proud science there, with purest nature twined,
 In firmest thralldom holds the freest mind;

While courage rears his limbs of giant form,
 Rock'd by the blast, and strengthen'd by the storm!
 Rome fell;—and freedom to her craggy glen
 Transfer'd that title proud—The nurse of men!
 By deeds of hazard high, and bold emprise,
 Train'd like their native eagle for the skies,—
 Untamed by toil, unconquer'd till they're slain;
 Walls in their trenches—whirlwinds on the plain,
 This meed accept from Albion's grateful breath,
 Brothers in arms! in victory! in death!—
 Such are thy foes, Napoleon, when time
 Wakes vengeance, sure concomitant of crime.
 Fixed, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'erpower'd
 By force, by culture—conscience slow devour'd;
 With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more
 To drench the world—thy reeking stage—in gore;
 Fit but o'er shame to triumph and to rule;
 And proved in all things—but in danger—cool;
 That found'st a nation melted to thy will,
 And freedom's place didst with thine image fill;
 Skill'd not to govern, but obey the storm,
 To catch the tame occasion, not to form;
 Victorious only when success pursued,
 But when thou follow'd'st her, as quick subdued:
 The first to challenge, as the first to run;
 Whom death and glory both consent to shun—
 Live! that thy body and thy soul may be
 Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree.—
 Live! to be numbered with that common herd,
 Who life's base boon unto *themselves* preferred,—
 Live! till each dazzled fool hath understood
 That nothing can be great that is not good.
 And when remorse, for blood in torrents spilt,
 Shall sting—to madness—conscious, sleepless guilt,
 May deep contrition this black hope repel,—
 Snatch me, thou future, from this present, hell!

Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,
 Deems virtue's rugged path sole path to fame;
 Great things with small compares, in scale sublime,
 And death with life! eternity with time:
 Man's whole existence weighs, sifts nature's laws,
 And views results in the embryo of their cause;
 Prepared to meet, with corresponding deeds,
 Events, as yet imprisoned in their seeds;
 Kins, in his acorn hid, the king of trees,
 And freedom's germ in foul oppression sees;
 Precedes the march of time—to ponder fate,
 And execute, while others meditate;
 That, deaf to present praise, the servile knee
 Rebukes, and says to glory—*Follow me!*

LIFE.

How long shall man's imprison'd spirit groan
 'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
 Where all worth knowing never can be known,
 And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
 And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
 We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
 Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from our
 selves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust of change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is: how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast, [sword ?
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command [led ?
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out, midst all that brilliant throng,
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thralldom
freed ?

Minds that have scann'd creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages scal'd,
Whilst nature own'd their intellectual reign
Extinct, have *nothing* known or nothing have revealed,

Devouring grave ! we might the less deplore
Th' extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,
Wouldst thou, from that last zodiac, *one* restore,
That might th' enigma solve, and doubt, man's
tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given ?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh ? [heaven.
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope in

Turn then, O man ! and cast all else aside :
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the cross bow down—in *that* confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

IRREGULAR ODE, ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

We mourn thy wreck ;—that mighty mind
Did whirlwind passions whelm,
While wisdom waver'd, half inclined
To quit the dangerous helm ;
Thou wast an argosy of cost,
Equipp'd, enrich'd in vain,
Of gods the work—of men the boast,
Glory thy port,—and doomed to gain
That splendid haven, only to be lost !

Lost, even when Greece, with conquest blest,
Thy gallant bearing hail'd :—
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,
And tears of beauty fail'd ;
Oh ! hadst thou in the battle died,
Triumphant even in death,
The patriot's as the poet's pride,
While *both* Minervas twined thy wreath,
Then had thy full career malice and fate defied !

What architect, with choice design,
—Of Rome or Athens styled—
Ere left a monument like thine ?—
And all from *ruins* piled !

A prouder motto marks thy stone
Than Archimedes' tomb ;
He asked a fulcrum—thou demandest none,
But—reckless of past, present, and to come—
Didst on thyself depend, to shake the world—*alone* !

Thine eye to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn,
And, like the congelated lens,
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn ;—
But in thy mind's abyss profound,
As in some limbo vast,
More shapes and monsters did abound,
To set the wondering world aghast,
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan found !

Was love thy lay,—Cithæra rein'd
Her car, and own'd the spell !
Was hate thy theme,—that murky fiend
For hotter earth left hell !
The palaced crown, the cloister'd cowl,
Moved but thy spleen or mirth ;
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,
In guise unearthly didst thou roam the earth,
Screen'd in Thalia's mask,—to drug the tragic bowl !

Lord of thine own imperial sky,
In virgin "pride of place,"
Thou soared'st where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze !—
The condor, thus, his pennon'd vane
O'er Cotopaxa spreads,
But—should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,—
Nor chilling height nor burning depth he dreads,
From Andes' crystal crag, to Lima's sultry plain !

Like Lucan's, early was thy tomb,
And more than Bion's mourn'd ;—
For, still, such lights themselves consume,
The brightest, briefest burn'd :—
But from thy blazing shield recoiled
Pale envy's bolt of lead ;
She, but to work thy triumphs, toil'd,
And, muttering coward curses, fled :—
Thee, thine own strength alone—like matchless
Milo—foil'd.

We *prize* thee, that thou didst not fear
What stoutest hearts might rack,
And didst the diamond genius wear,
That tempts—yet foils—the attack.
We *mourn* thee, that thou wouldst not find,
While prison'd in thy clay,
—Since such there were,—some kindred mind,—
For friendship lasts through life's long day,
And doth, with surer chain than love or beauty, bind !

We *blame* thee, that with baleful light
Thou didst astound the world,
—A comet, plunging from its height,
And into chaos hurl'd !—
Accorded king of anarchy power,
And talent misapplied ;
That hid thy God, in evil hour,
Or showed Him only to deride, [lour !
And, o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness,

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast
 With Hecla's frosty cloak,
 All earth with fire impure could blast,
 And darken heaven with smoke:
 O'er ocean, continent, and isle,
 The conflagration ran:—
 Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,
 Didst the red ruin calmly scan,
 And tuned Apollo's harp—with Nero's ghastly
 smile!

What now avails that muse of fire,—
 Her nothing of a name!
 Thy master hand and matchless lyre,
 What have they gained—but fame!

Fame—Fancy's child—by folly fed,
 On breath of meanest things,—
 A phantom, wooed in virtue's stead,
 That envy to the living brings,
 And silent, solemn mockery to the dead!

Ne'er, since the deep-toned Theban sung
 Unto the listening nine,—
 Has classic hill or valley rung
 With harmony like thine!
 Who now shall wake thy willow'd lyre!
 —There breathes but *one*, who dares
 To that Herculean task aspire;
 But—less than thou—for fame *he* cares, [desire!
 And scorns both hope and fear—ambition and

JOHN KENYON.

JOHN KENYON, the descendant of a highly respectable Anglo-West Indian family, was born, we believe, in Jamaica, and educated at the Charter-house and Cambridge. On quitting the university, he went abroad, visited various parts of the European continent, and resided for some time in Italy. Returning from his travels, he settled in England, dividing his time between London and the country, between his books and his friends; among the

latter enumerating WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, COLERIDGE, and many of the most distinguished persons of the age.

The only works of Mr. KENYON with which we are acquainted, are a "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," and "Poems, for the most part Occasional;" the first published in 1833, and the last in 1838. His productions are generally of a serious, didactic sort, philosophical and liberal, and carefully versified.

TO THE MOON.

THAT peace, how deep! this night of thousand
 stars,
 That hide themselves abash'd from the bold sun,
 But hang, all fondly, on thy gentler brow.—
 How calm! Yet not o'er calmer skies alone,
 Mild Moon! is thy dominion: Thou dost sway
 The very storm to obey thy peacefulness.
 When winds are piping, and the charged clouds,
 As if out-summon'd by that warlike music,
 First in black squadrons rush; then sternly muster
 In sullen mass, on either side the heaven,
 Like armies face to face, with space between;
 'Tis then Thou glidest forth; like some pale nun,
 Unhooded, whom a high and rare occasion
 Wrests from her sanctuary, to interpose
 In mortal quarrel, so thou glidest forth,
 And lookest thy mild bidding; and the winds
 Are silent; and those close-compacted clouds,
 Disbanding, fleet in tender flakes away,
 And leave the world to thy tranquillity. . . .
 And ne'er did dawn behold thee lovelier yet,
 Than when we saw thee, one remember'd day,
 Thee and that brightest of all morning-stars,
 Hang o'er the Adrian; not in thy full lustre,
 But graceful with slim crescent; such as, erst,
 Some Arab chief beheld in his own sky

Of purest, deepest azure; and so loved it,
 So loved it, that he chose it for his symbol;
 A peaceful symbol on a warlike banner!
 And oft, I ween, in many a distant camp,
 Mid the sharp neigh of steeds, and clash of cymbals,
 And jingle of the nodding Moorish bells,
 When he hath caught that image o'er the tents,
 Hath he bethought him of the placid hours
 When thou wast whitening his night-feeding flocks
 On Yemen's happy hills; and then, perchance,
 Hath sigh'd to think of war! We too beheld thee
 With untired eye fix'd upward; scarce regarding
 (So deep the charm which thou hadst wrapp'd
 around us)
 Where reddening lines along the eastward sea
 Spoke of the sun's uprising. Up he rose,
 From o'er the regions of the near Illyria,
 Glorious, how glorious!—if less gladly hail'd
 As warning thy departure. Yet, some time,
 Ye shone together; and we then might feel
 How they, the ancient masters of that land,
 The dwellers on the banks of Rubicon,
 Who saw what we were seeing, uninstruct'
 Of wiser faith, had, in no feign'd devotion,
 Bow'd down to thee, their Dian, and to him
 Bright-hair'd Apollo! We, too, bow'd our hearts,
 But in a purer worship, to the One,
 Who made, alone, the hills and seas and skies,

And thee, fair moon, the hallower of them all !
 —Well did that sun fulfil his rising promise,
 Showering redundant light, the livelong day,
 O'er plain, and inland peak, and bluest sea ;
 And brightening the far mole, which old Ancona
 Hath reaf'd upon the waves. Meanwhile, thy form
 (Faint and more faint, and, if might be, more fair ;
 And still, as near to lose thee, loved the more)
 Thinn'd to unseen. But as some morning dream,
 Too sweet to part with, and which yet must fade
 At touch of light, will oft unconsciously
 Mix with the day, serenest thoughts inweaving
 Than sunbeams bring ; or, as some melody,
 Closed on the ear, nor e'en by it remember'd,
 Will still its silent agency prolong
 Upon the spirit, with a boarded sweetness
 Tempering the after-mood ; e'en so did'st thou
 Waft the bland influence of thy dawning presence
 Over the onward hours. Yet, thou spher'd vestal !
 If mine it were to choose me when to bend
 Before thy high-hung lamp ; and venerate
 Thy mysteries ; and feel, not hear, the voice
 Of thy mute admonition ; let it be
 At holy vesper-tide, when nature all
 Whispers of peace ; if solemn less than night's,
 More soothing still. Such season of the soul
 Obeys thee best. For as the unwrinkled pool,
 Still'd o'er by stirless eve, will dimple under
 The tiniest brushing of an insect's wing ;
 So, at that hour, do human hearts respond
 To every touch of finer thought. . . . Such eve
 Such blessed eve was ours, when last we stood
 Beside the storied shore of Gaëta,
 Breathing its citron'd air. Silence more strict
 Was never. The small wave, or ripple rather,
 Scarce lipping up the sand, crept to the ear, [ment
 Sole sound ; nor did we break the calm with move-
 Or sacrilege of word ; but stay'd in peace,
 Of thee expectant. And what need had been
 Of voiced language, when the silent eye,
 And silent pressure of each link'd arm,
 Spoke more than utterance ? Nay, whose tongue
 might tell
 What hues were garlanding the western sky
 To welcome thy approaching ! Purple hues
 With orange wove, and many a floating lake
 Crimson or rose, with that last tender green
 Which best relieves thy beauty. Who may paint
 How glow'd those hills, with depth of ruddy light
 Translucified, and half ethereal made,
 For thy white feet to tread on ! and, ere long,—
 E'er yet those hues had left or sky or hill,
 One peak with pearly top confess'd thy coming.
 There didst thou pause awhile, as inly musing
 O'er realm so fair ! And, first, thy rays fell partial
 On many a scatter'd object, here and there ;
 Edging or tipping, with fantastic gleam,
 The sword-like aloe, or the tent-roof'd pine,
 Or adding a yet paler pensiveness
 To the pale olive-tree ; or, yet more near us,
 Were flickering back from wall reticulate
 Of ruin old. But when that orb of thine
 Had elomb to the mid-concave, then broad light

Was flung around o'er all those girding cliffs
 And groves, and villages, and fortress towers,
 And the far circle of that lake-like sea,
 Till the whole grew to one expanded sense
 Of peacefulness, one atmosphere of love,
 Where the soul breathed as native, and mere body
 Sublimed to spirit. . . . She, too, stood beside us,
 Our human type of thee ; the pure, the peaceful,
 The gentle,—potent in her gentleness !
 And, as she raised her eyes to thy meek glory,
 In the fond aspiration of a heart,
 Which prized all beauty and all sanctity ;
 We saw, and loved to see, thy sainting ray
 Fall, as in fondness, on her upturn'd brow,
 Serene,—like it. Alas ! in how brief space
 Coldly to glitter on her marble tomb !
 She lies in her own land ; far from the scene
 Of that fair eve ; but thou, its fairer part,
 Thou moon ! art here ; and now we gaze on thee
 To think on her ; if still in sorrow, yet
 Not without hope ; and, for the time to come,
 Though dear to us thy light hath ever been,
 Shall love thee yet the more for her sweet sake.

THE BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

I SOUGHT at morn the beechen bower,
 Thy verdant grot ;
 It came,—it went,—the promised hour,—
 I found thee not.
 Light zephyrs from the quivering boughs
 Soon brush'd the transient dew,
 Then first I fear'd that Dove's own vows
 Were transient too !
 At eve I sought the well-known stream
 Where, wont to rove,
 We breathed so oft, by twilight gleam,
 Our vows of love ;
 I stopp'd upon the pleasant brink,
 And saw the wave glide past ;
 Ah me ! I could not help but think
 Love glides as fast.
 Then, all along the moonlight glen
 So soft, so fair,—
 I sought thy truant steps agen,—
 Thou wert not there.
 The clouds held on their busy way
 Athwart the waning moon ;
 And such, I said, Love's fitful ray,
 And wanes as soon.
 Oh ! I had cull'd for thee a wreath
 Of blossoms rare ;
 But now each floweret droops beneath
 The chill night-air.
 'Tis past,—long past, our latest hour,
 And yet thou art not nigh ;
 Oh ! Love, thou art indeed a flower
 Born but to die !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ONE of the most remarkable men of the present age is EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the "Corn-Law Rhymers," a poet whose productions are distinguished alike for boldness and originality, a singular strength and purity of diction, and a warm sympathy with the oppressed masses. He is called "the bard of the people," for whom he has written, on subjects of popular interest, and in words they all can understand.

Like most men of moderate means and in humble life, EBENEZER ELLIOTT has felt the heavy and unequal pressure of the laws, especially of those commercial restrictions by which full twenty per cent. is added to the price of bread, turning the sweat of the poor into gold for the rich. As is commonly the case with men who devote their chief attention to some particular evil, he has doubtless magnified the importance of the bread-tax, and attributed to it more than a due share of the general suffering. I do not, however, well understand this subject; and it is enough for my present purpose to remark, that the "Poet of the Poor," uniting with his more sacred functions those of the orator, has exercised in England a greater influence against the Corn Laws, whatever may be their true character, than any other person unconnected with the administration of public affairs.

Of the history of ELLIOTT, more than is shown in his writings, I know but little. He was born at Masborough, near Sheffield, in 1781. His father was a Presbyterian, rigid and formal, without affection for the religious establishment or the government. Our poet, in his boyhood, had few companionships. He learned nothing with facility from books. He was thought too dull to profit by instruction, and his education was neglected. But he was quick to observe, and had an ardent love of nature.

When he was about fifteen, a Cameronian clergyman bequeathed to his father a library containing many valuable works. With these, or with so many as were worth reading, he soon became familiar. He boasts that he has deeply studied all the really good literature

of the language, and that he has never read to the end a worthless book. His mind and his style are fashioned by the great masters of thought and expression. He is sometimes harsh and coarse, but he is never careless. Efforts to be refined too often induce effeminacy. He has no such fault. He is an ardent, independent thinker, and he utters his opinions with force and directness, never discarding a word because it is too strong.

Among his longer poems, not included in this volume, are *Spirits and Men*, an antediluvian epic, *They Met Again*, *Withered Wild Flowers*, and several dramas. His dramatic pieces are not his best, though *Bothwell*, which I have quoted, is a fine fragment. One of his plays is entitled *Kerhonah*; the scene is in Connecticut, and among the *dramatis personæ* are the regicides Ward and Goffe, and the learned and pious ELLIOT, well named "Apostle of the Indians," who is introduced as the lover of some dusky princess. The poet should have better learned the missionary, whose character was one of the purest and sublimest in history.

ELLIOTT was for a long time neglected. His subjects, like those of CRABBE, whom in many ways he is like, are of a homely sort, emphatically *human*, such as, for some reason, the popular taste does not readily approve. He gives simple, earnest, and true echoes of the affections. His poems, aside from their political character, breathe the spirit of a kind of primitive life, unperturbed, unhackneyed, and fresh as the dews on his own hawthorn. CARLYLE, BULWER, and other critics, seeing in him incontestable signs of genius, at length handed him up to fame. Those who were most opposed to his politics, recognised him as a poet; society seemed to be ashamed of the indifference with which it had treated him; and his works rose rapidly in the popular estimation. He takes rank now among the first of the living poets of England.

Mr. ELLIOTT is more than sixty years of age. He has been for many years a steel refiner and iron merchant at Sheffield, where he is much respected for his high qualities as a man.

BOTHWELL.—A DRAMATIC POEM.

SCENE—*Inside of a dungeon, in a fortress on the coast of Norway. BOTHWELL sleeping. RAINVALT gazing through a barred window on the rocks, and stormy sea below.*

Rhin. Splendour in heaven, and horror on the main!

Sunshine and storm at once—a troubled day.
Clouds roll in brightness, and descend in rain.
How the waves rush into the rocky bay,
Shaking the eternal barriers of the land!
And ocean's face is like a battle plain,
Where giant demons combat hand to hand;
While, as their voices sink and swell again,
Peace, listening on the rainbow, bends in pain.
Where is the voice, whose stillness man's heart
hears,
Like dream'd-of music, wordless, soft, and low?
The voice, which dries on sorrow's cheek her tears,
Or, lest she perish, bids the current flow?
That voice the whirlwind in his rage reverts;
It bids the blast a tranquil sabbath keep:
Lonely as death, harmonious as the spheres,
It whispers to the wildness of the deep,
Till, calm as cradled babe, the billows sleep.
Oh, careless of the tempest in his ire,
Blush, ruby glow of western heaven! Oh, cast
The hue of roses, steep'd in liquid fire,
On ocean in his conflict with the blast,
And quiver into darkness, and retire,
And let wild day to calmest night subside;
Let the tired sailor from his toil respire,
The drench'd flag hang, unmoving, o'er the tide,
And pillow'd on still clouds, the whirlwind ride!
Then, Queen of Silence, robe thee, and arise,
And, through the barr'd loop of this dungeon old,
Visit, once more, its inmate's blasted eyes!
Let him again, though late, thy light behold!
Soulless, not sightless, have his eyeballs roll'd,
Alike, in light and darkness, desolate.
The storm beat on his heart—he felt no cold;
Summer look'd on him, from heaven's fiery gate—
Shivering, he scowl'd, and knew not that he scowl'd.
Unweeping, yet perturb'd: his bed a stone;
Bonds on his body—on his mind a spell:
Ten years in solitude, (yet not alone.)
And conscious only to the inward hell;
Here hath it been his hideous lot to dwell.
But heav'n can bid the spirit's gloom depart,
Can chase from his torn soul the demon fell,
And whispering, find a listener in his heart.
Oh, let him weep again! then, tearless dwell,
In his dark, narrow home, unrun by passing bell!
[*A long pause. Loud thunder; and after an interval, thunder heard remote.*]
The storm has ceased. The sun is set; the trees
Are fain to slumber; and, on ocean's breast,
How softly, yet how solemnly, the breeze,
With unperceived gradation, sinks to rest!
No voice, no sound is on the ear impress'd;
Twilight is weeping o'er the pensive rose;
The stoat slumbers, coil'd up in his nest!
The grosbeak on the owl's perch seeks repose;

And o'er the heights, behold! a pale light glows.
Waked by the bat, up-springs the startled snake;
The cloud's edge brightens—lo, the moon! and
grove,

And tree, and shrub, bath'd in her beams, awake,
With tresses cluster'd like the locks of love.
Behold! the ocean's tremor! slowly move
The cloud-like sails; and, as their way they urge,
Fancy might almost deem she saw, above, [surge,
The streamer's chasten'd hues; bright sleeps the
And dark the rocks, o'er ocean's glittering verge.
Now lovers meet, and labour's task is done.
Now stillness hears the breathing heifer. Now
Heavens azure deepens; and, where rock-rills run,
Rest on the shadowy mountain's airy brow
Clouds that have taken their farewell of the sun;
While calmness, reigning o'er that wintry clime,
Pauses and listens;—hark! the evening gun!
Oh, hark!—the sound expires! and silence is
sublime.

Moonlight o'er ocean's stillness! on the crest
Of the poor maniac, moonlight!—He is calm;
Calmer he soon will be in endless rest:—
Oh, be thy coolness to his brow as balm, [breast!
And breathe, thou fresh breeze, on his burning
For memory is returning to his brain;
The dreadful past, with worse than wo impress'd;
And torturing time's eternity of pain;
The curse of mind returns! Oh take it back again!

[*A long pause, during which he bends anxiously over Bothwell.*]

Alas! how flutteringly he draws his breath!

Both. My blessed Mary!

Rhin. Calmer he appears—
Sad, fatal symptom! swift approaches death.

Both. Mary! a hand of fire my bosom sears.—
Oh do not leave me!—Heavenly Mary!—years,
Ages of torture pass'd, and thou camest not;
I waited still, and watch'd, but not in tears;
I could not weep; mine eyes are dry and hot,
And long, long since, to shed a tear forgot. [gone!
A word! though it condemn me!—stay! she's
Gone! and to come no more! [*He faints.*]

Rhin. Ah, is it so!

His pilgrimage is o'er, his task is done;
How grimly still he lies! yet his eyes glow,
As with strange meaning. Troubled spirit, go!
How threateningly his teeth are clench'd! how fast
He clutches his grasp'd hair!—hush!—breathless!

No!

Life still is here, though withering hope be past;
Come, bridegroom of despair! and be this sigh
his last.

Both. Where am I? What art thou?

Rhin. Call me a friend,

And this a prison.

Both. Voice of torture, cease!—

Oh, it returns!—terrific vision, end!—
When was it! Yesterday? no matter—peace!
I do remember, and too well, too well!

Rhin. How is it with thee?

Both. Why wilt thou offend?—

Ha! all ye fiends of earth, and ye of hell,
I surely am awake! Thine angel send, [spell!
Thou, king of terrors call'd, and break this hideous

Rhin. A tear! and shed by thee?

Both. I breathed in flame;
The sleepless worm of wrath was busy here;
When—ah, it was a dream!—my lady came,
Lovely and wan in wo, with the big tear
To cool my fever'd soul. In love and fear,
O'er me she bent, as at the hermitage,
When (maim'd in conflict with the mountaineer)
She kiss'd my wounds, while Darnley swell'd with
rage;

Tears only! not a word! she fled!—and I am here.
She fled; and then, within a sable room,
Methought I saw the headsman and the axe;
And men stood round the block, with brows of
gloom,

Gazing, yet mute, as images of wax;
And, while the victim moved to meet her doom,
All wept for Mary Stuart. Pale, she bent,
As when we parted last; yet towards the tomb
Calmly she look'd, and smiling, prayers up sent
To pitying Heaven. A deep and fearful boom
Of mutter'd accents rose, when to the ground
The sever'd head fell bleeding! and, aghast,
Horror on horror stared. And then a sound
Swell'd, hoarsely yelling, on the sudden blast,
As of a female voice that mimic'd wo;
But, as above that hall of death it pass'd,
'T was changed into a laugh, wild, sullen, low, [cast,
Like a fiend's growl, who, from heaven's splendour
Quaffs fire and wrath, where pain's red embers glow.
Do I not know thee? I'm forgetful grown:
Where did I see thee first?

Rhin. Here, even here;
Thy ten years' comrade—still to thee unknown.
In all that time thou didst not shed a tear
Until this hour. Raving, with groan on groan,
Thou speak'st of more than horror, and thy moan
Was torture's music. O'er thy forehead hot
Thine hands were clasp'd; and still wast thou alone,
Brooding o'er things that have been, and are not,
Though I was with thee, almost turn'd to stone,
Here, where I pined for twenty years before
Thy coming.

Both. Thirty years a prisoner!
Here, didst thou say?

Rhin. Ah, thirty years and more.
My wife!—Oh never may I look on her!
My children!

Both. Didst thou spill man's blood; or why?

Rhin. I spilt man's blood in battle. Oh, no more,
Liberty, shall I breathe thy air on high
Where the cloud travels, or along the shore
When the waves frown, like patriots sworn to die!
I met the oppressors of my native land, [afar,)
(Wide waved their plumes o'er Norway's wilds
I met them, breast to breast, and hand to hand,
O'ercome, not vanquish'd, in the unequal war:
And this is Freedom's grave.

Both. Freedom? Thou fool,
Deserving chains! Freedom?—a word to scare
The sceptred babe. Of thy own dream thou tool
And champion, white in folly! From me far
Be rant like thine—of sound a senseless jar.

Rhin. Say, who art thou that ravest of mur-
der'd kings,

And darest, before her champion vow'd, profane
The name of Freedom? Long forgotten things
To my soul beckon; and my hand would fain
(Stung by thy venom) grasp a sword again,
In battle with these tyrants! Gone!—alas!
'T is the death-rattle in the throat—his pain
Draws to a close. Again? Dark spirit, pass!

Both. Lift, lift me up! that on my burning braid
The pallid light may shine! and let me see
Once more the ocean. Thanks! Hail, placid deep!
Oh, the cold light is comfort! and to me
The freshness of the breeze comes like sweet sleep
To him whose tears his painful pillow steep!
When last I saw those billows they were red.
Mate of my dungeon! know'st thou why I weep?
My chariot, and my war-horse, and my bed,
Ocean, before me swells, in all its glory spread
Lovely! still lovely Nature! and a line
Of quivering beams, athwart the wavy space,
Runs like a beauteous road to realms divine,
Ending where sea and stooping heaven embrace.
Crisp'd with glad smiles is ocean's aged face;
Gem'd are the fingers of his wrinkled hand.
Like glittering fishes, in the wanton race,
The little waves leap laughing to the land,
Light following light—an everlasting chase.
Lovely, still lovely! chaste moon, is thy beam
Now laid on Jedburgh's mossy walls asleep,
Where Mary pined for me; or dost thou gleam
O'er Stirling, where I first, in transport deep,
Kiss'd her bless'd hand, when Darnley bade her
weep;

Or o'er Linlithgow and the billows blue,
Where (captured on the forest-waving steep)
She almost fear'd my love, so dear and true;
Or on that sad field, where she could but look adieu?

Rhin. Weep on! if thou, indeed, art he whose
fame
Hath pierced the oblivion even of this tomb,
Where life is buried, and whose fearful name
Amazement loves to speak, while o'er thy doom,
Trembling, he weeps. Did she, whose charms
make tame

All other beauty, Scotland's matchless Queen,
Creation's wonder, on that wither'd frame,
Enamour'd smile! Sweet tears there are, I ween;
Speak then of her, where tears are shed more oft
than seen.

Both. Perhaps the artist might, with cunning
hand,

Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;
And fancy might before the canvass stand,
And deem he saw the unreal bosom move. [glows
But who could paint her heavenly soul, which
With more than kindness—the soft thoughts that
rove

Over the moonlight of her heart's repose—
The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,
Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose?
Oh, hadst thou words of fire, thou couldst not
paint

My Mary in her majesty of mind,
Expressing half the queen and half the saint!
Her fancy, wild as pinions of the wind,
Or sky-ascending eagle, that looks down,

Calm, on the homeless cloud he leaves behind;
Yet beautiful as freshest flower full blown,
That bends beneath the midnight dews reclined;
Or yon resplendent path, o'er ocean's slumber
thrown.

'T was such a night—Oh, never, bless'd thought,
depart!—

When Mary utter'd first, in words of flame,
The love, the guilt, the madness of her heart,
While on my bosom burn'd her cheek of shame.
Thy blood is ice, and therefore, thou wilt blame
The queen, the woman, the adulterous wife,
The hapless, and the fair!—Oh, but her name
Needs not thy mangling! Her disastrous life
Needs not thy curse! Spare, slanderer, spare her
fame!

Then wore the heavens, as now, the clouded veil;
Yet mark'd I well her tears, and that wan smile
So tender, so confiding, whose sweet tale,
By memory told, can even now beguile
My spirit of its gloom! for then the pale
Sultana of the night her form display'd,
Pavilion'd in the pearly clouds afar,
Like brightness sleeping, or a naked maid,
In virgin charms unrivall'd; while each star,
Astonish'd at her beauty, seem'd to fade—
Each planet, envy-stung, to turn aside—
Veiling their blushes with their golden hair.
Oh! moment rich in transport, love, and pride!
Big, too, with wo, with terror, with despair!
While, wrestling thus, I strive to choak my groan,
And, what I cannot shun, may learn to bear,
That moment is immortal, and my own!
Fate from that grasp *that* moment tear!
That moment for an age of might atone!
Poor Rizio of the flute, whom few bewail; [hate.
Worth Mary's tears, was well worth Darnley's
Jealous again! Why, who could e'er prevail,
Monarch or slave, in conflict with his fate!
Behold the King of—Hear it not, chaste night!
King! keep no monkey that has got a tail!
In nought but things emasculate delight!
Let no fly touch her, lest it be a male!
And, like the devil, infest a paradise in spite!

Pride, without honour! body, without soul!
The heartless breast a brainless head implies.
If men are mad, when passion scorns control,
And self-respect with shame and virtue flies, [rude!
Darnley hath long been mad.—Thou coxcomb
Thou reptile, shone on by an angel's eyes!
Intemperate brute, with meanest thoughts imbued!
Dunghill! wouldst thou the sun monopolize?
Wouldst *thou* have Mary's love? for what? In-
gratitude.

The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live;
But souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more:
And deem'st thou that scorn'd woman can forgive?
Darnley, thou dream'st, but not as heretofore!
Mary's feign'd smile, assassin-like, would gore;
There is a snake beneath her sorrowing eye;
The crocodile can weep: with bosom froze
O'er thy sick-bed she heaves a traitorous sigh:
Ah, do not hope to live! she knows that thou
shalt die,

Yet Mary wept for Darnley, while she kiss'd
His murderer's cheek at midnight. Sad was she;
And he, who then had seen her, would have miss'd
The rose that was not where it wont to be,
Or marvell'd at its paleness. None might see
The heart, but on the features there was wo.
Then put she on a mask, and gloomily—
For dance and ball prepared—arose to go:
"Spare, spare my Darnley's life!" she said—but
mean'd she so?

Now bends the murderer—Mark his forehead fell!
What says the dark deliberation there?—
Now bends the murderer—Hark!—it is a knell!—
Hark!—sound or motion? 'T was his cringing hair.
Now bends the murderer—wherefore doth he start?
'T is silence—silence that is terrible!

When he hath business, silence should depart,
And maniac darkness, borrowing sounds from hell,
Suffer him not to hear his throbbing heart?—
Now bends the murderer o'er the dozing king,
Who, like an o'er-gorged serpent, motionless,
Lies drunk with wine, a seeming-senseless thing;
Yet his eyes roll with dreadful consciousness,
Thickens his throat in impotent distress,
And his voice strives for utterance, while that wretch
Doth on his royal victim's bosom press
His knee, preparing round his neck to stretch
The horrible cord. Lo! dark as the alpine vetch,
Stares his wide-open, blood-shot, bursting eye,
And on the murderer flashes vengeful fire;
While the black visage, in dire agony,
Swells, like a bloated toad that dies in ire,
And quivers into fixedness!—On high
Raising the corpse, forth into the moonlight air
The staggering murderer bears it silently,
Lays it on earth, sees the fix'd eye-ball glare,
And turns, affrighted, from the lifeless stare.
Ho! fire the mine! and let the house be rent
To atoms!—that dark guile may say to fear,
"Ah, dire mischance! mysterious accident!
Ah, would it were explain'd!" ah, would it were!
Up, up, the rushing, red volcano went,
And wide o'er earth, and heav'n, and ocean flash'd
A torrent of earth-lightning skyward sent;
O'er heaven, earth, sea, the dread explosion crash'd;
Then, clattering far, the downward fragments dash'd.
Roar'd the rude sailor o'er the illumined sea.
"Hell is in Scotland!" Shudder'd Roslin's hall,
Low'd the scared heifer on the distant lea,
Trembled the city, shriek'd the festival,
Paused the pale dance from his delighted task,
Quaked every masker of the splendid ball;
Raised hands, unanswer'd questions seem'd to ask;
And there was one who lean'd against the wall,
Close pressing to her face, with hands convulsed,
her mask.

And night was *after* that, but *blessed* night
Was never more! for thrilling voices cried
To the dreaming sleep, on the watcher's pale
affright,

"Who murder'd Darnley? Who the match ap-
plied?"

Did Heburn murder Darnley?"—"Fool!" replied
Accents responsive, fang'd with scorpion sting,
In whispers faint, while all was mute beside,

"'Twas the Queen's husband that did kill the King!"

And o'er the murderer's soul swept horror's freezing wing.

Rhin. Terrific, but untrue!—*Have* such things been?

Thy looks say ay! and dire are they to me.

Unhappy King! and more unhappy Queen!

But who the murderer?

Both. What is that to thee?

[chain,

Thinkest thou I kill'd him? Come but near my

Thou base suspecter of scathed misery!

And I will dash the links into thy brain,

And lay thee (champion of the can't-be-free!)

There, for thy insolence—never to rise again.

[*He faints.*]

Rhin. Alas! how farest thou now? Darkness hath chased

The dreadful paleness from thy face; thine eye,

Upturn'd, displays its white; thy cheek is laced

With quivering tortuous folds; thy lip, awry,

Snarls, as thou tearst the straw; the speechless storm

Frowns on thy brow, where drops of agony

Stand thick and headlike; and, while all thy form

Is crumpled with convulsion, threateningly [worm.

Thou breathest, smiting the air, and writhing like a

Both. Treason in arms!—Sirs, ye are envious all.

To Mary's marriage did ye not consent?

Do you deny your signatures—this scrawl

Of your vile names? True, I do not repent

That I divorced my wife to wed the queen;

True, I hate Mar; true, I scorn Huntley's bawl;

True, I am higher now than I have been—

And will remain so, though your heads should fall.

Craig, of the nasal twang, who prayest so well!

Glencairn, of the icy eye, and tawny hide!

If I am prouder than the prince of hell,

Are ye all meanness that ye have no pride?

My merit is my crime. I love my sword,

And that high sin for which the angels fell;

But still agrees my action with my word;

That your's does *not* so, let rebellion tell.

Submit! or perish here! or elsewhere—by the cord.

My comrades, whose brave deeds my heart attests,

Be jocund!—But, ah, see their trembling knees!

Their eyes are vanquish'd—not by the tossing crests,

But by yon rag, the pestilence of the breeze,

Painted with villanous horror! In their breasts

Arduous and manliness make now with fear

A shameful treaty, casting all behests

That honour loves, into the inglorious rear.

By heaven, their cowardice hath sold us here!

Ha! dastards, terror-quell'd as by a charm, [thee,

What! steal ye from the field?—My sword for

Mary! add courage for his cause! *this* arm

Shall now decide the contest!—Can it be?

Did Lindsay claim the fight?—and still lives he?

He lives, and I to say it. Hell's black night

Lower'd o'er my soul, and Darnley scowl'd on me,

And Mary would not let her coward fight,

But bade him barter all for infamy!

Dishonour'd, yet unburied! Morton's face

Wrinkled with insult; while, with cover'd brow,

Bravest Kirkaldy mourn'd a foe's disgrace;

And Murray's mean contempt was mutter'd low.

Pale, speechless Mary wept, almost ashamed
Of him she mourn'd. Flash'd o'er my cheek the glow

Of rage against myself; and undefamed,
Worse than my reputation, and not slow,
I left my soul behind, and fled in wordless wo.

Then ocean was my home, and I became
Outcast of human kind, making my prey
The pallid merchant; and my wither'd name

Was leagu'd with spoil, and havoc, and dismay;

Fear'd, as the lightning fiend, on steed of flame—

The Arab of the sky. And from that day

Mary I saw no more. Sleepless desire

Wept; but *she* came not, even in dreams, to say,

(Until this hour,) "All hopeless wretch, expire!"

Rhin. A troubled dream thy changeful life hath been

Of storm and splendour. Girt with awe and power,

A Thane illustrious; married to a queen;

Obe'd, loved, flatter'd; blasted in an hour;

A homicide; a homeless fugitive

O'er earth, to take a waste without a flower;

A pirate on the ocean, doom'd to live

Like the dark osprey! Could fate sink thee lower?

Defeated, captured, dungeon'd, in this tower

A raving maniac!

Both. Ah, what next? the gloom

Of rayless fire eternal, o'er the foam

Of torment-uttering curses, and the boom

That moans through horror's everlasting home!

Wo, without hope—immortal wakefulness—

The brow of tossing agony—the gloam

Of flitting fiends, who, with taunts pitiless,

Talk of lost honour, rancorous, as they roam

Through night, whose valves no dawn shall ever
bless!—

Accursed who outlives his fame!—Thou scene

Of my last conflict, where the captive's chain

Made me acquainted with despair! serene

Ocean, thou mock'st my bitterness of pain,

For thou, too, sawest me vanquish'd, yet not slain!

Oh, that my heart's-blood had but stain'd the wave,

That I had plung'd never to rise again,

And sought in thy profoundest depths a grave!

White billow! knowest thou Scotland? did thy wet

Foot ever spurn the shell on her loved strand?

There hast thou stoop'd, the sea-weed gray to fret—

Or glaze the pebble with thy crystal hand?

I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand

That sparkles where my infant days were nursed!

Dear is the vilest weed of that wild land

Where I have been so happy, so accursed!

Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand

Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye, [her?

Looking towards Norway? didst thou gaze on

And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh?

Oh, that I were with thee a passenger

To Scotland, the bless'd Thule, with a sky

Changeful, like woman! would, oh, would I were!

But vainly hence my frantic wishes fly,

Who reigns at Holyrood? Is Mary there?

And does she sometimes shed, for him once loved,
a tear?

Farewell, my heart's divinity ! To kiss
 Thy sad lip into smiles of tenderness ;
 To worship at that stainless shrine of bliss ;
 To meet the elysium of thy warm caress ;
 To be the prisoner of thy tears ; to bless
 Thy dark eye's weeping passion ; and to hear
 The word, or sigh, soul-toned, or accentless,
 Murmur for one so vile, and yet so dear— [Fear !
 Alas ! 'tis mine no more !—Thou hast undone me,

Champion of freedom, pray thee, pardon me
 My laughter, if I now can laugh !—(in hell
 They laugh not)—he who doth now address thee
Is Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Hark ! my knell !
 The death-owl shrieks it. Ere I cease to fetch
 These pantings for the shroud, tell me, oh tell !
 Believest thou God !—Blow on a dying wretch,
 Blow, wind that comest from Scotland !—Fare-
 thee-well !

The owl shrieks—I shall have no other passing-bell.
Rhin. As from the chill, bright ice the sunbeam
 flies,

So (but reluctant) life's last light retires
 From the cold mirror of his closing eyes :
 He bids the surge adieu !—falls back—expires !
 No passing bell ! Yea, I that bell will be ;
 Pale night shall hear the requiem of my sighs ;
 My wo-worn heart hath still some tears for thee ;
 Nor will thy shade the tribute sad despise.
 Brother, farewell !—Ah, yes !—no voice replies ;
 But my tears flow—albeit in vain they flow—
 For him who at my feet so darkly sleeps ;
 And freedom's champion, with the locks of snow,
 Now fears the form o'er which he sternly weeps.
 An awful gloom upon my spirit creeps.
 My ten years' comrade ! whither art thou fled ?
 Thou art not here ! Thy lifeless picture keeps
 Its place before me, while, almost in dread,
 I shrink, yet gaze, and long to share thy bed.

[*He retires to a corner of the dungeon
 farthest from the corpse, and there con-
 tinues to gaze upon it in silence.*]

ON SEEING AUDUBON'S "BIRDS OF AMERICA."

"PAINTING is silent music." So said one
 Whose prose is sweetest painting. Audubon !
 Thou Raphael of great Nature's woods and seas !
 Thy living forms and hues, thy plants, thy trees,
 Bring deathless music from the houseless waste—
 The immortality of truth and taste.
 Thou givest bright accents to the voiceless sod ;
 And all thy pictures are mute hymns to God.
 Why hast thou power to bear the untravell'd soul
 Through farthest wilds, o'er ocean's stormy roll ;
 And, to the prisoner of disease, bring home
 The homeless birds of ocean's roaring foam ;
 But that thy skill might bid the desert sing
 The sun-bright plumage of the Almighty's wing ?
 With his own hues thy splendid lyre is strung ;
 For genius speaks the universal tongue, [wine—
 "Come," cries the bigot, black with pride and

"Come and hear *me*—the Word of God is mine!"
 "But I," saith He, who paves with suns his car,
 And makes the storms his coursers from afar,
 And, with a glance of his all-dazzling eye,
 Smites into crashing fire the boundless sky—
 "I speak in this swift sea-bird's speaking eyes,
 These passion-shiver'd plumes, these lucid dyes :
 This beauty is my language ! in this breeze
 I whisper love to forests and the seas ;
 I speak in this lone flower—this dew-drop cold—
 That hornet's sting—yon serpent's neck of gold :
 These are my accents. Hear them ! and behold
 How well my prophet-spoken truth agrees
 With the dread truth and mystery of these
 Sad, beauteous, grand, love-warbled mysteries !"
 Yes, Audubon ! and men shall read in thee
 His language, written for eternity ;
 And if, immortal in its thoughts, the soul
 Shall live in heaven, and spurn the tomb's control,
 Angels shall retranscribe, with pens of fire,
 Thy forms of Nature's terror, love, and ire,
 Thy copied words of God—when death-struck
 suns expire.

THE PRESS.

Gon said—"Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away ;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried—" 'Tis day ! 'tis day !"
 "Hail, holy light !" exclaim'd
 The thunderous cloud, that flamed
 O'er daises white ;
 And lo ! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast ;
 And, blushing, murmur'd—"Light !"
 Then was the skylark born ;
 Then rose the embattled corn ;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon ;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad !
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the *mind* of man !
 By the swart artisan !
 By God, our Sire !
 Our souls have holy light within.
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
 The night of minds is gone !

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless:
 O pallid Want! O Labour stark!
 Behold, we bring the second ark!
 The Press! the Press! the Press!

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BEFORE thy leaves thou comest once more,
 White blossom of the sloe!
 Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
 But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
 Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
 Thou comest, pale flower, to me;
 For well thou knowest the frosty rime
 Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
 No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lowers
 O'er Nature's silent shroud!
 But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
 High o'er the doom'd untimely flowers
 In beauty bowed.

Sweet violets, in the budding grove,
 Peep where the glad waves run;
 The wren below, the thrush above,
 Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
 Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
 Hears bees chant hymns to God,
 The breeze-bow'd palm, moss'd o'er with gold,
 Smiles on the well in summer cold,
 And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
 And flowers in winter blow,
 To tell me that the worm makes room
 For me, her brother, in the tomb,
 And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
 Foretells an eve of tears,
 A sunbeam on the sadden'd lawn
 I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
 In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
 Will see no leaf of mine;
 Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
 When my young leaves are withering
 Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
 When June's sweet Sabbath's chime!
 But, thine before my time, O death!
 I go where no flower blossometh,
 Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
 Vanish, and long ere noon

The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
 So fair I bloom'd; and was I born
 To die as soon?

To love my mother and to die—
 To perish in my bloom!
 Is this my sad brief history?—
 A tear dropp'd from a mother's eye
 Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
 By early sorrow tried;
 He smiled, he sigh'd, he past away;
 His life was but an April day—
 He loved and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
 But turns away to weep:
 They whisper round me—what they say
 I need not hear, for in the clay
 I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow! sad it is
 To be both tried and true;
 I ever trembled in my bliss;
 Now there are farewells in a kiss—
 They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue-bells fade,
 Where Don reflects the skies;
 And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
 Will ramble where my boyhood play'd,
 Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
 And bowers, as heretofore,
 Beneath their load of roses reel;
 But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
 No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
 Where late we stood and wept;
 For I was stricken when he died—
 I felt the arrow as he sigh'd
 His last and slept.

COME AND GONE.

THE silent moonbeams on the drifted snow
 Shine cold, and pale, and blue,
 While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow
 Cast on the iced oak's trunk and gray rock's brow
 A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,
 Like happy groom and bride,
 With azure green, and emerald-orange glare,
 Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
 Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns bright,
 And Hannah at the door,
 Stands—through the clear, cold moon'd, and
 starry night,
 Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height,
 O'er the white moor.

"Tis Christmas eve! and, from the distant town,
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,
Old Alfred watcheth calm;
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he,
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,
Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not? Yea, from the wind-swept hill
The cottage-fire he sees;
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;
In thought, the sheep-boy's call;
In thought, he meets his mother at the door;
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds, who died when he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter; vain her prayer to see
Poor Edwin yet again:—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more!

No more with her will hear the bittern boom
At evening's dewy close!
No more with her will wander where the broom
Contents in beauty with the hawthorn bloom
And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,
Recalls us when we roam!
In living light it bids the dimm'd eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—that sweet word hath turn'd his pale lip red,
Relum'd his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;
The early rose, that seem'd for ever dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home!—Behold the cottage of the moor,
That hears the sheep-boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open door
With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,
"Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands are press'd;
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed:
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?
Why dread the hectic flower, which blossometh
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when, like the birds,
He cull'd the wild flower's bloom,
And roam'd the moorland, with the houseless herds;

They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,
"Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still, almost till morning beamed,
They talk'd of Jane—then slept.
But, though he slept, his eyes, half-open, gleam'd;
For still of dying Jane her brother dream'd,
And, dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought
The churchyard where she lies. [wrought;
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep
In the heart's depth awake.
To his sad mother, pausing oft to weep,
He gave a token, which he bade her keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,
Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, for ever! could they less
Than bless and love that type of tenderness!—
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherish'd thought they wore;
And till their latest breath,
Bless'd him, and kiss'd his last gift o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more
In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

FOREST WORSHIP.

WITHIN the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God! they can't prevent
The lone wildflowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree-tops,
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see:
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God! in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher prays, "Lord, bless us!"
"Lord, bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;
"Amen!" the rill replies:
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying,
But here, O God of earth and heaven!
The humble heart is praying!

How softly, in the pauses
 Of song, re-echoed wide,
 The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
 O'er rill and river glide!
 With evil deeds of evil men
 The affrighted land is ringing;
 But still, O Lord! the pious heart
 And soul-toned voice are singing!

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth:
 "Wo to the oppressor, wo!"
 But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun
 And sadden'd flowers below;
 So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
 Deride his indignation,
 And see not in the gather'd brow
 Your days of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
 The tempest bursts above:
 God whispers in the thunder: hear
 The terrors of his love!
 On useful hands, and honest hearts,
 The base their wrath are wreaking;
 But, thank'd be God! they can't prevent
 The storm of heaven from speaking.

RIBBLEDDIN; OR THE CHRISTENING.

No name hast thou! lone streamlet
 That lovest Rivilin.
 Here, if a bard may christen thee,
 I'll call thee "Ribbledin;"
 Here, where first murmuring from thine urn,
 Thy voice deep joy expresses;
 And down the rock, like music, flows
 The wildness of thy tresses.

Here, while beneath the umbrage
 Of Nature's forest bower,
 Bridged o'er by many a fallen birch,
 And watch'd by many a flower,
 To meet thy cloud-descended love,
 All trembling, thou retirest—
 Here will I murmur to thy waves
 The sad joy thou inspirest.

Dim world of weeping mosses!
 A hundred year ago,
 Yon hoary-headed holly tree
 Beheld thy streamlet flow:
 See how he bends him down to hear
 The tune that ceases never!
 Old as the rocks, wild stream, he seems,
 While thou art young for ever.

Wildest and lonest streamlet!
 Gray oaks, all lichen'd o'er!
 Rush-bristled isles! ye ivied trunks
 That marry shore to shore!
 And thou, gnarl'd dwarf of centuries,
 Whose snaked roots twist above me!
 Oh for the tongue or pen of Burns,
 To tell you how I love ye!

Would that I were a river,
 To wonder all alone

Through some sweet Eden of the wild,
 In music of my own;
 And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew,
 Distill'd o'er mountains hoary,
 Return unto my home in heaven
 On wings of joy and glory!

Or that I were the lichen,
 That, in this roofless cave,
 (The dim geranium's lone boudoir,)
 Dwells near the shadow'd wave,
 And hears the breeze-bow'd tree-top's sigh,
 While tears below are flowing,
 For all the sad and lovely things,
 That to the grave are going!

Oh that I were a primrose,
 To bask in sunny air!
 Far, far from all the plagues that make
 Town-dwelling men despair!
 Then would I watch the building-birds,
 Where light and shade are moving,
 And lovers' whisper, and love's kiss,
 Rewards the loved and loving!

Or that I were a skylark
 To soar and sing above,
 Filling all hearts with joyful sounds,
 And my own soul with love!
 Then o'er the mourner and the dead,
 And o'er the good man dying,
 My song should come like buds and flowers,
 When music warbles flying.

Oh, that a wing of splendour,
 Like yon wild cloud, were mine!
 Yon bounteous cloud, that gets to give,
 And borrows to resign!
 On that bright wing, to climes of spring
 I'd bear all wintry bosoms,
 And bid hope smile on weeping thoughts,
 Like April on her blossoms;

Or like the rainbow, laughing
 O'er Rivilin and Don,
 When misty morning calleth up
 Her mountains, one by one,
 While glistening down the golden broom,
 The gem-like dew-drop raineth,
 And round the little rocky isles
 The little wave complaineth.

Oh, that the truth of beauty
 Were married to my rhyme!
 That it might wear a mountain charm
 Until the death of Time!
 Then, Ribbledin! would all the best
 Of sorrow's sons and daughters
 See truth reflected in my song,
 Like beauty on thy waters.

No longer, nameless streamlet,
 That marriest Rivilin!
 Henceforth, lone Nature's devotees
 Would call thee "Ribbledin,"
 Whenever, listening where thy voice
 Its first wild joy expresses,
 And down the rocks all wildly flows
 The wildness of thy tresses.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
 Though thou the vale disdain,
 Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
 The wonders of the lane.
 High o'er the rushy springs of Don
 The stormy gloom is roll'd ;
 The moorland hath not yet put on
 His purple, green, and gold.
 But here the titling spreads his wing,
 Where dewy daises gleam ;
 And here the sun-flower of the spring
 Burns bright in morning's beam.
 To mountain winds the famish'd fox
 Complains that Sol is slow
 O'er headlong steepes and gushing rocks
 His royal robe to throw.
 But here the lizard seeks the sun,
 Here coils in light the snake ;
 And here the fire-tuft hath begun
 Its beauteous nest to make.
 Oh then, while hums the earliest bee
 Where verdure fires the plain,
 Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
 The glories of the lane !
 For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
 This roof of sky and tree,
 These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
 And wakes the earliest bee !
 As spirits from eternal day
 Look down on earth secure,
 Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
 A world in miniature !
 A world not scorn'd by Him who made
 Even weakness by his might ;
 But solem in his depth of shade,
 And splendid in his light.
 Light ! not alone on clouds afar
 O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
 Or widely teaching sun and star,
 Thy glorious thoughts are read ;
 Oh, no ! thou art a wondrous book,
 To sky, and sea, and land—
 A page on which the angels look,
 Which insects understand !
 And here, O light ! minutely fair,
 Divinely plain and clear,
 Like splinters of a crystal hair,
 Thy bright small hand is here.
 Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
 Is Huron, girt with wood ;
 This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
 And that, Niagara's flood.
 What tidings from the Andes brings
 Yon line of liquid light,
 That down from heaven in madness flings
 The blind foam of its might ?
 Do I not hear his thunder roll—
 The roar that ne'er is still ?
 'Tis mute as death !—but in my soul
 It roars, and ever will.
 What forests tall of tiniest moss
 Clothe every little stone !

What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
 O'er pigmy valleys lone !
 With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
 Ambitious of the sky,
 Thy feather o'er the steepest edge
 Of mountains mushroom high.
 O God of marvels ! who can tell
 What myriad living things
 On these gray stones unseen may dwell ;
 What nations, with their kings !
 I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
 While fate perchance o'erwhelms
 Empires on this subverted stone—
 A hundred ruin'd realms !
 Lo ! in that dot, some mite, like me,
 Impell'd by wo or whim,
 May crawl some atom cliffs to see—
 A tiny world to him !
 Lo ! while he pauses, and admires
 The works of Nature's might,
 Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
 And all to him is night !
 O God of terrors ! what are we !—
 Poor insects, spark'd with thought !
 Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
 Could smite us into nought !
 But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
 And mix it with the deep,
 Safe in the hollow of thine hand
 Thy little ones would sleep.

HYMN.

NUNSE of the Pilgrim sires, who sought,
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 For fearless truth and honest thought,
 A refuge and a home !
 Who would not be of them or thee
 A not unworthy son,
 That hears, amid the chain'd or free,
 The name of Washington !
 Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox !
 King-shaming Cromwell's throne !
 Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes !
 Earth's greatest are thine own :
 And shall thy children forge base chains
 For men that would be free ?
 No ! by thy Elliots, Hampdens, Vanes,
 Pym, Sydneys, yet to be !
 No !—for the blood which kings have gorged
 Hath made their victims wise,
 While every lie that fraud hath forged
 Veils wisdom from his eyes :
 But time shall change the despot's mood :
 And mind is mightiest then,
 When turning evil into good,
 And monsters into men.
 If round the *soul* the chains are bound
 That hold the world in thrall—
 If tyrants laugh when men are found
 In brutal fray to fall—

Lord! let not Britain arm her hands,
Her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands,
Thy family of man.

For freedom if thy Hampden fought;
For peace if Falkland fell;
For peace and love if Bentham wrote,
And Burns sang wildly well—
Let knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song:
"Love, liberty, and peace!"

Then, Father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy, like these:—
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give;
Lord!—Jesus died for love and thee!
So let thy children live!

THOMAS.

THOU art not dead, my son! my son!
But God hath hence removed thee:
Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
While lives the sire who loved thee.
How canst thou die, while weeps for thee
The broken heart that bore thee;
And e'en the thought that thou art not
Can to her soul restore thee?
Will grief forget thy willingness
To run before thy duty?
The love of all the good and true,
That fill'd thine eyes with beauty?
Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
When others had offended,
That made thee look as angels look,
When great good deeds are ended?
The strength with which thy soul sustain'd
Thy woes and daily wasting?
Thy prayer, to stay with us, when sure
That thou from us wast hasting!
And that last smile, which seem'd to say—
"Why cannot ye restore me?"
Thy look'd farewell is in my heart,
And brings thee still before me.
What though the change, the fearful change,
From thought, which left thee never,
To unremembering ice and clay,
Proclaim thee gone for ever?
Thy half-closed lids, thy upturn'd eyes,
Thy still and lifeless tresses;
Thy marble lip, which moves no more,
Yet more than grief expresses;
The silence of thy coffin'd snow,
By awed remembrance cherish'd;
These dwell with me, like gather'd flowers,
That in their April perish'd.
Thou art not gone, thou canst not go,
My bud, my blasted blossom!

The pale rose of thy faded face
Still withers in my bosom.
O Mystery of Mysteries,
That took'st my poor boy from me!
What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
If weakness can o'ercome thee?
We hear thee not! we see thee not,
E'en when thy arrows wound us;
But, viewless, printless, echoless,
Thy steps are ever round us.
Though more than life a mystery
Art thou, the undeceiver,
Amid thy trembling worshippers
Thou seest no true believer.
No!—but for life, and more than life,
No fearful search could find thee:
Tremendous shadow! who is He
That ever stands behind thee?
The Power who bids the worm deny
The beam that o'er her blazes,
And veils from us the holier light
On which the seraph gazes,
Where burns the throne of Him, whose name
The sunbeams here write faintly;
And where my child a stranger stands
Amid the blest and saintly,
And sobs aloud—while in his eyes
The tears, o'erflowing, gather—
"They come not yet!—until they come,
Heaven is not Heaven, my father!
Why come they not? why comes not she
From whom thy will removes me?
Oh, does she love me—love me still?
I know my mother loves me!
Then send her soon! and with her send
The brethren of my bosom!
My sisters too! Lord, let them all
Bloom round the parted blossom!
The only pang I could not bear
Was leaving them behind me:
I cannot bear it. Even in heaven
The tears of parting blind me!"

SLEEP.

SLEEP! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
Thy stillness is the planet's speed;
Thy weakness is unmeasured might;
Sparks from the hoof of death's pale steed—
Worlds flash and perish in thy sight.
The daring will to thee alone—
The will and power are given to thee—
To lift the veil of the unknown,
The curtain of eternity—
To look uncensured, though unbidden,
On marvels from the seraph hidden!
Alone to be—where none have been!
Alone to see—what none have seen!
And to astonish'd reason tell
The secrets of the Unsearchable!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A VOICE of grief and anger—
 Of pity mix'd with scorn—
 Moans o'er the waters of the west,
 Through fire and darkness borne;
 And fiercer voices join it—
 A wild triumphant yell!
 For England's foes, on ocean slain,
 Have heard it where they fell.

What is that voice which cometh
 Athwart the spectred sea?
 The voice of men who left their homes
 To make their children free;
 Of men whose hearts were torches
 For freedom's quenchless fire;
 Of men, whose mothers brave brought forth
 The sire of Franklin's sire.

They speak!—the Pilgrim Fathers
 Speak to ye from their graves!
 For earth hath murther'd to their bones
 That we are soulless slaves!
 The Bradfords, Carvers, Winslows,
 Have heard the worm complain,
 That less than men oppress the men
 Whose sires were Pym and Vane!

What saith the voice which boometh
 Athwart the upbraiding waves?
 "Though slaves are ye, our sons are free,
 Then why will you be slaves!
 The children of your fathers
 Were Hampden, Pym, and Vane!"
 Land of the sires of Washington,
 Bring forth such men again!

A GHOST AT NOON.

THE day was dark, save when the beam
 Of noon through darkness broke;
 In gloom I sate, as in a dream,
 Beneath my orchard oak;
 Lo! splendour, like a spirit, came,
 A shadow like a tree!
 While there I sat, and named her name,
 Who once sat there with me.

I started from the seat in fear;
 I look'd around in awe;
 But saw no beauteous spirit near,
 Though all that was I saw;
 The seat, the tree, where oft, in tears,
 She mourn'd her hopes o'erthrown
 Her joys cut off in early years,
 Like gather'd flowers half-blown.

Again the bud and breeze were met,
 But Mary did not come;
 And e'en the rose, which she had set,
 Was fated ne'er to bloom!

The thrush proclaim'd, in accents sweet,
 That winter's rain was o'er;
 The bluebells throng'd around my feet,
 But Mary came no more.

I think, I feel—but when will she
 Awake to thought again?
 A voice of comfort answers me,
 That God does nought in vain:
 He wastes nor flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
 Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
 And will he waste the hope which grief
 Hath planted in the grave?

CORN LAW HYMN.

LORD! call thy pallid angel—
 The tamer of the strong!
 And bid him whip with want and wo
 The champions of the wrong!
 Oh say not thou to ruin's flood,
 "Up sluggard! why so slow?"
 But alone let them groan,
 The lowest of the low;
 And basely beg the bread they curse,
 Where millions curse them now!

No; wake not thou the giant
 Who drinks hot blood for wine;
 And shouts unto the east and west,
 In thunder-tones like thine;
 Till the slow to move rush all at once,
 An avalanche of men,
 While he raves over waves
 That need no whirlwind then;
 Though slow to move, moved all at once,
 A sea, a sea of men!

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

FLOWERS! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
 The mother cannot speak:
 Oh softly couch his little head,
 Or Mary's heart will break!
 Amid those curls of flaxen hair
 This pale pink ribbon twine,
 And on the little bosom there
 Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone,
 The coffin'd infant lies!
 Look, mother, on thy little one!
 And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
 More deadly pale and still:
 Flowers! oh, a flower! a winter rose,
 That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
 Bends o'er the unfailing well;
 Beneath the furrow fingers yet
 The scarlet pimpernel.

Peeps not a snow-drop in the bower,
 Where never froze the spring?
 A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
 The half-blown daisy bring!

Yes, lay the daisy's little head
 Beside the little cheek;
 Oh haste! the last of five is dead!
 The childless cannot speak!

REGINALD HEBER.

THIS eminent prelate and accomplished scholar was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, on the twenty-first of April, 1783, and in his seventeenth year was sent to Brazen Nose College, Oxford. While here he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem, and greatly distinguished himself by a poem in English entitled *Palestine*. Unlike the mass of undergraduate prize poems, *Palestine* attained at once a high reputation which promises to be permanent. On receiving his bachelor's degree, Mr. HEBER travelled in Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, and wrote notes and observations, from which many curious passages are given in the well-known journals of Dr. EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE. On his return, he published *Europe, a Poem*, and was elected to a fellowship in All Soul's College. He was soon after presented with a living in Shropshire, and for several years devoted himself with great assiduity to his profession. He however found time, while discharging his parochial duties, to make some admirable translations from Pindar, and to write many of his beautiful hymns and other brief poems, a volume of which was published in 1812. Three years afterward, he was appointed to deliver the Bampton Lectures, and fulfilled the duty in so able a manner as to add greatly to his literary reputation. In 1822 he was elected to the important office of preacher of Lincoln's Inn; in the same year appeared his edition of the works of JEREMY TAYLOR, with notes and an elaborate memoir; and in 1823 he embarked for the East Indies, having accepted the appointment to the bishopric of the see of Calcutta, made vacant by the death of Dr. Middleton. He held his first visitation in the Cathedral of the capital of Hindostan, on Ascension day, 1824, and from that time devoted himself with great earnestness and untiring industry to missionary labours. He left Calcutta to visit the different presidencies of his extensive diocese, and while at Tirutchinopoli, on the second of April, 1826, was seized with an apoplectic fit, which on the following day ter-

minated his life, in the forty-third year of his age. He was a man of the most elevated character, whose history was itself a poem of stateliest and purest tone, and most perfect harmony. In the church he was like MELANTHON, the healer of bruised hearts, the reconciler of all differences, the most enthusiastic yet the most placid of all the teachers of religion. In society he was a universal favourite, from his varied knowledge, his remarkable colloquial powers, and his unvarying kindness. India never lost more in a single individual than when HEBER died.

The lyrical writings of HEBER possess great and peculiar merits. He is the only Englishman who has in any degree approached the tone of PINDAR, his translations from whom may be regarded as nearly faultless; and his hymns are among the sweetest which English literature contains, breathing a fervent devotion in the most poetical language and most melodious verse. I doubt whether there is a religious lyric so universally known in the British empire or in our own country, as the beautiful missionary piece beginning "From Greenland's icy mountains." The fragments of *Morte d'Arthur*, the *Mask of Gwendolen*, and the *World before the Flood*, are not equal to his *Palestine*, *Europe*, or minor poems; but they contain elegant and powerful passages. The only thing unworthy of his reputation which I have seen is *Blue Beard*, a serio-comic oriental romance, which I believe was first published after his death.

The widow of Bishop HEBER, a daughter of Dean Shipley, of St. Asaph, and a woman whose gentleness, taste, and learning made her a fit associate for a man of genius, has published his *Life*, and his *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay*, each in two volumes quarto. A complete edition of his *Poetical Works* has been issued by Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia, and his *Memoirs*, *Travels*, *Sermons*, and other prose writings, have also been reprinted in this country.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us 'Thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beast of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us 'Thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

WAKE not, O mother ! sounds of lamentation !
 Weep not, O widow ! weep not hopelessly !
 Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
 Strong is the Word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him :
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall :
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :
 Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all !

Why pause the mourners ? Who forbids our weep-
 ing ?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd ?
 "Set down the bier,—he is not dead but sleeping !
 Young man, arise !" —He spake, and was obey'd !

Change, then, O sad one ! grief to exultation :
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
 Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation ;
 Strong was the Word of God to succour thee !

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not de-
 plore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb ;
 Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before
 thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
 the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion for-
 saking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardest was the
 seraphim's song !

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not
 deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
 guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

SONG.

THERE is, they say, a secret well,
 In Ardennes' forest gray,
 Whose waters boast a numbing spell,
 That memory must obey.

Who tastes the rill so cool and calm
 In passion's wild distress,
 Their breasts imbibe the sullen balm
 Of deep forgetfulness.

And many a maid has sought the grove,
 And bow'd beside the wave ;
 But few have borne to lose the love
 That wore them to the grave.

No ! by these tears, whose ceaseless smart
 My reason chides in vain ;
 By all the secret of a heart
 That never told its pain.

By all the walks that once were dear,
 Beneath the green-wood bough ;
 By all the songs that soothed his ear
 Who will not listen now.

By every dream of hope gone by
 That haunts my slumber yet,—
 A love-sick heart may long to die,
 But never to forget !

FAREWELL.

WHEN eyes are beaming
 What never tongue might tell ;
 When tears are streaming
 From their crystal cell,
 When hands are link'd that dread to part,
 And heart is met by throbbing heart,
 Oh bitter, bitter is the smart,
 Of them that bid farewell !

When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the breast to dwell,
 When, fetter'd by a viewless chain
 We turn and gaze and turn again,
 Oh, death were mercy to the pain
 Of those that bid farewell !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole!
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

THE BRITISH BOW.

Ye spirits of our fathers,
 The hardy, bold, and free,
 Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
 A fourfold enemy!
 From us who love your sylvan game,
 To you the song shall flow,
 To the fame of your name
 Who so bravely bent the bow.

'Twas merry then in England,
 (Our ancient records tell,)
 With Robin Hood and Little John
 Who dwelt by down and dell;
 And yet we love the bold outlaw
 Who braved a tyrant foe,
 Whose cheer was the deer,
 And his only friend the bow!

'Twas merry then in England
 In autumn's dewy morn,
 When echo started from her hill
 To hear the bugle-horn.
 And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
 In garb of green did go
 The shade to invade
 With the arrow and the bow.

Ye spirits of our fathers!
 Extend to us your care,
 Among your children yet are found
 The valiant and the fair!
 'Tis merry yet in Old England,
 Full well her archers know,
 And shame on their name
 Who despise the British bow.

VERSES TO MRS. HEBER.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gayly would our pinnacle glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
 When, on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Beholds me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry mead,
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain;
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits
 By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
 Across the dark blue sea;
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE father and grandfather of the late ALLAN CUNNINGHAM were farmers, in Blackwood, a place of much natural beauty, near Dumfries, in Scotland, where the poet was born on the seventh of December, 1784. When eleven years of age, he was taken from the parish school and apprenticed to his elder brother, a stone mason, with whom he remained until he became a skilful workman. The practical knowledge thus acquired was of much value to him when in later years he wrote his "Lives of British Architects," a work as distinguished for judicious criticism as for accuracy of statement and the attractive simplicity of its style.

The first publications of CUNNINGHAM were several lyrical pieces in CROMER'S "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," a volume of which they constituted the most pleasing contents. They attracted the attention of Dr. PERCY, who declared them to be too good for antiques; they were praised by SCOTT,* and their popularity, surprising as much as it gratified the author, led to an acknowledgment of their paternity.

In 1810 CUNNINGHAM finally abandoned the trowel for the pen, and went to London. An early and judicious marriage secured to him a quiet and happy home. From the suffering experienced by so many men of genius, the excitements and the ruin of HOOK, MAGINN, and others among his contemporaries, he was thus saved. His moral worth was equal to his intellectual accomplishments, and he won the success which in nearly all instances attends upon talents united with industry and integrity. Among his earliest publications were "Mark Macrabin, or the Covenanters," a prose story of considerable power printed in "Blackwood," and a series of tales and traditions in the London Magazine. These, and

his "Paul Jones" and "Sir Michael Scott," we have never seen, but we believe them to be inferior to his more recent novels.

At the end of four years from the commencement of his life in the metropolis, CUNNINGHAM entered the studio of Sir FRANCIS CHANTRY, where he remained until the death of that eminent sculptor, who is supposed to have been much indebted to him for the marks of imagination and fancy which appear in his works. He still found time for literary pursuits, and in a short period wrote several prose fictions, and "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem, the scenery and characters of which belong to his native district. In 1825 he published his "Scottish Song," in which are preserved the finest lyrics of his native country, with copious traditional and critical notes; in 1831, "Lives of Eminent Painters and Sculptors," which has been reprinted in *Harpers' Family Library*, and the "Lives of British Architects," to which we have before alluded. In 1832 he wrote "The Maid of Elvar," the last and the best of his larger poems. It is a rural epic, smoothly versified, and containing many pleasing pictures of scenery and life. Among his more recent works were "Lord Roldan," a novel, "The Life and Land of Burns," and "Memoirs of Sir David Wilkie," the last of which he finished but two days before his own death, which occurred on the twenty-ninth of October, 1843.

Cunningham commenced many years ago, "The Lives of the Poets from Chaucer to Coleridge," a work which he was well qualified to write, but it was never finished. In the "Life and Land of Burns," is a fine portrait of "Honest Allan," as SCOTT was wont to call him, exhibiting in vigorous proportions, penetrating eyes, and countenance expressive of power and gentleness, the most striking qualities of the man. He is presented in the tartan, symboling that love of Scotland which he ever cherished, and which is also shown in the selection of the subjects of his works, in their style, and in their spirit.

* SIR WALTER SCOTT says, in his introductory epistle to "The Fortunes of Nigel," "With a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may perhaps only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that. There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read, Captain. 'It's hame, and it's hame,' is equal to BURNS."

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,—
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast :
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high :
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free,—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horn'd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark ! the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud :
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free,—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

Go seek in the wild glen
 Where streamlets are falling,
 Go seek on the lone hill
 Where eurlaws are calling ;
 Go seek when the clear stars
 Shine down without number,
 For there shall ye find him
 My true love in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
 The glen was forsaken ;
 They sought on the mountain,
 'Mang lang lady-bracken ;
 And sore, sore they hunted
 My true love to find him,
 With the strong bands of iron
 To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
 Where the falcon is flying,
 To show me the den where
 This hold traitor's lying—
 Oh make me of Nithsdale's
 Fair princedom the heiress,
 Is that worth one smile of
 My gentle Hugh Herries ?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
 And ripe fruits, I found him,
 And safe in my fond arms
 I clasp'd and I wound him ;
 I warn you go not where
 My true lover tarries,
 For sharp smites the sword of
 My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds,
 Away they went sweeping,
 And behind them dames wail'd, and
 Fair maidens went weeping ;
 But deep in yon wild glen,
 'Mang banks of blae-berries,
 I dwell with my loved one,
 My gentle Hugh Herries.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

Oh ! my love's like the steadfast sun,
 Or streams that deepen as they run :
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
 Nor moments between sighs and fears ;
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
 Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain,—
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
 To sober joys and soften woes,
 Can make my heart or fancy flee
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
 In maiden bloom and matron wit ;
 Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood :
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
 We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
 Set on the sea an hour too soon ;
 Or linger'd mid the falling dew,
 When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
 Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet ;
 And time, and care, and birth-time woes
 Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose :
 To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
 All that charms me of tale or song ;
 When words come down like dews unsought,
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought ;
 And fancy in her heaven flies free,—
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
 To silver than some give to gold,
 'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
 What things should deck our humble bower !
 'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
 The golden fruit from fortune's tree ;
 And sweeter still, to choose and twine
 A garland for these locks of thine ;
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
 While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
 Grave moments of sedater thought,—
 When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;
 And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower :
 Oh then I see, while seated nigh,
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;
 And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
 Speak of thee more than words can speak,—
 I think the wedded wife of mine
 The best of all that's not divine !

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will
 be fain,
 As I pass through Annan Water, with my bonnie
 bands again;
 When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the
 tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
 But I'll water 't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
 And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 There's nought now from ruin my country can save
 But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
 That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalty
 May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
 O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
 The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
 The new green grass is growing aboon their bloody
 grave;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

THE SHEPHERD SEEKS HIS GLOWING
HEARTH.

THE shepherd seeks his glowing hearth,
 The fox calls from the mountain,
 The folded flocks are white with rime,
 Swans seek the silent fountain;
 And midnight starless is and drear,
 And Ae's wild waters swelling,
 Far up the lonesome greenwood glen,
 Where my fair maiden's dwelling.

Wild is the night—green July's eve,
 Ne'er balmier seem'd or warmer;
 For I sing thy name, and muse on thee,
 My mild and winsome charmer;
 Thy bower sheds far its trysting light
 Through the dark air of December—
 Thy father's dreaming o'er his wealth,
 Thy mother's in her chamber.

Now is the time for talk, my love,
 Soft sighing, mutual wishing,
 Heart-throbbings, interchange of vows,
 Words breathed mid holy kissing;
 All worldly maxims, wise men's rules,
 My raptured soul disdaineth;
 For with my love the world is lost
 And all the world containeth.

AWAKE, MY LOVE!

AWAKE, my love! ere morning's ray
 Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;
 Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
 Licks from her fleece the clover dew:
 Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
 By hunters roused from secret springs:
 Or birds upon the boughs awake,
 Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.
 She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
 Laced her green jupes, and clasp'd her shoon;
 And from her home, by Preston-burn,
 Came forth the rival light of morn.
 The lark's song dropp'd,—now loud, now hush,—
 The goldspink answer'd from the bush;
 The plover, fed on heather crop,
 Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
 Grows into gold from silvery gray,
 To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
 Instinct with soul of song awake;—
 To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
 Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
 Where yon blithe mower hastes along
 With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
 The moral of yon carolling lark?
 Takest thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
 The warning precept of her song?
 Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
 Warms its wild note with nuptial love;
 The bird, the bee, with various sound,
 Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

MY AIN COUNTRY.

The sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he;
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had
 In my ain countree.
 Oh! gladness comes to many,
 But sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countree.

Oh! it's not my ain ruin
 That saddens aye my e'e,
 But the love I left in Galloway,
 Wi' bonnie bairns three;
 My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
 And smiled my fair Marie,—
 I've left a' my heart behind me,
 In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
 An' the blossom to the bee,
 But I win back—oh never!
 To my ain countree.
 I'm leal to the high heaven,
 Which will be leal to me;
 An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countree.

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON was born in 1784, and was educated in one of the seminaries of the Society of Friends. He subsequently took up his residence at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where he held a situation in a banking-house. His first publication was an anonymous miscellany entitled "Metrical Effusions," which was followed in 1818 by "Poems by an Amateur," and in the next year by a volume under his proper signature, which was favourably noticed in the literary gazettes, and was reprinted from the third London edition in Philadelphia. In 1826, he published "Napoleon

and other Poems," and we believe he has since written several small works in prose and verse. From the Life and Correspondence of LAMB, by Sergeant TALFOURD, we learn that BARTON belonged to the circle of intimate friends in whose society that gentlemanly humourist so much delighted. Many of LAMB's most familiar and characteristic letters were addressed to the Quaker poet.

BARTON's style is diffuse, but simple and graceful. His poetry is generally descriptive and meditative, tender and devoted, and animated by cheerful views of life.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have been

On the day of its first dedication, [seen
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were
On high on the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore thee;

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then,
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd,
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle where is reveal'd
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven?

Who having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee;

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught
To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought,
Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman, believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

TO THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the free and fearless wing!
Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray,
Until the spacious welkin ring
With thy enlivening matin lay!
I love to track thy heavenward way
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy song, as blithe and gay
As heaven above looks pure and bright.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
Has heaven a joyous lot assign'd;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
Would seem therein thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind,
At day's return, this lower earth;
And soaring, as on wings of wind,
To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour!
When dewdrops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
Has lit the busy humming bee;
Pure as all nature is to thee,
Thou with an instinct half divine,
Winkest thy fearless flight so free
Up toward a still more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might man,
Creation's lord, a lesson take:
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan
The glories that around thee gather,

Thus bidd'st a sleeping world awake
 To joy and praise—Oh! how much more
 Should mind, immortal, earth forsake,
 And man look upward to adore!
 Bird of the happy, heavenward song!
 Could but the poet act thy part,
 This soul, upborne on wings as strong
 As thought can give, from earth might start:
 And he, with far diviner art
 Than genius ever can supply,
 As thou the ear, might glad the heart,
 And bring down music from the sky!

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
 Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorr'd,
 Shall ne'er defile again;
 The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
 Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.
 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness pass'd away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquer'd there!
 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt be
 A path, though thorny, bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light!

TO MARY.

It is not alone while we live in the light
 Of friendship's kindling glance,
 That its beams so true, and so tenderly bright,
 Our purest joys can enhance:—
 But that ray shines on through a night of tears,
 And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear
 The accents of friendship steal,
 That we know the extent of the joy so dear,
 Which its touching tones reveal:—
 'Tis in after moments of sorrow and pain,
 Their echo surpasses music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we
 Have look'd on each other's face,
 Yet thy memory is fondly cherish'd by me,
 For my heart is its dwelling-place;
 And, if on this earth we should meet no more,
 It must linger there still until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day
 Through some enchanting vale,—
 Should he, when the mists of evening are gray,
 Some neighbouring mountain scale,—
 Oh! will he not stop, and look back to review
 The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toil'd up life's steep hill
 Some steps,—since we parted last,
 Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still
 On the few bright spots I have pass'd:—
 And some of the brightest, dear Mary! to me,
 Were the lovely ones I enjoy'd with thee.

I know not how soon dark clouds may shade
 The valley of years gone by;
 Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade
 In the mists of an evening sky:—
 But—till quench'd in the lustre of life's setting sun,
 I shall look back at times, as I now have done.

TO A PROFILE.

I KNEW thee not! then wherefore gaze
 Upon thy silent shadow there,
 Which so imperfectly portrays
 The form thy features used to wear?
 Yet have I often look'd at thee,
 As if those lips could speak to me.

I knew thee not! and thou couldst know,
 At best, but little more of one
 Whose pilgrimage on earth below
 Commenced, just ere thine own was done;
 For few and fleeting days were thine,
 To hope or fear for lot of mine.

Yet few and fleeting as they were,
 Fancy and feeling picture this,
 They prompted many a fervent prayer,
 Witness'd, perchance, a parting kiss;
 And might not kiss, and prayer, from thee,
 At such a period, profit me?

Whether they did or not, I owe
 At least this tribute to thy worth;
 Though little all I can bestow,
 Yet fond affection gives it birth;
 And prompts me, as thy shade I view,
 To bless thee, whom I never knew!

FAREWELL.

NAY, shrink not from the word "farewell!"
 As if 'twere friendship's final knell;
 Such fears may prove but vain:
 So changeful is life's fleeting day,
 Whene'er we sever—hope may say,
 "We part—to meet again!"

E'en the last parting heart can know,
 Brings not unutterable woe,
 To souls that heavenward soar;
 For humble faith, with steadfast eye,
 Points to a brighter world on high,
 Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
 May meet—to part no more.

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born on the nineteenth of October, 1784, at Southgate in Middlesex. His father, a clergyman of the established church, was an American refugee, and his mother a sister of BENJAMIN WEST, President of the Royal Academy. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where LAMB and COLERIDGE were his school-fellows; and was subsequently for some time in the office of an attorney; but he abandoned the study of the law to accept a place under government, which he held until the establishment of the Examiner, by himself and his brother, in 1809. The Examiner was violent in its politics, and was for many years conducted with great ability and success. HUNT was several times prosecuted by the government, and was imprisoned two years in the Surrey jail for a libel on the Prince Regent. He covered the walls of his cell with garlands, however, and wrote as industriously as ever. It was while a prisoner that he composed *The Feast of the Poets*, *The Descent of Liberty*, and *The Story of Rimini*. It was in this period, also, that he became acquainted with Lord BYRON. He has been censured, and I think justly, for his conduct towards the noble poet, respecting whose faults gratitude might have made him silent, for BYRON had been a liberal friend when his friendship was serviceable to him.

In 1816 HUNT established *The Reflector*, a quarterly magazine; afterward, in conjunction with SHELLEY and BYRON, *The Liberal*, and, with HAZLITT, *The Round Table*. He also published in weekly numbers *The Indicator* and *The Companion*, two of the most delightful series of essays in the English language. In the preface to the last edition of these papers he tells us that they "were written during times of great trouble with him, and helped him to see much of that fair play between his own anxieties and his natural cheerfulness, of which an indestructible belief in the good and the beautiful has rendered him perhaps not undeserving." In 1840 he published a selection of his contributions to various periodicals under the title of *The Seer*, or *Common-Places Refreshed*, "to show that the more we look at any thing in this beautiful

and abundant world with a desire to be pleased with it, the more we shall be rewarded by the loving Spirit of the universe with discoveries which await only the desire." His other principal prose writings are *Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres*, and *Recollections of Lord Byron* and some of his Contemporaries.

The best of HUNT's poems is *The Story of Rimini*. In the edition of his *Poetical Works* published by Moxon in 1844, it is much altered: the morality is improved, and the catastrophe is conformed to history. Besides this and the other poems to which I have alluded, he has written *Hero and Leander*, *The Palfrey*, *Captain Sword* and *Captain Pen*, *Blue Stocking Revels* or *the Feast of Violets*, *The Legend of Florence*, *Miscellaneous Poems*, and a volume of *Translations*.

One of HUNT's most apparent characteristics is his cheerfulness. His temperament is obviously mercurial. His fondness for the gayer class of Italian writers indicates a sympathy with southern buoyancy not often encountered in English poetry. His versification is easy and playful; too much so, indeed, for imposing effect. He seems to have written generally under the inspiration of high animal spirits. His sentiment is lively and tender, rather than serious and impressive. The reviewers have censured him with rather too much severity for occasional affectations. With a few exceptions on this score his *Story of Rimini* is a charming poem. *The Legend of Florence*, written at a later period, is one of the most original and captivating of modern plays. Many of his *Epistles* glow with a genial humour and spirit of fellowship which betray fine social qualities. He lives obviously in his affections, and cultivates literature with refined taste rather than with lukewarm assiduity.

HUNT's intimacy with SHELLEY and KEATS is well known to every one acquainted with the lives of those great poets. He is still, as in earlier days, a general favourite in society, and has more and warmer personal friends than almost any other literary man in England.

FROM THE LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

AGOLANTI AND HIS LADY.

Is all except a heart, and a black shade
Of superstition, he is man enough !
Has a bold blood, large brain, and liberal hand
As far as the purse goes ; albeit he likes
The going to be blown abroad with trumpets.
Nay, I won't swear he does not love his wife
As well as a man of no sort of affection,
Nor any domestic tenderness, can do so.
He highly approves her virtues, talents, beauty :
Thinks her the sweetest woman in all Florence,
Partly, because she is,—partly, because
She is his own, and glorifies his choice ;
And therefore he does her the honour of making her
The representative and epitome
Of all he values,—public reputation,
Private obedience, delighted fondness,
Grateful return for his unamiableness,
Love without bounds, in short, for his self-love :
And as she finds it difficult, poor soul,
To pay such reasonable demands at sight
With the whole treasure of her heart and smiles,
The gentleman takes pity on—himself !
Looks on himself as the most unresponded to
And unaccountably ill-used bad temper—
In Tuscany ; rages at every word
And look she gives another ; and fills the house
With miseries, which, because they ease himself
And his vile spleen, he thinks her bound to suffer ;
And then finds malice in her very suffering !

... And yet, observe now :—
Such is poor human nature, at least such
Is poor human inhuman nature in this man,
That if she were to die, I verily think
He'd weep, and sit at the receipt of pity,
And call upon the gods, and think he loved her !

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

A chamber hung with purple, and containing a cabinet picture of the Madonna, but otherwise little furnished. Agolanti is here alone, until the entrance of Ginevra, while he is speaking, upon which he closes the door over the picture, hands her a chair, and adjusts another for himself, but continues to stand.

Agol. Every way she opposes me, even with arms
Of peace and love. I bade remove that picture
From this deserted room. Can she have had it
Brought back this instant, knowing how my anger,
Just though it be, cannot behold unmoved
The face of suffering heaven ? O, artifice
In very piety ! 'Twere piety to veil it
From our discourse, and look another way.

Gin. (*Cheerfully.*) The world seems glad after
its hearty drink

Of rain. I fear'd, when you came back this morning,
The shower had stopp'd you, or that you were ill.

Agol. You fear'd ! you hoped. What fear you
that I fear,

Or hope for that I hope for ? A truce, madam,
To these exordiums and pretended interests,
Whose only shallow intent is to delay,
Or to divert, the sole dire subject,—me.
Soh ! you would see the spectacle ! you, who start

At openings of doors and falls of pins.
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady's nerves ;
And a good hacking blow at a tournament
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn for a stimulus
To pretty household tremblers.

Gin. I express'd

No wish to see the tournament, nor indeed
Any thing, of my own accord ; or contrary
To your good judgment.

Agol. O, of course not ! Wishes
Are never express'd for, or by, contraries ;
Nor the good judgment of an anxious husband
Held forth as a pleasant thing to differ with.

Gin. It is as easy as sitting in my chair
To say, I will not go : and I will not.
Be pleased to think that settled.

Agol. The more easily
As 'tis expected *I should* go, is it not ?
And then you will sit happy at receipt
Of letters from Antonio Rondinelli.

Gin. Return'd unopen'd, sir.

Agol. How many ?

Gin. Three.

Agol. You are correct as to those three. How many
Open'd ? Your look, madam, is wondrous logical ;
Conclusive by mere pathos of astonishment ;
And cramm'd with scorn from pure unscornfulness.
I have, 'tis true, strong doubts of your regard
For him, or any one ; of your love of power
None, as you know I have reason ; though you take
Ways of refined provokingness to wreak it.
Antonio knows these fools you saw but now,
And fools have foolish friendships, and bad leagues
For getting a little power, not natural to them,
Out of their laugh'd-at betters. Be it as it may,
All this, I will not have these prying idlers
Put my domestic troubles to the blush ;
Nor you sit thus in ostentatious meekness
Playing the victim with a pretty breath,
And smiles that say "God help me !" Well, madam,
What do *you* say ?

Gin. I say I will do whatever
You think best, and desire.

Agol. And make the worst of it
By whatsoever may mislead, and vex ?
There—now you make a pretty sign, as though
Your silence were compell'd.

Gin. What can I say,
Or what, alas ! not say, and not be chided ?
You should not use me thus. I have not strength
for it

So great as you may think. My late sharp illness
Has left me weak.

Agol. I've known you weaker, madam,
But never feeble enough to want the strength
Of contest and perverseness. Oh, men too !
Men may be weak, even from the magnanimity
Of strength itself ; and women can take poor
Advantages, that were in men but cowardice.

Gin. (*Aside*) Dear Heaven ! what humblest
doubts of our self-knowledge
Should we not feel, when tyranny can talk thus ?

Agol. Can you pretend, madam, with your sur-
passing
Candour and heavenly kindness, that you never

Utter'd one gentle-sounding word, not meant
To give the hearer pain? me pain? your husband?
Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend
To be unlike.

Gin. I cannot dare pretend it.
I am a woman, not an angel.

Ago. Ay, [then
See there—you have! you own it! how pretend
To make such griefs of every petty syllable,
Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn?

Gin. One pain is not a thousand; nor one wrong,
Acknowledged and repented of, the habit
Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

Ago. Of unprovoked! Oh, let all provocation
Take every brutish shape it can devise
To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,
Grind it in want, stoop it with family shames,
Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,
Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium
Makes the soul swoon within its range, for want
Of some great answer, terrible as it's wrong,
And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,
Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of lies,
This angel-mimicking non-provocation
From one too cold to enrage, and weak to tread on!
You never loved me once—You loved me not—
Never did—no—not when before the altar,
With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded coldness
And lie on your lips, you took me for your husband,
Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,
By, but not for, the man you scorn'd to love!

Gin. I scorn'd you not—and knew not what
scorn was—

Being scarcely past a child, and knowing nothing
But trusting thoughts and innocent daily habits.
Oh, could you trust yourself—But why repeat
What still is thus repeated day by day,
Still ending with the question, "Why repeat?"

[*Rising and moving about.*]

You make the blood at last mount to my brain,
And tax me past endurance. What have I done,
Good God! what have I done, that I am thus
At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny,
Which from its victim demands every virtue,
And brings it none?

Ago. I thank you madam, humbly,
That was sincere at least.

Gin. I beg your pardon.
Anger is ever excessive, and speaks wrong.

Ago. This is the gentle, patient, unprovoked
And unprovoking, never-answering she!

Gin. Nay, nay, say on; I do deserve it—I
Who speak such evil of anger, and then am angry,
Yet you might pity me too, being like yourself
In fellowship there at least.

Ago. A taunt in friendliness!
Meekness's happiest condescension!

Gin. No,
So help me heaven! I but spoke in consciousness
Of what was weak on both sides. There's a love
In that, would you but know it, and encourage it.
The consciousness of wrong, in wills not evil,
Brings charity. Be you but charitable,
And I am grateful, and we both shall learn.

Ago. I am conscious of no wrong in this dispute,

Nor when we dispute, ever,—except the wrong
Done to myself by a will far more wilful,
Because less moved, and less ingenuous.
Let them get charity that show it.

Gin. (*who has rescued herself.*) I pray you,
Let Fiordilisa come to me. My lips
Will show you that I faint.

[*Agolanti rings a bell on the table; Fiordilisa enters to her mistress*]

Ago. When you have seen your mistress well
again,

Go to Matteo; and tell him, from herself,
That 'tis her orders she be excused at present
To all that come, her state requiring it,
And convalescence. Mark you that addition.

She's getting well; but to get well, needs rest. [*Exit.*]

Fior. Needsrest! alas! when will you let her rest,
But in her grave? My lady! My sweet mistress!

[*Applying a volatile to her temples.*]

She knows me. He has gone: the Signor's gone.
(*Aside.*) She sighs, as though she mourn'd him.

Gin. (*listening.*) What's that?

Fior. Nothing, madam; I heard nothing.

Gin. Every thing

Gives me a painful wonder; you, your face, [man
These walls. My hand seems to me not more hu-
Than animal; and all things unaccountable.

'Twill pass away. What's that? [*An organ is heard.*]

Fior. Yes, I hear that.

'Tis Father Anselmo, madam, in the chapel,
Touching the new organ. In truth, I ask'd him,
Thinking that, as the Signor is so moved
By whatsoever speaks to him of religion,
It might have done no harm to you and him, madam,
To hear it while conversing. But he's old
And slow, is the good father.

[*Ginevra kisses her, and then weeps abundantly.*]

Gin. Thank heaven! thank heaven and the
sweet sounds! I have not
Wept, Fiordilisa, now for many a day,
And the sound freshens me; loosens my heart.

[*Music is heard.*]

O blessed music! at thy feet we lie,
Pitied of angels surely.

Fior. Perhaps, madam,

You will rest here, and try to sleep awhile? [oe,

Gin. No, Fiordilisa: (*rising*) meeting what must
Is half commanding it; and in this breath
Of heaven my mind feels duty set erect
Fresh out of tears. Bed is for night, not day,
When duty's done. So cheer we as we may.

FANCY.

FANCY's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man's piecer-out; the art of nature,
Painting her landscapes twice; the spirit of fact,
As matter is the body; the pure gift
Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man
In all things fitting else, is most a man;
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.

TO LORD BYRON.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ITALY AND GREECE.

SINCE you resolve, dear Byron, once again
To taste the far-eyed freedom of the main,
And as the coolness lessens in the breeze,
Strike for warm shores that bathe in classic seas,—
May all that hastens, pleases, and secures,
Fair winds and skies, and a swift ship, be yours,
Whose sidelong deck affords, as it cuts on,
An airy slope to lounge and read upon;
And may the sun, cool'd only by white clouds
Make constant shadows of the sails and shrouds;
And may there be sweet, watching moons at night,
Or shows, upon the sea, of curious light;
And morning wake with happy-blushing mouth,
As though her husband still had "eyes of youth;"
While fancy, just as you discern from far
The coasts of Virgil and of Sannazzar,
May see the nymphs emerging, here and there,
To tie up at the light their rolling hair.

I see you now, half-eagerness, half-ease,
Ride o'er the dancing freshness of the seas;
I see you now (with fancy's eyesight too)
Find, with a start, that lovely vision true,
While on a sudden, o'er the horizon's line
Phœbus looks forth with his long glance divine,
At which old ocean's white and shapely daughters
Crowd in the golden ferment of the waters,
And halcyons brood, and there's a glistering show
Of harps midst bosoms and long arms of snow;
And from the breathing sea, in the God's eye,
A gush of voices breaks up to the sky
To hail the laurel'd bard, that goes careering by.

And who, thus gifted, but must hear and see
Wonders like these, approaching Italy!—
Enchantress Italy,—who born again
In Gothic fires, woke to a sphery strain,
And rose and smiled, far lovelier than before,
Copier of Greece and Amazon no more,
But altogether a diviner thing,
Fit for the Queen of Europe's second spring,
With fancies of her own, and finer powers
Not to enslave these mere outsiders of ours,
But bend the godlike mind, and crown it with her
flowers.

Thus did she reign, bright-eyed, with that sweet
tone
Long in her ears; and right before her throne
Have sat the intellectual Graces three,
Music, and painting, and wing'd poetry,
Of whom were born those great ones, thoughtful-
faced,
That led the hierarchy of modern taste;—
Heavenly composers, that with bow symphonious
Drew out, at last, music's whole soul harmonious;
Poets, that knew how Nature should be woo'd,
With frank address, and terms heart-understood;
And painters, worthy to be friends of theirs,
Hands that could catch the very finest airs
Of natural minds, and all that soul express
Of ready concord, which was made to bless,
And forms the secret of true amorousness.

Not that our English clime, how sharp soe'er,
Yields in ripe genius to the warmest sphere;
For what we want in sunshine out of doors,
And the long leisure of abundant shores,
By freedom, nay by sufferance, is supplied,
And each man's sacred sunshine, his fire-side.
But all the four great masters of our song,
Stars that shine out amidst a starry throng,
Have turn'd to Italy for added light,
As earth is kiss'd by the sweet moon at night;—
Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,
Spenser for flowers to fill his isles and vales,
And Shakspeare's self for frames already done
To build his everlasting piles upon.
Her genius is more soft, harmonious, fine;
Our's bolder, deeper, and more masculine:
In short, as woman's sweetness to man's force,
Less grand, but softening by the intercourse,
So the two countries are,—so may they be,—
England the high-soul'd man, the charmer Italy.

But I must finish, and shall chatter less
On Greece, for reasons which yourself may guess.
Only remember what you promised me
About the flask from dark-well'd Castally,—
A draught, which but to think of, as I sit,
Makes the room round me almost turn with wit.
Gods! What may not come true, what dream
divine,

If thus we are to drink the Delphic wine!
Remember too elsewhere a certain town,
Whose fame, you know, Cæsar will not hand down.

And pray, my Lord, in Italy take care,
You that are poet, and have pains to bear,
Of lovely girls, that step across the sight,
Like Houris in a heaven of warmth and light,
With rose-cushion'd mouths, in dimples set,
And ripe dark tresses and glib eyes of jet.
The very language, from a woman's tongue,
Is worth the finest of all others sung.

And so adieu, dear Byron,—dear to me
For many a cause, disinterestedly;—
First, for unconscious sympathy, when boys,
In friendship, and the Muse's trying joys;—
Next for that frank surprise, when Moore and you
Came to my cage, like warblers kind and true,
And told me, with your arts of cordial lying,
How well I look'd, when you both thought me
dying;—

Next for a rank worn simply, and the scorn
Of those who trifle with an age free-born;—
For early storms, on fortune's basking shore,
That cut precocious ripeness to the core;—
For faults unbidden, other's virtue's own'd;
Nay, unless Cant's to be at once enthroned,
For virtues too, with whatsoever blended,
And e'en were none possess'd, for none pretended;—
Lastly, for older friends, fine hearts, held fast
Through every dash of chance, from first to last;—
For taking spirit as it means to be,—
For a stretch'd hand, ever the same to me,—
And total, glorious want of vile hypocrisy.

Adieu, adieu:—I say no more.—God speed you!
Remember what we all expect, who read you.

THE FATAL PASSION.*

Now why must I disturb a dream of bliss,
And bring cold sorrow 'twixt the wedded kiss?
How mar the face of beauty, and disclose
The weeping days that with the morning rose,
And bring the bitter disappointment in,—
The holy cheat, the virtue-binding sin,—
The shock, that told this lovely, trusting heart,
That she had given, beyond all power to part,
Her hope, belief, love, passion, to one brother,
Possession, (oh, the misery!) to another!

Some likeness was there 'twixt the two,—an air
At times, a cheek, a colour of the hair,
A tone, when speaking of indifferent things;
Nor, by the scale of common measurings,
Would you say more perhaps, than that the one
Was more robust, the other finelier spun;
That of the two, Giovanni was the graver,
Paulo the livelier, and the more in favour.

Some tastes there were indeed, that would prefer
Giovanni's countenance as the martialler;
And 'twas a soldier's truly, if an eye
Ardent and cool at once, drawn-back and high,
An eagle's nose and a determined lip
Were the best marks of manly soldiership.
Paulo's was fashion'd in a different mould,
And surely the more fine: for though 'twas bold,
When boldness was required, and could put on
A glowing frown as if an angel shone,
Yet there was nothing in it one might call
A stamp exclusive or professional.—
No courtier's face, and yet its smile was ready,—
No scholar's, yet its look was deep and steady,—
No soldier's, for its power was all of mind,
Too true for violence, and too refined.
The very nose, lightly yet firmly wrought,
Show'd taste; the forehead a clear-spirited thought;
Wisdom look'd sweet and inward from his eye;
And round his mouth was sensibility:—
It was a face, in short, seem'd made to show
How far the genuine flesh and blood could go;—
A morning glass of unaffected nature,—
Something, that baffled looks of loftier feature,—
The visage of a glorious human creature.

If any points there were, at which they came
Nearer together, 'twas in knightly fame,
And all accomplishments that art may know,—
Hunting, and princely hawking, and the bow,
The rush together in the bright-eyed list,
Fore-thought chess, the riddle rarely miss'd,
And the decision of still knottier points.
With knife in hand, of boar and peacock joints.—
Things, that might shake the fame that 'Tristan got,
And bring a doubt on perfect Launcelot.†
But leave we knighthood to the former part;
The tale I tell is of the human heart.

The worst of Prince Giovanni, as his bride
Too quickly found, was an ill-temper'd pride.

Bold, handsome, able (if he chose) to please,
Punctual and right in common offices,
He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,
The scattering smiles on this uneasy earth,
And on the strength of virtues of small weight,
Claim'd tow'rd's himself the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning with his sweets and sour;—
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleas'd to cheer himself a space,
Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience,—so design'd to keep
Stern, central watch, though all things else go
sleep,

And so much knowledge of one's self there lies
Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
That no suspicion would have touch'd him more,
Than that of wanting on the generous score;
He would have whelm'd you with a weight of scorn,
Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In short, ill-temper'd for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb.
Taste had he, in a word, for high-turn'd merit,
But not the patience, nor the genial spirit.
And so he made, 'twixt virtue and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect,
Which, if assisted by his high degree,
It gave him in some eyes a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the many,
Left him at last unlovable with any.

From this complexion in the reigning brother
His younger birth perhaps had saved the other.
Born to a homage less gratuitous,
He learn'd to win a nobler for his house;
And both from habit and a genial heart,
Without much trouble of the reasoning art,
Found this the wisdom and the sovereign good,—
To be, and make, as happy as he could.
Not that he saw, or thought he saw, beyond
His general age, and could not be as fond
Of wars and creeds as any of his race,—
But most he loved a happy human face;
And wheresoe'er his fine, frank eyes were thrown,
He struck the looks he wish'd for, with his own.
So what but service leap'd where'er he went!
Was there a tilt-day or a tournament,—
For welcome grace there rode not such another,
Not yet for strength, except his lordly brother.
Was there a court-day, or a feast, or dance,
Or minstrelsy with roving plumes from France,
Or summer party to the greenwood shade,
With lutes prepared, and cloth on herbage laid,
And ladies' laughter coming through the air,—
He was the readiest and the blithest there;
And made the time so exquisitely pass
With stories told with elbow on the grass,
Or touch'd the music in his turn so finely.
That all he did, they thought, was done divinely.

The lovely stranger could not fail to see
Too soon this difference, more especially
As her consent, too lightly now, she thought,
With hopes far different had been strangely bought;
And many a time the pain of that neglect
Would strike in blushes o'er her self-respect:

* The Third Canto of Rinaldo.

† The two famous knights of the Round Table, great huntmen, and of course great carvers. Boars and peacocks, served up whole, the latter with the feathers on, were eminent dishes with the knights of old, and must have called forth all the exercise of this accomplishment.

But since the ill was cureless, she applied
 With busy virtue to resume her pride,
 And hoped to value her submissive heart
 On playing well a patriot daughter's part,
 Trying her new-found duties to prefer
 To what a father might have owed to her.
 The very day too when her first surprise
 Was full, kind tears had come into her eyes
 On finding, by his care, her private room
 Furnish'd, like magic, from her own at home ;
 The very books and all transported there,
 The leafy tapestry, and the crimson chair,
 The lute, the glass that told the shedding hours,
 The little urn of silver for the flowers,
 The frame for broidering, with a piece half done,
 And the white falcon, basking in the sun,
 Who, when he saw her, sidled on his stand,
 And twined his neck against her trembling hand.
 But what had touch'd her nearest, was the thought,
 That if 't were destined for her to be brought
 To a sweet mother's bed, the joy would be
 Giovanni's too, and his her family :—
 He seem'd already father of her child, [smiled.
 And on the nestling pledge in patient thought she
 Yet then a pang would cross her, and the red
 In either downward cheek startle and spread,
 To think that he, who was to have such part
 In joys like these, had never shared her heart ;
 But then she chased it with a sigh austere ;
 And did she chance, at times like these, to hear
 Her husband's footstep, she would haste the more,
 And with a double smile open the door,
 And hope his day had worn a happy face ;
 Ask how his soldiers pleased him, or the chase,
 Or what new court had sent to win his sovereign
 grace.

The prince, at this, would bend on her an eye
 Cordial enough, and kiss her tenderly ;
 Nor, to say truth, was he in general slow
 To accept attentions, flattering to bestow ;
 But then meantime he took no generous pains,
 By mutual pleasing, to secure his gains ;
 He enter'd not, in turn, in her delights,
 Her books, her flowers, her taste for rural sights ;
 Nay scarcely her sweet singing minded he,
 Unless his pride was roused by company ;
 Or when to please him, after inertial play,
 She strain'd her lute to some old fiery lay
 Of fierce Orlando, or of Ferumbras,
 Or Ryan's cloak, or how by the red grass
 In battle you might know where Richard was.

Yet all the while, no doubt, however stern
 Or cold at times, he thought he loved in turn,
 And that the joy he took in her sweet ways,
 The pride he felt when she excited praise,
 In short, the enjoyment of his own good pleasure,
 Was thanks enough, and passion beyond measure.

She, had she loved him, might have thought so too :
 For what will love's exalting not go through,
 Till long neglect, and utter selfishness,
 Shame the fond pride it takes in its distress ?
 But ill prepared was she, in her hard lot,
 To fancy merit where she found it not,—
 She, who had been beguiled,—she, who was made
 Within a gentle bosom to be laid,—

To bless and to be bless'd,—to be heart-bare
 To one who found his better'd likeness there,—
 To think for ever with him, like a bride,—
 To haunt his eye, like taste personified,—
 To double his delight, to share his sorrow,
 And like a morning beam, to wake him every
 morrow.

Paulo, meantime, who ever since the day
 He saw her sweet looks bending o'er his way,
 Had stored them up, unconsciously, as graces
 By which to judge all other forms and faces,
 Had learnt, I know not how, the secret snare,
 Which gave her up, that evening, to his care.
 Some babbler, may be, of old Guido's court,
 Or foolish friend had told him, half in sport :
 But to his heart the fatal flattery went ;
 And grave he grew, and inwardly intent,
 And ran back, in his mind, with sudden spring,
 Look, gesture, smile, speech, silence, every thing,
 E'en what before had seem'd indifference,
 And read them over in another sense.
 Then would he blush with sudden self-disdain,
 To think how fanciful he was, and vain ;
 And with half-angry, half-regretful sigh,
 Tossing his chin, and feigning a free eye,
 Breathe off, as 'twere, the idle tale, and look
 About him for his falcon or his book,
 Scorning that ever he should entertain [pain.
 One thought that in the end might give his brother

This start however came so often round,—
 So often fell he in deep thought, and found
 Occasion to renew his carelessness,
 Yet every time the power grown less and less,
 That by degrees, half-wearied, half-inclined,
 To the sweet struggling image he resign'd ;
 And merely, as he thought, to make the best
 Of what by force would come about his breast,
 Began to bend down his admiring eyes
 On all her touching looks and qualities,
 Turning their shapely sweetness every way,
 Till 'twas his food and habit day by day,
 And she became companion of his thought ;
 Silence her gentleness before him brought,
 Society her sense, reading her books,
 Music her voice, every sweet thing her looks,
 Which sometimes seem'd, when he sat fix'd awhile,
 To steal beneath his eyes with upward smile
 And did he stroll into some lonely place,
 Under the trees, upon the thick soft grass,
 How charming, would he think, to see her here !
 How heighten'd then, and perfect would appear
 The two divinest things in earthly lot,
 A lovely woman in a rural spot !

Thus daily went he on, gathering sweet pain
 About his fancy, till it thrill'd again :
 And if his brother's image, less and less,
 Startled him up from his new idleness,
 'T was not—he fancied,—that he reason'd worse,
 Or felt less scorn of wrong, but the reverse.
 That one should think of injuring another,
 Or trenching on his peace,—this too a brother,—
 And all from selfishness and pure weak will,
 To him seem'd marvellous and impossible.
 'T is true, thought he, one being more there was,
 Who might meantime have weary hours to pass,—

One weaker too to bear them,—and for whom?—
No matter;—he could not reverse her doom;
And so he sigh'd and smiled, as if one thought
Of paltering could suppose that *he* was to be caught.

Yet if she loved him, common gratitude,
If not, a sense of what was fair and good,
Besides his new relationship and right,
Would make him wish to please her all he might;
And as to thinking,—where could be the harm,
If to his heart he kept its secret charm?
He wish'd not to himself another's blessing,
But then he might console for not possessing;
And glorious things there were, which but to see
And not admire, were mere stupidity:
He might as well object to his own eyes
For loving to behold the fields and skies,
His neighbour's grove, or story-painted hall;
'T was but the taste for what was natural;
Only his fav'rite thought was loveliest of them all.

Concluding thus and happier that he knew
His ground so well, near and more near he drew;
And, sanction'd by his brother's manner, spent
Hours by her side, as happy as well-meant.
He read with her, he rode, he train'd her hawk,
He spent still evenings in delightful talk,
While she sat busy at her broidery frame;
Or touch'd the lute with her, and when they came
To some fine part, prepared her for the pleasure,
And then with double smile stole on the measure.

Then at the tournament,—who there but she
Made him more gallant still than formerly,
Couch o'er his tighten'd lance with double force,
Pass like the wind, sweeping down man and horse,
And franklier than than ever, midst the shout
And dancing trumpets ride, uncover'd, round
about?

His brother only, more than hitherto,
He would avoid, or sooner let subdue,
Partly from something strange unfelt before,
Partly because Giovanni sometimes wore
A knot his bride had work'd him, green and gold:—
For in all things with nature did she hold;
And while 't was being work'd, her fancy was
Of sunbeams mingling with a tuft of grass.

Francesca from herself but ill could hide
What pleasure now was added to her side,—
How placidly, yet fast, the days flew on
Thus link'd in white and loving unison;
And how the chair he sat in, and the room,
Began to look, when he had fail'd to come.
But as she better knew the cause than he,
She seem'd to have the more necessity
For struggling hard, and rousing all her pride;
And so she did at first; she even tried
To feel a sort of anger at his care:
But these extremes brought but a kind despair;
And then she only spoke more sweetly to him
And found her failing eyes give looks that melted
through him.

Giovanni too, who felt relieved indeed
To see another to his place succeed,
Or rather filling up some trifling hours,
Better spent elsewhere, and beneath his powers,
Left the new tie to strengthen day by day,
Talk'd less and less, and longer kept away,

Secure in his self-love and sense of right,
That he was welcome most, come when he might.
And doubtless, they, in their still finer sense,
With added care repaid this confidence,
Turning their thoughts from his abuse of it,
To what on their own parts was graceful and was fit.

Ah now, ye gentle pair,—now think awhile,
Now, while ye still can think, and still can smile;
Now, while your generous hearts have not been
grieved

Perhaps with something not to be retrieved,
And ye have still, within, the power of gladness,
From self-resentment free, and retrospective mad-
ness!

So did they think—but partly from delay,
Partly from fancied ignorance of the way,
And most from feeling the bare contemplation,
Give them fresh need of mutual consolation,
They scarcely tried to see each other less,
And did but meet with deeper tenderness,
Living, from day to day, as they were used,
Only with graver thoughts, and smiles reduced,
And sighs more frequent, which, when one would
heave,

The other long'd to start up and receive.
For whether some suspicion now had cross'd
Giovanni's mind, or whether he had lost
More of his temper lately, he would treat
His wife with petty scorn, and starts of heat,
And, to his own omissions proudly blind,
O'erlook the pains she took to make him kind,
And yet be angry, if he thought them less;
He found reproaches in her meek distress,
Forcing her silent tears, and then resenting,
Then almost angrier grown from half repenting,
And, hinting, at the last, that some there were
Better perhaps than he, and tastefuller,
And these, for what he knew,—he little cared,—
Might please her, and be pleased, though he de-
spair'd.

Then would he quit the room, and half-disdain
Himself for being in so harsh a strain.
And venting thus his temper on a woman;
Yet not the more for that changed he in common,
Or took more pains to please her, and be near:—
What! should he truckle to a woman's tear?

At times like these the princess tried to shun
The face of Paulo as too kind a one;
And shutting up her tears with final sigh,
Would walk into the air, and see the sky,
And feel about her all the garden green,
And hear the birds that shot the covert boughs
between.

A noble range it was, of many a rood,
Wall'd round with trees, and ending in a wood:
Indeed the whole was leafy; and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seem'd smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flush'd with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-colour'd box,
Hyacinth, handsome with its clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,

The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
 All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,
 With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between
 Of citron, honeysuckle, and jessamine,
 With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
 And look as if they shade a golden fruit;
 And midst the flowers, turf'd round beneath a shade
 Of circling pines, a babbling fountain play'd,
 And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
 Which through the darksome tops glimmer'd with
 show'ring light.

So now you walk'd beside an odorous bed
 Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;
 And now turn'd off into a leafy walk,
 Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;
 And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
 Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
 Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
 And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;
 And then perhaps you enter'd upon shades,
 Pillow'd with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
 Through which the distant palace, now and then,
 Look'd lordly forth with many-window'd ken;
 A land of trees, which reaching round about,
 In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out,
 With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,
 To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
 Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
 Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
 And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
 And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;
 And all about, a lovely sky of blue
 Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd through;
 And here and there, in every part, were seats,
 Some in the open walks, some in retreats;
 With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
 Look'd up half-sweetly and half-awfully,—
 Places of nestling green, for poets made,
 Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
 The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,
 Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, halfway,
 And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,
 A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:—
 It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
 Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,
 The birch and poplar mix'd with heavier trees;
 From under which, sent through a marble spout,
 Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gush'd out,
 Whose low, sweet talking seem'd as if it said
 Something eternal to that happy shade.
 The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers
 Heap'd towards the centre, and with citron bowers;
 And in the midst of all, cluster'd with bay
 And myrtle, and just gleaming to the day,
 Lurk'd a pavilion.—a delicious sight.—
 Small, marble, well-proportion'd, mellow white,
 With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—
 And a young orange either side the door.
 The door was to the wood, forward, and square,
 The rest was domed at top, and circular;
 And through the dome the only light came in,
 Ting'd, as it enter'd, with the vine-leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,
 Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still;

By some supposed the work of fairy hands,
 Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands,—
 Alcina, or Morgana,—who from fights
 And errant fame enveigled amorous knights,
 And lived with them in a long round of blisses,
 Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.
 But 't was a temple, as its sculpture told,
 Built to the nymphs that haunted there of old;
 For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice
 By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
 Of sylvan drinks and food, simple and sweet,
 And goats with struggling horns and planted feet:
 And round about, ran on a line with this
 In like relief, a world of Pagan bliss,
 That show'd, in various scenes, the nymphs them-
 selves:

Some by the water-side on bowery shelves
 Leaning at will,—some in the water sporting
 With sides half swelling forth, and looks of courting,
 Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain
 Play on his pipe, till the hills ring again,—
 Some tying up their long moist hair, some sleeping
 Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peeping,—
 Or sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see
 The latter in the brakes come creepingly,
 While from their careless urns, lying aside
 In the long grass, the straggling waters slide.
 Never, be sure, before or since was seen
 A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

All the green garden, flower-bed, shade, and plot,
 Francesca loved, but most of all this spot.
 Whenever she walk'd forth, wherever went,
 About the grounds, to this at last she bent:
 Here she had brought a lute and a few books;
 Here would she lie for hours, with grateful looks
 Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves,
 The vernal rain-drops counting from the caves,
 And all that promising, calm smile we see
 In nature's face, when we look patiently.
 Then would she think of heaven; and you might
 hear

Sometimes when every thing was hush'd and clear,
 Her gentle voice from out those shades emerging,
 Singing the evening anthem to the virgin.
 The gardeners and the rest, who served the place,
 And blest whenever they beheld her face,
 Knelt when they heard it, bowing and uncover'd,
 And felt as if in air some sainted beauty hover'd.

One day,—'t was on a summer afternoon,
 When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
 And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
 And shades have heavy outlines in the sun,—
 The princess came to her custom'd bower
 To get her, if she could, a soothing hour,
 Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares
 Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs,
 And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light.
 The vines let in, and all that hushing sight
 Of closing wood seen through the opening door,
 And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er,
 And smell of citron blooms, and fifty luxuries more.

She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake,
 For even that diminish'd her heart-ache;
 And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease,
 Came she for nothing midst the flowers and trees.

Yet how it was she knew not, but that day,
 She seem'd to feel too lightly borne away,—
 Too much relieved,—too much inclined to draw
 A careless joy from every thing she saw,
 And looking round her with a new-born eye,
 As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,
 To taste of nature, primitive and free,
 And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.

Painfully clear those rising thoughts appear'd,
 With something dark at bottom that she fear'd ;
 And turning from the fields her thoughtful look,
 She reach'd o'er head, and took her down a book,
 And fell to reading with as fix'd an air,
 As though she had been wrapt since morning there.

'T was Launcelot of the Lake, a bright romance,
 That, like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,
 Yet had a softer note that shook still more ;—
 She had begun it but the day before,
 And read with a full heart, half-sweet, half-sad,
 How old King Ban was spoil'd of all he had
 But one fair castle : how one summer's day
 With his fair queen and child he went away
 To ask the great King Arthur for assistance ;
 How reaching by himself a hill at distance,
 He turn'd to give his castle a last look,
 And saw its far white face : and how a smoke,
 As he was looking, burst in volumes forth,
 And good King Ban saw all that he was worth,
 And his fair castle, burning to the ground,
 So that his wearied pulse felt over-wound,
 And he lay down, and said a prayer apart
 For those he loved, and broke his poor old heart.
 Then read she of the queen with her young child,
 How she came up, and nearly had gone wild,
 And how in journeying on in her despair,
 She reach'd a lake and met a lady there,
 Who pitied her, and took the baby sweet
 Into her arms, when lo, with closing feet
 She sprang up all at once, like bird from brake,
 And vanish'd with him underneath the lake.
 The mother's feelings we as well may pass :—
 The fairy of the place that lady was,
 And Launcelot (so the boy was call'd) became
 Her inmate, till in search of knightly fame
 He went to Arthur's court, and play'd his part
 So rarely, and display'd so frank a heart,
 That what with all his charms of look and limb,
 The Queen Geneura fell in love with him :
 And here, with growing interest in her reading,
 The princess, doubly fix'd was now proceeding.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er
 The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,
 The other propping her white brow, and throwing
 Its ringlets out, under the skylight glowing.
 So sat she fix'd ; and so observed was she
 Of one, who at the door stood tenderly,—
 Paulo,—who from a window seeing her
 Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where
 Had thought she was in tears, and found, that day,
 His usual efforts vain to keep away.
 "May I come in ?" said he :—it made her start,—
 That smiling voice ;—she colour'd, press'd her
 heart

A moment, as for breath, and then with free
 And usual tone said, "O yes,—certainly."

There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
 An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,
 An air of something quite serene and sure,
 As if to seem so, were to be secure :
 With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,
 With this they sat down to the self-same book,
 And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced
 With one permitted arm her lovely waist ;
 And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
 Lean'd with a touch together, thrillingly ;
 And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
 And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart
 Their colour change, they came upon the part
 Where fond Geneura, with her flame long nurst,
 Smiled upon Launcelot when he kiss'd her first :
 That touch, at last, through every fibre slid ;
 And Paulo turn'd, scarce knowing what he did,
 Only he felt he could no more dissemble,
 And kiss'd her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.
 Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss :
 Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is.
 The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
 Desperate the joy,—That day they read no more.

KOSCIUSKO.

'T is like thy patient valour thus to keep,
 Great Kosciusko, to the rural shade,
 While freedom's ill-found amulet still is made
 Pretence for old aggression, and a heap
 Of selfish mockeries. There, as in the sweep
 Of stormier fields, thou earnest with thy blade,
 Transform'd, not inly alter'd, to the spade,
 Thy never-yielding right to a calm sleep. [wit
 Nature, 't would seem, would leave to man's worse
 The small and noisier parts of this world's frame,
 And keep the calm green amplitudes of it
 Sacred from fopperies and inconstant blame.
 Cities may change, and sovereigns ; but 't is fit,
 Thou, and the country old, be still the same.

ARIADNE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
 When Ariadne in her bower was waking ;
 Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
 But indistinctly yet a little bird,
 That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
 Seem'd answering another distant one.
 She waked, but stirr'd not, only just to please
 Her pillow-nesting cheek : while the full seas,
 The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,
 The happy thought of the returning light,
 The sweet, self-will'd content, conspired to keep
 Her senses lingering in the field of sleep ;
 And with a little smile she seem'd to say,
 "I know my love is near me, and 't is day."

MAHMOUD.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
 And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
 And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
 "Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
 I recognise its right, as king with king;
 Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
 Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:
 One of thine officers;—he comes, the abhorr'd,
 And takes possession of my house, my board,
 My bed: I have two daughters and a wife, [life."
 And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with
 "Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No; he left
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
 And laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd
 I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
 I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery, [thee!"
 And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for
 The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
 "Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"
 (For he was poor,) "and other comforts. Go;
 And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mah-
 moud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
 And shaken voice, the suitor re-appear'd, [word,
 And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
 And went with the vex'd man. They reach the place,
 And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
 That to the window flutter'd in affright:
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
 But tell the females first to leave the room;
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
 A table falls, the window is struck dark:
 Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
 With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
 In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife, [life.
 And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody
 "Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
 'Twas done; he took it in his hand, and bow'd
 Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;
 Then turn'd, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
 Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
 Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
 Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
 And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
 He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
 Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
 And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
 The reason first of that command he gave
 About the light; then, when he saw the face,
 Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
 That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,
 "Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
 I could not rid me of a dread, that one
 By whom such daring villanies were done
 Must be some lord of mine, ay, e'en perhaps a son.
 Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
 A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd:

For this I had the light put out; but when
 I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt and thank'd the sovereign Arbitrer,
 Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear;
 And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
 The first time since thy voice had marr'd my soli-
 tude."

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
 Of many an act and giant shape of power;
 Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
 Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
 With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and dear,
 Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
 Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown
 All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
 Of towers on hills, with foreheads out of sight
 In clouds, or shown us by the thunder's light,
 Or ghastly prison, that eternally
 Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
 And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
 The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
 Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
 That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
 And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
 Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
 And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
 In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
 Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
 And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
 Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
 Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
 And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
 Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
 Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
 And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
 The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
 And all which lights the people-thinning star
 That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
 Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
 And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
 And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
 Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
 Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
 That power itself has not one half the might
 Of gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
 The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
 Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
 Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
 The consciousness of strength in enemies,
 Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise;
 The battle to the moon, who all the while,
 High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
 The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
 To the whole globe, that basks about the sun;
 Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
 Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
 Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps

Throughout her starry deeps,
 Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
 Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was
 spoken.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles fill'd the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crown-ing show,
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below. [jaws;
 Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another,
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous mother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."
 De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which alway seem'd the same;
 She thought, the count my lover is brave as brave can be;
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory shall be mine.
 She dropp'd her glove to prove his love, then look'd at him and smiled; [wild:
 He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
 "By God!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

For there are two heavens, sweet,
 Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
 Even by the other, so divine it is;
 The other, far on *this* side of the stars,
 By men call'd *home*, when some blest pair are met
 As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,
 Sometimes in silence, each at gentle task
 Of book, or household need, or meditation,
 By summer-moon, or curtain'd fire in front;
 And by degrees there come,—not always come,
 Yet mostly,—other, smaller inmates there,
 Cherubic-faced, yet growing like those two,
 Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,
 Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
 Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so twixt joy,
 And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
 Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
 And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
 In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
 And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.

THE RAVENNA PINE FOREST.

A *heavy* spot the forest looks at first,
 To one grim shade condemn'd, and sandy thirst,
 Chequer'd with thorns, and thistles run to seed,
 Or plashy pools half-cover'd with green weed,
 About whose sides the swarming insects fry
 In the hot sun, a noisome company;
 But, entering more and more, they quit the sand
 At once, and strike upon a grassy land,
 From which the trees as from a carpet rise
 In knolls and clumps, in rich varieties.
 The knights are for a moment forced to rein
 Their horses in, which, feeling turf again,
 Thrill, and curvet, and long to be at large
 To scour the space, and give the winds a charge,
 Or pulling tight the bridles as they pass,
 Dip their warm mouths into the freshening grass:
 But soon in easy rank, from glade to glade,
 Proceed they, coasting underneath the shade;
 Some bearing to the cool their placid brows,
 Some looking upward through the glimmering
 Or peering into spots that inwardly [boughs,
 Open green glooms, and half-prepared to see
 The lady cross it, that, as stories tell,
 Ran loud and torn before a knight of hell.
 Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
 Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
 With briony between in trails of white,
 And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
 And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark;
 Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark;
 And still the pine, flat-topp'd, and dark, and tall,
 In lordly right predominant o'er all.
 Anon the sweet birds, like a sudden throng
 Of happy children, ring their tangled song
 From out the greener trees; and then a cloud
 Of cawing rooks breaks o'er them, gathering loud
 Like savages at ships; and then again
 Nothing is heard but their own stately train,
 Or ring-dove that repeats his pensive plea,
 Or startled gull up-screening toward the sea.

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,

And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd hands
That roam'd through the young world, the glory
extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great
hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,

And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Now Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

SPRING IN RAVENNA.

'Tis sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil,
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out
openly.

'Tis Nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,

Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scatter'd light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the
bay.

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow:
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too:
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,—
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed,"—
"His voice,—his face,—is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such wo,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finish'd here."

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

MR. PROCTOR, better known as BARRY CORNWALL, was born in London, and educated at Harrow, where BYRON was among his classmates. On leaving school he entered the office of a solicitor at Calne, in Wiltshire: an uninteresting town, but celebrated for having been at various periods the residence of BOWLES, CRABBE, COLERIDGE, and MOORE, with all of whom PROCTOR became intimately acquainted. At the end of four years, passed in the study of his profession, he went to London, and was soon after called to the bar.

MR. PROCTOR'S *Dramatic Scenes*—the work in which he first appeared as an author—were published in 1815. They were succeeded by *A Sicilian Story*, *Marcian Colonna*, *The Flood of Thessaly*, the tragedy of *Mirandola*, and several volumes of dramatic fragments, songs, and miscellaneous poems, which have together won him a very high position among contemporary poets. CHARLES LAMB said of his *Fragments*, that there was not one of them, had he found them among the Garrick Plays in the British Museum, to which he would have refused a place in his *Dramatic Specimens*. His songs are among the best in the English language. They are full of tenderness and enthusiasm; and if not as carefully finished as they might be, they flow musically and naturally like the unstudied effusions of an improvisator. PROCTOR has written besides his poems several works in prose, among which are a *Life of Edmund Kean*, a *Life of Ben Jonson*, and *An Essay upon the Genius of Shakspeare*.

N. P. WILLIS, a warm admirer of the poet, has given in his *Pencilings by the Way* an interesting account of his visit to him in 1838. "With the address he had given me at parting," says Mr. WILLIS, "I drove to a large house in Bedford square; and, not accustomed to find the children of the muses waited on by servants in livery, I made up my mind, as I walked up the broad staircase, that I was blundering upon some Mr. PROCTOR of the exchange, whose respect for his poetical namesake, I hoped, would smooth my apology for the intrusion. Buried in a deep morocco

chair, in a large library, notwithstanding, I found the poet himself—choice old pictures filling every nook between the book-shelves, tables covered with novels and annuals, rolls of prints, busts and drawings in all the corners; and, more important for the nonce, a table at the poet's elbow, set forth with as sensible a breakfast as the most unpoetical of men could desire."

MR. PROCTOR married a daughter of BASIL MONTAGU, the best of Lord BACON's editors, and a friend and patron of literary men. "The exquisite beauty of the *Dramatic Scenes*," our traveller informs us, "interested this lovely woman in his favour before she knew him, and far from worldly-wise as an attachment so grounded would seem, I never saw two people with a more habitual air of happiness. I thought of his touching song,

'How many summers, love,
Hast thou been mine?'

and looked at them with an irrepressible feeling of envy. A beautiful girl of eight or nine years, the 'golden-tressed Adelaide,' delicate, gentle, and pensive, as if she was born on the lip of Castaly, and knew she was a poet's child, completed the picture of happiness.....

"I took my leave of this true poet after half a day passed in his company," continues Mr. WILLIS, "with the impression that he makes upon every one—of a man whose sincerity and kind-heartedness were the most prominent traits in his character. Simple in his language and feelings, a fond father, an affectionate husband, a business-man of the closest habits of industry—one reads his strange imaginations, and high-wrought and even sublimated poetry, and is in doubt at which most to wonder—the man as he is, or the poet as we know him in his books."

An edition of Mr. PROCTOR'S *English Songs and other Short Poems* was published in London by Moxon in the summer of 1844; and they have been reprinted in this country by Ticknor and Company of Boston. I believe no edition of his dramatic writings has appeared in the United States. The selections in this volume are from the last English edition.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

HARK—to the sound!

Without a trumpet, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And labourers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad, come hand in hand,
Link'd by that law which none withstand;
And at their head
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread!*—*Bread!*"

That word their ensign—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain,
That the sole boon for lives of toil
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh truth and virtue low,
And pride elate:
Wild hunger, stripp'd of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark what comes:—To-night the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device,
And cups all gold will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands
And trampling feet:

And *murder*—from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men,
Till creatures born
For good (whose hearts kind pity nursed)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, wealth by want will be o'erthrown,
And want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Cræsus' state,
And Irus, starved by sullen fate—
"Tween "thee" and "me"—
"Tween deadly frost and scorching sun—
The thirty tyrants and the one—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore—
Turk's bowstring—Tartar's vile ukase—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore!

O God!—since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been—from man to man
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame—from crime—despair,
Man's puny life!

STANZAS,

THAT was not a barren time
When the new world calmly lay
Bare unto the frosty rime,
Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
With the colours of the spring,
Yet she was all inward glad,
Knowing all she bore within,
Undeveloped, blossoming.

There was beauty, such as feeds
Poets in their secret hours;
Music mute; and all the seeds
And the signs of all the flowers.

There was wealth, beyond the gold
Hid in oriental caves;
There was—all we now behold
"Tween our cradles and our graves.

Judge not, then, the poet's dreams
Barren all, and void of good:
There are in them azure gleams,
Wisdom not all understood.

Fables, with a heart of truth;
Mysteries, that unfold in light;
Morals, beautiful for youth;
Starry lessons for the night.

Unto man, in peace and strife,
True and false, and weak and strong,
Unto *all*, in death and life,
Speaks the poet in his song.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily,
 We ride along the sea!
 The morning is all sunshine,
 The wind is blowing free:
 The billows are all sparkling,
 And bounding in the light,
 Like creatures in whose sunny veins
 The blood is running bright.
 All nature knows our triumph:
 Strange birds about us sweep;
 Strange things come up to look at us,
 The masters of the deep:
 In our wake, like any servant,
 Follows even the bold shark—
 Oh, proud must be our admiral
 Of such a bonny bark!

Proud, proud, must be our admiral,
 (Though he is pale to-day,)
 Of twice five hundred iron men,
 Who all his nod obey;
 Who've fought for him, and conquer'd—
 Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility! which he shall have
 Whene'er he touch the shore.
 Oh! would I were our admiral,
 To order, with a word—
 To lose a dozen drops of blood,
 And straight rise up a lord!
 I'd shout e'en to yon shark, there,
 Who follows in our lee,
 "Some day I'll make thee carry me,
 Like lightning through the sea."

—The admiral grew paler,
 And paler as we flew:
 Still talk'd he to his officers,
 And smiled upon his crew;
 And he look'd up at the heavens,
 And he look'd down on the sea,
 And at last he spied the creature,
 That kept following in our lee.
 He shook—'t was but an instant—
 For speedily the pride
 Ran crimson to his heart,
 Till all chances he defied:
 It threw boldness on his forehead;
 Gave firmness to his breath;
 And he stood like some grim warrior
 New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
 Fell on us where we lay;
 And we knew our old fine admiral
 Was changing into clay;
 And we heard the wash of waters,
 Though nothing could we see,
 And a whistle and a plunge
 Among the billows in our lee!
 Till dawn we watch'd the body
 In its dead and ghastly sleep,
 And next evening at sunset,
 It was slung into the deep!

And never, from that moment—
 Saw *one* shudder through the sea,
 Saw we (or heard) the shark
 That had follow'd in our lee!

FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee! Oh, the strife, the pain,
 The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
 I love thee! Look—again, again!
 O stars! that thou couldst read my soul:
 I would thy bright bright eye could pierce
 The crimson folds that hide my heart;
 Then wouldst thou find the serpent fierce
 That stings me—and will *not* depart!

Look love upon me, with thine eyes!
 Yet, no—men's evil tongues are nigh:
 Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
 Waste music on me—till I die!
 Yet, love not! sigh not! Turn (thou *must*)
 Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind;
 'T is fit that I should burn to dust—
 To death: because—I am not blind!

I love thee—and I live! The moon
 Who sees me from her calm above,
 The wind who weaves her dim soft tune
 About me, know how *much* I love!
 Naught else, save night and the lonely hour,
 E'er heard my passion wild and strong;
 Even *thou* yet deem'st not of thy power,
 Unless—thou readst aright my song!

A REPOSE.

SHE sleeps among her pillows soft,
 (A dove, now wearied with her flight),
 And all around, and all aloft,
 Hang flutes and folds of virgin white:
 Her hair out-darkens the dark night,
 Her glance outshines the starry sky;
 But now her locks are hidden quite,
 And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she start?
 She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?
 None, none! the dream is near her heart:
 The spirit of sleep is in her brain.
 He cometh down like golden rain,
 Without a wish, without a sound;
 He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)
 Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
 Dethroned from his nightly sway—
 Far fading when the dawning skies
 Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
 Two Spirits of might doth man obey;
 By each he's wrought, from each he learns:
 The one is Lord of life by day;
 The other when starry night returns.

A STORM.

THE spirits of the mighty sea,
To-night are waken'd from their dreams,
And upward to the tempest flee,
Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky!

The spirits of the sea are waging
Loud war upon the peaceful night,
And bands of the black winds are raging
Through the tempest blue and bright;
Blowing her cloudy hair to dust
With kisses, like a madman's lust!

What ghost now, like an Até, walketh
Earth—ocean—air? and aye with time,
Mingled, as with a lover talketh?
Methinks their colloquy sublime
Draws anger from the sky, which raves
Over the self-abandon'd waves!

Behold! like millions mass'd in battle,
The trembling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps, which rattle
In mighty transport till they grow
All fruitful in their rocky home,
And burst from phrensy into foam.

And look! where on the faithless billows
Lie women, and men, and children fair;
Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen pillows,
With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
And some who plunge in the yawning graves!
Ah! lives there no strength beyond the waves!

'Tis said, the moon can rock the sea
From phrensy strange to silence mild—
To sleep—to death:—But where is *she*,
While now her storm-born giant child
Upheaves his shoulder to the skies?
Arise, sweet planet pale—arise!

She cometh—lovelier than the dawn
In summer, when the leaves are green—
More graceful than the alarmed fawn,
Over his grassy supper seen:
Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
Until—again the tempest calls!

The supernatural storm—he waketh
Again, and lo! from sheets all white,
Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
Scorn on the jewell'd locks of night.
He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
And a cry, like hell, as he rushes down!

And so still soars from calm to storm,
The stature of the unresting sea:
So doth desire or wrath deform
Our else calm humanity—
Until at last we sleep,
And never wake nor weep,
(Hush'd to death by some faint tune),
In our grave beneath the moon!

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine:
And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me:
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look
Who round the wild world laugh and rove:
I only think how sweet 't would be
To *die* for thy sweet love!

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

TOUCH us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things,
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
TOUCH us *gently*, gentle Time!

A CHAMBER SCENE.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms;
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes!
From *Africa*, and the *Persian* looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

TREAD softly! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And passion fills the arched halls;
And beauty floats upon the air.

TREAD softly—softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh, look! for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind:
Alas! that one should stray from truth;
And one—be ever, ever blind!

THE LAKE HAS BURST.

THE lake has burst! The lake has burst!
 Down through the chasms the wild waves flee,
 They gallop along
 With a roaring song,
 Away to the eager awaiting sea!
 Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,
 And over the forests the flood runs free;
 And wherever it dashes,
 The oaks and the ashes
 Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!
 The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
 Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
 And the slave and his master
 In one wide disaster
 Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea!
 The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane;
 He bellows aloud to the misty sky,
 And the sleep-buried thunder
 Awakens in wonder,
 And the lightning opens her piercing eye!
 There is death above, there is death around,
 There is death wheresoever the waters be,
 There is nothing now doing
 But terror and ruin,
 On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
 The shuttle athwart the loom,
 And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
 That have beauty but no perfume!
 Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
 The lily, that hath no spot;
 The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
 And the little forget-me-not.
 Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!
 'T is good both to sing and to weave!
 'T is better to work than live idle;
 'T is better to sing than grieve.
 Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
 The colours of sunset glow!
 Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
 Let beauty about ye blow!
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure,
 And time nor chance shall your work untwine;
 But all—like a truth—endure.
 So—sing, brothers, &c.
 Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours;
 But toil is the lot of men;
 One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
 One soweth the seed again!
 There is not a creature, from England's king,
 To the peasant that delves the soil,
 That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
 If he have not his share of toil!
 So,—sing, brothers, &c.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down thy wing'd angel, God!
 Amid this night so wild;
 And bid him come where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
 Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
 And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
 She is, we know too well,
 And dearer to her parents' hearts,
 Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be;
 We hope—and have despair'd, at times;
 But now we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God!
 Amid the darkness wild,
 And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
 And heal our gentle child!

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
 The sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds,
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
 And amid the flashing and feathery foam
 The stormy Petrel finds a home—
 A home, if such a place may be,
 For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
 And only seeketh her rocky lair
 To warm her young, and to teach them spring
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep! [fish sleep,
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird
 Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
 Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
 Yet he ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide region's round ;
 It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go :
 If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins basked their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought, nor sigh'd for change ;
 And death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle Death !
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender mournful, murmuring Life !
 She hath seen her happy day ;
 She hath had her bud and blossom ;
 Now she pales and shrinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom.

She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear !
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies—sweet Love !
 Good she was, and fair in youth,
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth ;
 Take her, then, for evermore—
 For ever—evermore !

A DEEP AND A MIGHTY SHADOW.

A DEEP and a mighty shadow
 Across my heart is thrown,
 Like a cloud on a summer meadow
 Where the thunder-wind hath blown !
 The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
 The sweet bird, Memory, fieth,
 And leaveth me alone—

Alone with my hopeless sorrow :
 No other mate I know !
 I strive to awake to-morrow ;
 But the dull words will not flow !
 I pray—but my prayers are driven
 Aside, by the angry heaven,
 And weigh me down with wo !

I call on the past, to lend me
 Its songs, to soothe my pain :
 I bid the dim future send me
 A light from its eyes—in vain !
 Naught comes ; but a shrill cry starteth
 From Hope, as she fast departeth :—
 " I go, and come not again !"

THE QUADROON.

SAY they that all beauty lies
 In the paler maiden's hue ?
 Say they that all softness flies,
 Save from the eyes of April blue ?
 Arise thou, like a night in June,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

Come—all dark and bright, as skies
 With the tender starlight hung !
 Loose the love from out thine eyes !
 Loose the angel from thy tongue !
 Let them hear heaven's own sweet tune,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

Tell them—Beauty (born above)
 From no shade nor hue doth fly ;
 All she asks is mind, is love,
 And both upon *thine* aspect lie—
 Like the light upon the moon,
 Beautiful Quadroon !

AN EPITAPH.

HE died, and left the world behind !
 His once wild heart is cold !
 His once keen eye is quell'd and blind !
 What more ?—His tale is told.

He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,
 He earn'd the base world's ban :
 And—having vainly lived and taught,
 Gave place to a meaner man !

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O SWEET South Wind!

Long hast thou linger'd midst those islands fair,
Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,
Like sea-maids all asleep,
Charm'd by the cloudless sun and azure air!
O sweetest southern wind!
Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
Thy dark rose-crowned hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,
In this, the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-colour'd flowers?
Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow
On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes,
And on her cheeks, which crimson-like the skies;
And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,
Whilst starry midnight flies!

We, whom the northern blast
Blows on, from night till morn, from morn to eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our poor summer's day not long may last:
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny south;
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once, and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its wo!

MUSIC.

I SEE small difference

'Twixt one sound and its next. All seem akin
And run on the same feet, ever.

Peace! Thou want'st

One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
Seest thou no differing shadows which divide
The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
There's not a minute in the round of time [space
But's hinged with different music. In that small
Between the thought and its swift utterance—
Ere silence buds to sound—the angels, listening,
Hear infinite varieties of song!
And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres
Have flown an evening's journey.

FLOWERS.

We have left behind us

The riches of the meadows, and now come
To visit the virgin primrose where she dwells,
Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
'Tis there she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing? Near—go near! for there,
(Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling
Immaculate odours from the violet [grasses,)
Spring up for ever: Like sweet thoughts that come
Wing'd from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and there are lost,
These ever-steaming odours seek the sun
And fade in the light he scatters.

REMEMBERED LOVE.

On power of love! so fearful and so fair—
Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care—
Oh! thou day-dreaming spirit who dost look
Upon the future as the charmed book
Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone—
Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone
Into eternity, memorial things,
To deck the days to come—thy revelings
Were glorious and beyond all others. Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended! Let it be
Enough to say "*It was.*" Oh! upon me,
From thy o'ershadowing wings ethereal,
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were.

KINGS.

METHINKS

There's something lonely in the state of kings!
None dare come near them. As the eagle, poised
Upon his sightless throne in upper air,
Scares gentle birds away, so kings (cut off
From human kindred by the curse of power)
Are shunn'd and live alone. Who dare come near
The region of a king? There is a wall
Invisible, indeed, yet strong and high
Which fences kings from close approach of men.
They live respected—oh, that chest "respect!"
As if the homage that abases others
Could comfort him that has't. Alone—alone!
Prison'd in ermine and a velvet chair—
Shut out from hope, (the height being all attain'd,)
Yet touch'd by terrors—that can soothe a king!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis night—still night! The murmuring world
lies still!

All things which are lie still and whisper not;
The owl, the bat, the clock which strikes the hour
And summons forgetful man to think of heaven,
The midnight cricket on the ashy hearth,
Are quiet, dumb! Hope, Fear, lie drown'd in dreams;
And conscience, calmer than a baby's breath,
Murders the heart no more. Who goes? 'Tis naught,
Save the bird echo, who comes back to me
Afraid o' the silence. Love! art thou asleep?
Rose o' the night, on whom the soft dew lies,
Here come I, sweet, mocking the nightingale,
To sing of endless love, passionate pain,
And wishes that know no rest!

HAPPINESS.

A MONTH ago I was happy! No,
Not happy, yet encircled by deep joy,
Which, though 'twas all around, I could not touch.
But it was ever thus with Happiness:
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind
That never comes.

TO THE SINGER PASTA.

NEVER till now—never till now, O Queen
 And wonder of the enchanted world of sound !
 Never till now was such bright creature seen,
 Startling to transport all the regions round !
 Whence comest thou—with those eyes and that
 fine mien,

Thou sweet, sweet singer ? Like an angel found
 Mourning alone, thou seem'st (thy mates all fled)
 A star 'mong clouds—a spirit mid the dead.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee ! Sorrow
 sings
 Perpetual sweetness near—divine despair !
 Thou speak'st—and music, with her thousand
 strings,

Gives golden answers from the haunted air !
 Thou movest—and round thee grace her beauty
 flings !

Thou look'st—and love is born ! O songstress rare !
 Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
 In those resistless tones—in those dark eyes ?

Oh, I have lived—how long !—with one deep
 treasure,

One fountain of delight unlock'd, unknown ;
 But *thou*, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
 Hast come at last, and struck my heart of stone ;
 And now outgushes, without stint or measure,
 The endless rapture—and in places lone
 I shout it to the stars and winds that flee,
 And *then* I think on all I owe to thee !

I see thee at all hours—beneath all skies—
 In every shape thou takest, or passionate path :
 Now art thou like some wing'd thing that cries
 Over a city flaming fast to death ;
 Now, in thy voice, the mad Medea dies :
 Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath :—
 All things thou art by turns—from wrath to love ;
 From the queen eagle to the vestal dove !

Horror is stern and strong, and death (unmask'd
 In slow pale silence, or mid brief eclipse) ;
 But what are they to *thy* sweet strength, when task'd
 To its height—with all the God upon thy lips ?
 Not even the cloudless days and riches, asked
 By one who in the book of darkness dips,
 Vies with that radiant wealth which they inherit
 Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown !
 Yet, what are kingly gifts to thy fair fame,
 Whose echoes shall all vulgar triumphs drown—
 Whose light shall darken every meaner name ?
 The gallant courts thee for his own renown ;

Mimicking thee, he plays love's pleasant game :
 The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse ;
 And I—alas !—I can but bring my verse !

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Oh thou vast Ocean ! ever sounding sea !
 Thou symbol of a dread immensity !
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which downward hurld
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth hath naught of this: no chance or
 change

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go :
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow ;
 But to their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their viewless home,
 And come again, and vanish : the young spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
 And winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild autumn with a look forlorn
 Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer
 flies.

—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
 A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
 When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
 A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
 Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
 How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
 And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
 heaven.

Thou trackless and immeasurable main !
 On thee no record ever lived again
 To meet the hand that writ it : line nor lead
 Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
 Where haply the huge monster swells and
 sleeps,
 King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
 Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element :
 And fearful in thy spleen's humours bent,
 And lovely in repose : thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 "Eternity, eternity, and power."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Few writers of verses have been more overrated than HENRY KIRKE WHITE, and it is a shame, that while there has never appeared in this country a single edition of the poetical writings of LANDOR, KENYON, MILNES, MISS BARRETT, and others of similar merit, there have been more impressions of WHITE than there have been of MILTON, or POPE, or COLERIDGE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born in Nottingham, on the twenty-first of March, 1785. He was deemed a dull boy at school, where at the early age of eleven he began to write verses to satirize his teacher, for supposed injuries. He was in his fifteenth year articled to an attorney, in his native town, and while in his office acquired by diligent application a knowledge of the Greek, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian languages. An unfortunate deafness induced him to abandon the study of the law, and he published a small volume of poems with the expectation that the profits would enable him to enter one of the univer-

sities. In this he was disappointed; but several gentlemen stepped forward and became his patrons, and he entered St. John's College, at Cambridge, where he soon obtained a high reputation among his classmates for scholarship and for his personal virtues. His health was quickly impaired by his constant and earnest devotion to study, and he died on the nineteenth of October, 1806, in the twenty-first year of his age.

His poetical writings were collected soon after his death, and published with an elegant memoir by Dr. SOUTHEY. The admiration which they excited is said to have been almost unexampled. But a more correct estimate of his abilities now obtains. He was scarcely equal to the DAVIDSONS of New York, and it would be almost as absurd to compare him with KEATS or CHATTERTON as to compare ROBERT MONTGOMERY with MILTON. I doubt whether if he had lived to the maturest age, he would have produced any thing in poetry above elegant mediocrity.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh ! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home !
Oh ! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam !
Oh ! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land ;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband :
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land ;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights ;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh ! a thousand more delights,
That graced yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave ;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.

Oh ! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land ;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband ;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

CANZONET.

MAIDEN ! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast :
Why should horror's voice astound thee,
Death can bid the wretched rest !
All under the tree
Thy bed may be,
And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

Maiden ! once gay Pleasure knew thee ;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep :
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep :
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD."

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study window sit,
And, rapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plain,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore, I am sad.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand!—let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the ærial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear!
That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds;

Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's
sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity: in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved.

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London on the twenty-second of January, 1788. His father, who was a man of dissolute habits, quitted England in the following year, and soon afterward his mother retired to Aberdeen, where at an early age he was placed at a grammar school, in which he remained until the death of his great uncle, the sixth Lord BYRON, when (his father having previously died in France) he succeeded to the family title and estates, and removed to Newstead Abbey. Soon after this he was placed under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, by whom he was sent to Harrow, where he remained about four years. He is described by Dr. DRURY, the head master here, as having been sensitive and diffident, and not easily governed except by gentle means. He did not excel in scholarship, but none of his school fellows, among whom were the present Sir ROBERT PEEL, Mr. PROCTOR, and others who have since been distinguished, were equal to him in general information. In his seventeenth year he was transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge. His general characteristics were still the same as at Harrow. He cared nothing for the honours of the university, and its discipline was not of a nature rightly to influence his conduct.

On leaving Cambridge BYRON resumed his residence at Newstead Abbey, a place rich in legendary associations, and situated in one of the most romantic districts of the country. He now published *The Hours of Idleness*, a collection of verses written during his college life, and remembered at this day chiefly on account of the severe criticism they received in the *Edinburgh Review*,* which lashed the dormant energies of the poet into action, and led to the composition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a satire in which he took ample vengeance not only upon his critics but upon nearly all the literary men of the day who were more fortunate than himself.

A circumstance occurred about this time which had a powerful influence upon BYRON's future character. MARY CHAWORTH was pro-

bably the only Englishwoman whom he ever loved. He had become acquainted with her soon after his removal from Scotland, and had never wholly abandoned the hope that his affection would be returned, until now, when he underwent the trial of seeing her married to another. She is the heroine of *The Dream*, and is alluded to in many of his sweetest verses, written in subsequent years.

Immediately after the publication of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the noble author took his seat the first time in the House of Lords. He entered upon public life under peculiar and adverse circumstances. He was unknown in society, and there was no peer to present him in parliament. The loneliness of his position destroyed an incipient ambition of political eminence, and deepened the gloom and misanthropy which had been caused by earlier disappointments. He suddenly determined to travel, and leaving London with Mr. JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, in July, 1809, he passed two years in Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. Approaching England in the summer of 1811, he wrote to a friend, "Embarrassed in my private, and indifferent to public affairs; solitary, without the wish to be social; with a body enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit and heart yet unbroken, I am returning home, without a hope, and almost without a desire." Before he reached Newstead his melancholy was increased by intelligence of the death of his mother, and within a few weeks he lost five more of his nearest friends and relations.

This depression gradually wore away. He employed himself in revising the poems he had written while abroad, and in March, 1812, when the author was but twenty-four years of age, England was electrified by the appearance of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. Alluding to the applause bestowed upon this work, he says tersely in his diary, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He became at once the idol of society. A few days before, he had made his first speech in parliament. It was praised by SHERIDAN,

*This celebrated article was written by Lord Brougham.

and other eminent men, and its success might have incited him to seek political distinction, but for his far greater success as a poet, which immediately determined his subsequent career. Childe Harold was followed by *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, in quick succession, and each added to his gigantic reputation.

In January, 1815, Lord BYRON was married to a daughter of Sir RALPH MILBANKE. The union, it is well known, was not productive of happiness, and in the following year, after Lady BYRON had given birth to a daughter,* a separation took place. The public, with its customary impertinence, interfered, and it chose to side with the lady. Lord BYRON was libelled, persecuted, and driven from society. No man was ever more grievously wronged. As Mr. MACAULAY well observes, first came the execution, then the investigation, and, last of all, the accusation. There was a quarrel, but there has never been any thing proved, or even alleged, to show that BYRON was more to blame than any other man who is on bad terms with his wife. He again quitted England for the continent, and with a determination never to return. Resuming his pen, he produced in the three succeeding years *The Prisoner of Chillon*, *Manfred*, *The Lament of Tasso*, *Beppo*, the last cantos of *Childe Harold*, and many shorter poems, which were received with almost universal applause.

He fixed his home in Venice, and there abandoned himself to every kind of pleasure. Under the influence of excesses his health decayed, and his hair turned gray. His mind, too, suffered sensible injury. *Don Juan* and some of his dramatic pieces contain many passages which only BYRON could have written, but his verse lost the energy for which it had been distinguished, and with his remarkable command of language passed away much of that delicate perception of the beautiful, which more than any thing else constitutes the poetical faculty.

Among BYRON's companions in Italy were SHELLEY and LEIGH HUNT, associated with whom he established a periodical paper called *The Liberal*; but after the publication of a few numbers, the plan was relinquished. The dead body of his friend SHELLEY he assisted in burning by the bay of Spezia; HUNT, with whom he had quarrelled, returned to England,

and he directed his own eyes toward Greece, in contemplation of the last and noblest effort of his life. Sated with literary fame, weary of inaction, and thirsting for honourable distinction in a new field, he entered the Grecian camp, where his reception was like that of Lafayette in America, though more enthusiastic, more triumphant. Had he lived, he might have become eminent as a soldier and statesman; but anxiety, action and exposure induced disease, and on the nineteenth of March, 1824, seven months after his arrival in Cephalonia, he died at Missolonghi, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The admirable criticisms of MACAULAY and other late writers have placed BYRON in a more just position than could have been anticipated from the vague and partisan views that so long obtained respecting him. The world is fast learning to discriminate between his genius and character. The fervour of his poetry no longer blinds men to the fallacy of his moral code, nor is his life judged as formerly with heartless and intolerant severity. He had very many noble qualities; he was alive to tender and generous feelings, and performed numerous acts of disinterested liberality. His amours are the subject of the most melancholy chapter in his life, but they were less numerous and less dishonourable than has been supposed. His *liaison* with Madame GUICCIOLA, though by the standard of morality established on the shores of the Adriatic it might be called virtuous, was criminal; yet it is not to be visited with the censure which such a connection would deserve in England. In BYRON's early history, his unhappy education, his severe trials, and the capricious treatment he received from society, there is much to explain and to palliate his conduct. He knew the world, and his judgment of it was not very erroneous. He was indeed what almost any man of genius, exposed to such vicissitudes, might be expected to be, unless guided and restrained by religious principle. His writings present a variety of states of mind and conditions of feeling, and critics have pointed out in them what is respectively the offspring of blind passion and genuine sentiment. The descriptive portions of *Childe Harold*, the versification of *The Corsair*, and the pure melancholy of some of his occasional effusions, will always be warmly admired by many who can never sympathize with the misanthropic overflowings of a sceptical mind.

* ADA BYRON, now Countess of Lovelace.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.*

LONG years!—it tries the thrilling frame to bear
 And eagle-spirit of a Child of Song—
 Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
 Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
 And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
 When the impatient thirst of light and air
 Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
 Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
 Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain
 With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
 And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
 Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
 Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
 And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
 Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
 And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
 Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
 Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
 All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
 But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
 For I have battled with mine agony,
 And made me wings wherewith to overfly
 The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
 And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
 And revell'd among men and things divine,
 And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
 In honour of the sacred war for him,
 The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
 For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
 That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
 I have employed my penance to record
 How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.
 But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
 My long-sustaining friend of many years!
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,
 Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
 But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
 Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
 And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
 O Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
 I was indeed delirious in my heart
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
 But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
 I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
 Not less because I suffer it unbenet.

That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
 But let them go, or torture as they will,
 My heart can multiply thine image still;
 Successful love may sate itself away,
 The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
 To have all feeling save the one decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.
 Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
 Of minds and bodies in captivity.
 And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
 There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
 Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
 And dim the little light that's left behind
 With needless torture, as their tyrants will
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill;
 With these and with their victims am I class'd,
 Mid sounds and sights like these long years have
 pass'd;

Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
 So let it be—for then I shall repose.
 I have been patient, let me be so yet;
 I had forgotten half I would forget,
 But it revives—oh! would it were my lot
 To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
 Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;—
 While all can hear, none heeds his neighbour's
 call—

None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our stoical success?
 No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, sister of my sovereign! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.
 Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
 And thus at the collision of thy name

* At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of GUARINI's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from TITIAN to ARIOSTO; and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. ANNA attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of ARIOSTO—at least it had this effect on me.

The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
 I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
 Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that love
 Hath rob'd thee with a glory, and array'd
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
 Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like one above;
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass—
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
 My star stood still before thee;—if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for *thee*.
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain
 Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast
 And foil the ingenuity of pain.
 It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
 Though I was child for wandering; and the wise
 Shook their white, aged heads o'er me, and said
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in wo,
 And that the only lesson was a blow;
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But curs'd them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
 The visions which arise without a sleep.
 And with my years my soul began to part
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain,
 And the whole heart exhaled into one want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought, and that was thee;
 And then I lost my being all to be
 Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
 Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!
 I loved all solitude—but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant; had I been
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;

The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
 And with a dying glance upraid the sky—
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.
 Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
 But with a sense of its decay:—I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
 The feeling of the healthful and the free;
 But much to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but man,
 But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth
 Abandous—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
 Of such defence the powers of evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
 Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
 Because I loved what not to love, and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.
 I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
 My brain against these bars as the sun flash'd
 In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
 Which suared me here, and with the brand of shame
 Stamp madness deep into my memory,
 And woo compassion to a blighted name,
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
 No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
 A future temple of my present cell,
 Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
 While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
 The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
 And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,
 A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
 A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
 While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
 And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
 That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
 To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
 Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
 By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
 A taint of that he would impute to me—
 From long infection of a den like this, -
 Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
 Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers
 And battlements which guard his joyous hours
 Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
 Or left untended in a dull repose,
 This—this shall be a consecrated spot!
 But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shall have
 One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
 No power in death can tear our names apart,
 As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
 Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
 To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things misnamed
 Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality,
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy:
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils,
 They do divide our being; they become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of eternity:
 They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
 Like sybils of the future; they have power—
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
 They make us what we were not—what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by,—
 The dread of vanish'd shadows. Are they so?
 Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
 Creations of the mind! The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been,—and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
 I would recall a vision which I dream'd
 Perchance in sleep,—for in itself a thought,
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity,—the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,—
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing; the one, on all that was beneath—
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her:
 And both were young, and one was beautiful;
 And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;—
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years; and, to his eye,
 There was but one beloved face on earth—
 And that was shining on him: he had look'd
 Upon it till it could not pass away;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
 She was his voice;—he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
 To live within himself; she was his life,—
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all! upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously;—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:

Her sighs were not for him! to her he was
 Even as a brother,—but no more: 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honour'd race. It was a name [why?
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not,—and
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another! even *now* she loved another;
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
 With a convulsion,—then arose again,
 And, with his teeth and quivering hands, did tear
 What he had written; but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,
 The lady of his love re-enter'd there;
 She was serene and smiling then,—and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved! she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darken'd with her shadow; and she saw
 That he was wretched,—but she saw not all.
 He rose, and, with a cold and gentle grasp,
 He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced,—and then it faded as it came:
 He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired,—but not as bidding her adieu;
 For they did part with mutual smiles: he pass'd
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way,
 And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
 With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
 Himself like what he had been: on the sea
 And on the shore he was a wanderer!
 There was a mass of many images
 Crowded like waves upon me; but he was
 A part of all,—and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
 Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
 Or ruin'd walls, that had survived the names
 Of those who rear'd them: by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man,
 Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around;
 And they were canopied by the blue sky—
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The lady of his love was wed with one

Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief;
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind,—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd. I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride:
Her face was fair,—but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood! as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then,
As in that hour, a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows,—but heard not his own words;
And all things reel'd around him! he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall, [been;
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love,—oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,—
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth: she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms—impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight—familiar were to hers,
And this the world calls frenzy! but the wise
Have a far deeper madness; and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth!
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore;
The beings that surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him! he was a mark
For blight and desolation,—compass'd round
With hatred and contention: pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,—

But were a kind of nutriment: he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

A FABLE.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goody earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,

Six in youth and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,

With tears for naught but others' illa,
And then they flow'd like mountain rilla,
Unless he could assuage the wo
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of illa.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls.
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,*
Which round about the wave enthralls;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined:

* The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Neillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo.

Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet, (French measure;) within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half-merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Heloise*, in the rescue of one of her children by Juliet from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

The chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunters' fare,
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat ;
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow-men
 Like brutes within an iron den :
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb :
 My brother's soul was of that mold
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there,
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood :—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood ;
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion ;
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :
 But these were horrors—this was wo
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,

Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished ;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why

I could not die,

I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and-air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased—and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track:
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done;
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine:
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 't was mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear

When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate;
 My keepers grew compassionate.
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain:
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,

My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:

It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all

Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide, long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;

A small, green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing

Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—

I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,

And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free,

I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be:

I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus, when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,

These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

WATERLOO.

THERE WAS a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell; [knell!
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising

Did ye not hear it? No: 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
As if the clouds its echo would repeat; [more,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! [roar!
Arm!—arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier, [quell:
And roused the vengeance blood alone would
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, [rise!
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years, [ears!
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy, with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour rolling on the foe, [and low.
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes,
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime:
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but
A holy concord, and a bright regret, [weep,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'T is not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer wo,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness, but full and clear,
A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame, and secret without pain.
Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of genius which can perish dies.
A mighty spirit is eclipsed—a power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour

Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
 Focus at once of all the rays of fame!
 The flash of wit—the bright intelligence,
 The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence,
 Set with their sun—but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal mind;
 Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon,
 But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
 These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
 Which all embraced, and lighten'd over all,
 To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal.
 From the charm'd council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied, [pride.
 The praised, the proud, who made his praise their
 When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan*
 Arose to heaven in her appeal from man,
 His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God! [blazed
 Which shook the nations through his lips—and
 Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.
 And here, oh! here, where yet all young and warm
 The gay creations of his spirit charm,
 The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,
 Which knew not what it was to intermit;
 The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring;
 These wondrous beings of his fancy, wrought
 To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
 Here in their first abode you still may meet,
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat,
 A halo of the light of other days,
 Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.
 But should there be to whom the fatal blight
 Of failing wisdom yields a base delight;
 Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
 Jar in the music which was born their own;
 Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
 That what to them seem'd vice might be but wo.
 Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
 Is fix'd forever to detract or praise;
 Repose denies her requiem to his name,
 And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.
 The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
 Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,
 The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
 The envious who but breathe in other's pain,
 Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
 Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
 Watch every fault that daring genius owes
 Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
 Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And pile the pyramid of calumny!
 These are his portion—but if, join'd to these
 Gaunt poverty should league with deep disease,
 If the high spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
 To soothe indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace,

* See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.

To find in hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further faithlessness,—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric, charged with fire from
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn, [heaven,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—
 But far from us and from our mimic scene [and burst.
 Such things should be—if such have ever been;
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam, and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*!*
 Whose words were sparks of immortality!
 Ye bards! to whom the drama's muse is dear,
 He was your master—emulate him *here*!
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While powers of mind, almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change,
 While eloquence, wit, poesy, and mirth,
 That humble harmonist of care on earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Bless'd."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!

* Fox—Pitt—Burke.

He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they?—and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these.
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant or the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend,
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Soli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells.
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;

But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

SOLILOQUY OF MANFRED.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the star
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through level'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsars' chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

'T was such a night!
'T is strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

CECILIA METELLA.

THERE is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown ;—
What was this tower of strength ? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid ?—A woman's
grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace ? Was she chaste and fair ?
Worthy a king's—more—a Roman's bed ?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear ?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir ?
How lived, how loved, how died she ? was she not
So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot ?

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others ? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue ? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs ?—for such the af-
fections are.

Perchance she died in youth : it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd up upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death ; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illumed,
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Offer consuming cheek the autumnal leaf like red.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray ?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died, [pride !
The wealthiest Roman's wife ; behold his love or

I know not why—but, standing thus by thee,
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb ! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind [behind ;
Forms from the flowing wreck which ruin leaves

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar

Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what
is here.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine, [bright,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs ?—let me not number mine.

THE OCEAN.

On ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known.

'His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise [ields
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth ;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride; or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid thy hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what truth might well have said
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lowly laid ?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !
Could this have been—a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release,
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shall see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart ?
Oh ! who like him had watch'd thee here ?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past ! But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human wo,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.
Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;
The smile none else might understand ;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand ;
The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forbore ;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee to repine ;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine,
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine !—ah, where art thou ?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now !
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of wo for me to drain ;
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again :
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee !
To bear, forgiving and forgiven :
On earth thy love was such to me ;
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

STANZAS.

AWAY, away, ye notes of wo.
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh !
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas !
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am—on what I was.
The voice that made those sounds more sweet
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled ;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead !
Yes, Thyrza ! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust ! since dust thou art ;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart !
'T is silent all !—but on my ear
The well-remember'd echoes thrill ;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still :
Yet oft my doubting soul 't will shake ;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.
Sweet Thyrza ! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream ;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he, who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

TO THYRZA.

On struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before:
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine—the banquet bring;
 Man was not form'd to live alone
 I'll be that light unmeaning thing
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear—
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
 Thou'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the wo that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel a while the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye;
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
 "Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrza cannot know my pains."
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new,
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd;
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild seamew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell a while to him and thee,
 My native land—Good-night!"

"A few short hours, and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
 My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again."
 "Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or sliver at the gale?"
 "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?"
 "Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good-night!"

THE EXECUTION OF HUGO.

THE convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turrent swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul [knoll:
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the friar's knee;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the headman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew:
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the son fall by the doom of the father!

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten,
As he there did bow and listen—

And the rings of chesnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so bare;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter—
Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
Even the stern stood chill'd with awe;
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover!
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd;
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave,
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half-renew'd,
When headman's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind,
As if they dared not look on death.
"No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
These hands are chain'd—but let me die
At least with an unshackled eye—
Strike!"—and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bow'd his head;
These the last accents Hugo spoke
"Strike"—and flashing fell the stroke.
Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix'd for ever.
He died as erring man should die,

Without display, without parade;
Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high.
And while before the prior kneeling,
His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;
His wrathful sire—his paramour—
What were they in such an hour!
No more reproach—no more despair;
No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
Save the few which from him broke,
When, bared to meet the headman's stroke,
He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
His sole adieu to those around.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath;
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric shiver ran,
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended;
And with a hushing sound compress'd,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;

But no more thrilling noise rose there,
Beyond the blow that to the block
Pierced through with forced and sullen
shock.

Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
So madly shrill, so passing wild?
That, as a mother's o'er her child,
Done to death by sudden blow,
To the sky these accents go,
Like a soul's in endless woe.
Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
And every eye is turn'd thereon;
But sound and sight alike are gone!
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
In madlier accents rose despair;
And those who heard it, as it past,
In mercy wish'd it were the last.
Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen:
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear;
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son;
No tomb—no memory had they;
Theirs was unconsecrated clay;
At least the knight's who died that day:
But Parisina's fate lies hid
Like dust beneath the coffin lid:
Whether in convent she abode,
And won to heaven her dreary road,
By blighted and remorseful years
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
For that dark love she dared to feel;
Or if, upon the moment smote,
She died by tortures less remote;
Like him she saw upon the block,
With heart that shared the headman's shock,
In quicken'd brokenness that came,
In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
None knew—and none can ever know:
But whatsoe'er its end below,
Her life began and closed in woe!
And Azo found another bride,
And goodly sons grew by his side;
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who wither'd in the grave;
Or if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
But never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbended,
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;
Scars of the lacerating mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
He was past all mirth or woe:
Nothing more remain'd below
But sleepless nights and heavy days;
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,

A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which, when it least appear'd to melt,
Intensely thought—intensely felt:
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
By thoughts which nature hath implanted;
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we banish;
When, struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart;
They are not dried—those tears unshed
But flow back to the fountain-head,
And, resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
And cherish'd most where least reveal'd.
With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft;
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass'd a just decree;
That they had wrought their doom of ill;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp'd with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

DEATH OF LARA.

BENEATH a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing, but devoted warrior lay:
'T was Lara, bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled, watchful o'er his welling side, [rush,
And with his scarf would stanch the tides that
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feeble, not less fatal tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.
The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
Their triumph naught till Lara too should yield;
They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,

That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
 And that escape to death from living hate:
 And Otho comes, and, leaping from his steed,
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
 And questions of his state; he answers not,
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
 And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;
 His dying tones are in that other tongue,
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
 They speak of other scenes, but what—is known
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:
 They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last
 To half-forget the present in the past;
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate. [tone
 Their words, though faint, were many—from the
 Their import those who heard could judge alone;
 From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's
 death

More near than Lara's, by his voice and breath,
 So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
 The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;
 But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
 And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely
 But from his visage little could we guess, [near;
 So unrepentant, dark, and passionless;
 Save that, when struggling nearer to his last,
 Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
 And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
 Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the east,
 Where (as then the breaking sun from high
 Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
 Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene,
 That raised his arm to point where such had been,
 Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
 As if his heart abhor'd that coming day;
 And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
 To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
 Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss;
 For when one near display'd the absolving cross,
 And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,
 Of which his parting soul might own the need,
 He look'd upon it with an eye profane, [disdain:
 And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with
 And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
 From Lara's face his fix'd, despairing view,
 With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
 Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
 As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,
 Nor seem'd to know his life but then began,
 That life of immortality, secure
 To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew; [o'er
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd
 The weak, yet still untiring knee that bore;
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 "It beats!"—away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away
 The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
 And those around have roused him from his trance,
 But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
 And when, in raising him from where he bore
 Within his arms the form that felt no more,
 He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
 Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
 He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well—
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe.
 That trying moment hath at once revealed
 The secret long and yet but half-concealed;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was womanhood or fame?

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
 Though priest nor bless'd nor marble deck'd the
 mound;

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
 Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
 Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
 And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;
 She told nor whence, nor why she left behind
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
 Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
 Is human love the growth of human will?
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
 And when they love, your smiles guess not how
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain,
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
 They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,
 Which were not planted there in recent war;
 Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,
 It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
 Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
 A serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
 And hew the bough that bough his children food,
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burden at his saddle-bow,
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
 Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,

Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burden which he bore,
Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd
to watch,

And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd :
At once he started, stoop'd ; around him strown,
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone ;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean.
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest,
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk :
It rose again but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd : the horseman gazed,
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escap'd the observer's dread ;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 't is known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul !
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;
And charity upon the hope would dwell,
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone !
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean [been ;
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had
Grief had so tamed a spirit once so proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire ;
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee ;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
Herself would question, and for him reply ;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagined spectre in pursuit :
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meager hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last—she lies by him she loved ;
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNA- CHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath
blown,

That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

EVENING.

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !

Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !

Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair ! [dove—

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude

Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood.

Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,

Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
 And vesper-bell's that rose the boughs along:
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line, [throng,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair
 Which learn'd from this example not to fly
 From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'er-labour'd steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

THE FATE OF BEAUTY.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour;
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye:
 So beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Who waits the insect and the maid,
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught.
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away:
 Till, charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No! gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own;
 And every wo a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
 One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half-impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
 And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

TO MARY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly as it was wont to do.
 Thy husband's bless'd—and 't will impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot:
 But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
 Would hate him, if he loved thee not!
 When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break,
 But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.
 I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.
 Mary, adieu! I must away:
 While thou art blest I'll not repine,
 But near thee I can never stay;
 My heart would soon again be thine.
 I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all, save hope, the same.
 Yet was I calm: I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look;
 But now to tremble were a crime—
 We met, and not a nerve was shook.
 I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there;
 One only feeling couldst thou trace,
 The sullen calmness of despair.
 Away! away! my early dream,
 Remembrance never must awake:
 Oh! where is Lethé's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

OII! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

On! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb!
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MANFRED TO THE SORCERESS.

—FROM my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
For midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river, stream, or ocean in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, listening, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance

As in itself bath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the people infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
Of this most bright intelligence.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.*

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move!
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts would shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why* live?
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

* Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born on the fifth of January, 1787, at Blaiklaw, a few miles from Kelso, in Scotland, where his father was a respectable farmer; and his early years were passed amid the pastoral and secluded scenery of his native country. An accident, by which he was made permanently lame, induced his father to send him to the university, and at eighteen he commenced his course at Edinburgh, where, after the completion of his education, he was for several years engaged in the office of the Commissioners of the Public Records. Growing weary of his sedentary employment under government, in conjunction with Mr. JAMES CLEGHORN, he in 1817 established the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, which subsequently falling into other hands, was styled Blackwood's Magazine, and became the most famous periodical of its class in the world. An unwillingness to make the work a vehicle of personal satire and political controversy, led to disagreements with his publisher, and finally to a transfer of his services as editor to Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, by which he became involved in a literary warfare very uncongenial to his disposition.

In 1819, he published "The Autumnal Excursion and other Poems," and having given up his engagement with Constable, he proceeded in the same year to London, with his family and several friends, and embarked for South Africa. There he became engaged in a contest with the Colonial Governor, Lord CHARLES SOMERSET, which resulted in his return to England, where he arrived on the seventh of July, 1826.

By an article in the "New Monthly Magazine," then edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, he became known to the managers of the Anti-slavery Society, who, in 1827, engaged him as their secretary, in which capacity he was employed until the extinction of slavery in the British colonies. In the meantime, he was a contributor to different literary magazines, and for several years was editor of "Friendship's Offering," one of the most popular of the illustrated annuals. He also wrote his "African Sketches," a series of poems relating to that continent, and a "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa," both of which were published by Moxon. He died on the fifth of December, 1834, of a disease induced by too earnest devotion to his various pursuits, and just before his intended re-embarkation for Africa, whither he was going for the restoration of his health.

Some of Mr. PRINGLE's poems are very spirited, and nearly all of them are smoothly and correctly versified; but relating chiefly to the traditions and manners of a country of which but little is known; their peculiar merit is not well appreciated, even by educated readers.

Mr. PRINGLE enjoyed the friendship of SIR WALTER SCOTT, ZACHARY MACAULAY, and many other eminent authors and philanthropists; and "although he discharged during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man, perhaps, had ever fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities."

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past:
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:

Bright visions of glory—that vanish'd too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood: the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was
new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;

All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !
 And I—a lone exile remember'd of none—
 My high aims abandon'd,—my good acts undone,—
 Aware of all that is under the sun,—
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may
 scan,

I fly to the desert afar from man !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife :
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride !
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the desert land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild-vine ;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hying away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scoop'd their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 Away—away—in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
 And the quiver'd Coraña or Bechuán
 Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan :
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear ;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink :
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;

Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye :
 But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
 Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR !

THE BECHUANA BOY.

I SAT at noontide in my tent,
 And look'd across the desert dun,
 That 'neath the cloudless firmament
 Lay gleaming in the sun,
 When from the bosom of the waste
 A swarthy stripling came in haste,
 With foot unshod and naked limb,
 And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
 And modestly before me stood,
 Caressing with a kindly hand
 That fawn of gentle brood ;
 Then, meekly gazing in my face,
 Said in the language of his race,
 With smiling look, yet pensive tone,
 "Stranger, I'm in the world alone !"

"Poor boy," I said, "thy kindred's home,
 Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
 Why hast thou left so young, to roam
 This desolate Karroo ?"
 The smile forsook him while I spoke ;
 And when again he silence broke,
 It was with many a stifled sigh
 He told this strange, sad history.

"I have no kindred !" said the boy :
 "The Bergenaars, by night they came,
 And raised their murder-shout of joy,
 While o'er our huts the flame
 Rush'd like a torrent ; and their yell
 Peal'd louder as our warriors fell
 In helpless heaps beneath their shot,
 One living man they left us not !

"The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
 To feast the foul-beak'd birds of prey ;
 And with our herds across the plain

They hurried us away—
 The widow'd mothers and their brood :
 Oft, in despair, for drink and food
 We vainly cried, they heeded not,
 But with sharp lash the captives smote.

"Three days we track'd that dreary wild,
 Where thirst and anguish press'd us sore ;
 And many a mother and her child
 Lay down to rise no more :

Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down;
And heard, as the grim light was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

"At length was heard a river sounding
Midst that dry and dismal land,
And, like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand;
Among the madden'd cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drench'd
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched."

"Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast,
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we pass'd;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters wild and wan
Drove on like sheep our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

"All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the stranger's ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gather'd round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,—
Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

"My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
I sprang!—Alas! dash'd on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long, low valleys, fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capp'd with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was pass'd,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and scorn and shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter wo,
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting!

"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,

Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turn'd
Even like a hound the black boy spurn'd!

"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

"Gently I nursed it; for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good Utiko it was brought,
To bid me not repine—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beam'd not with human sympathy.

"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud Boor's flocks to tend;
And this poor fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pamper'd boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

"High swell'd my heart!—But when the star
Of midnight gleam'd, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the desert fled.
And here, from human kind exiled,
Three moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared; and braved the beasts of prey,
To escape from spoilers worse than they.

"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were near;
And now with hasty foot I've sought
Thy presence, void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee, as thine own—
For I am in the world alone!"

Such was Marossi's touching tale.
Our breasts they were not made of stone:
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for "our own."
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlock'd the fountains of his heart;
And love gush'd forth—till he became
Her child in every thing but name.

WILLIAM PETER.

WILLIAM PETER, the descendant of a family which has flourished for many centuries in the west of England,* was born in Cornwall, educated at Christ-Church, Oxford, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. After a few years' residence in London, he returned to his native shire, settling down at the seat of his forefathers, and dividing his time between literary and domestic pleasures and the discharge of those magisterial and other duties attached to the life of an English country gentleman. Being a zealous whig, however, of the Somers and Fox school, he was, at length, induced to enter the House of Commons, where, during the few years that he continued a member of that body, he had the satisfaction of contributing by his votes to the final triumph of many of those great principles and measures,

in the successful advocacy of which he had, by his speeches and writings, long borne a leading part in his native county. Since his withdrawal from Parliament, he has spent two or three years in visiting different countries of Europe, and is now Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. PETER's poetical works consist of translations from the German and Italian,* scriptural paraphrases, and original pieces. His translations are remarkable for their elegance and fidelity, and all his productions for a most scholarly elaboration and finish. He is also the author of a "Memoir of Sir Samuel Romilly," as well as of several tracts, chiefly political, and in support of the principles and party to which he has been throughout life attached.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.†

Non certes ; la Vie n'est pas si aride que l'Egoïsme nous l'a faite ; tout n'y est pas prudence, tout n'y est pas calcul.—*Mad. de Staël.*

"HERE, guards!" pale with fears Dionysius cries,
"Here, guards, yon intruder arrest!
'Tis Damon—but hah! speak, what means this disguise!"

And the dagger, which gleams in thy vest?"
"T'was to free," says the youth, "this dear land
from its chains!"
"Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for
thy pains."

"I am ready to die—I ask not to live—
Yet three days of respite, perhaps, thou may'st give,
For to-morrow, my sister will wed, [there;
And 't would damp all her joy, were her brother not
Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
Whilst a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow, and a curse in his breast,
"Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have
thy request;

To thy sister's repair, on her nuptials attend,
Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—
Return on the third; if, beyond that fix'd day,
There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
'That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

* Burke's "Commoners of England."

† This an imitation or free version of Schiller's "Bürgschaft."—For the origin of the story, see Valerius Maximus, l. iv. c. 7. de Amicitia; Cic. Off. l. iii. c. 10; and Lactant. l. v. c. 17. Pythias is called Phintias by Valerius Maximus and Cicero.

Then to Pythias he went; and he told him his case;
That true friend answer'd not, but, with instant
embrace

Consenting, rush'd forth to be bound in his
room;

And now, as if wing'd with new life from above,
To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,
And, ere a third morning had brighten'd the grove,
Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the heavens interpose,
Stern the tempest arose,
And, when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills
Rush'd in foam from the hills,
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild
roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half phrensied he stood;
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,
And still darker his lorn heart's emotion;
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening
land,
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

Now with knees low to earth and with hands to
the skies,

"Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he
cries—

* Amongst these are Schiller's "William Tell," "Mary Stuart," the "Maid of Orleans," "Battle with the Dragon;" Manzoni's "Fifth of May," &c., &c.

"Oh hush with thy breath this loud sea;
The hours hurry by: the sun glows on high;
And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,
My friend—he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
And waves upon waves still dissolved without
ceasing,

And hour after hour hurried on;
Then, by anguish impell'd, hope and fear alike o'er,
He, reckless, rush'd into the water's deep roar;
Rose, sunk, struggled on, till, at length, the
wish'd shore,—

Thanks to Heaven's outstretch'd hand—it is
won!—

But new perils await him: scarce 'scaped from the
flood,

And intent on redeeming each moment's delay,
As onward he sped, lo! from out a dark wood,
A band of fierce robbers encompass'd his way.

"What would ye?" he cried, "save my life I
have naught;

Nay, that is the king's!"—Then swift, having caught
A club from the nearest, and swinging it round
With might more than man's, he laid three on the
ground,

Whilst the rest hurried off in dismay.

But the noon's scorching flame
Soon shoots through his frame,
And he turns, faint and way-worn, to heaven
with a sigh—

"From the flood and the foe
Thou'st redeem'd me, and oh!
Thus, by thirst overcome, must I effortless lie,
And leave him, the beloved of my bosom, to die!"

Scarce utter'd the word,
When startled he heard
Purling sounds, sweet as silver's, fall fresh on his ear;
And low a small rill
Trickled down from the hill!
He heard and he saw, and, with joy drawing near,
Laved his limbs, slaked his thirst, and renew'd his
career.

And now the sun's beams through the deep boughs
are glowing,
And rock, tree, and mountain their shadows are
throwing,

Huge and grim, o'er the meadow's bright bloom;
And two travellers are seen coming forth on their
way,

And, just as they pass, he hears one of them say—
"Tis the hour that was fix'd for his doom."

Still, anguish gives strength to his wavering flight;
On he speeds; and lo now! in eve's reddening light
The domes of far Syracuse blend;— [gray
There Philostratus meets him, (a servant grown
In his house,) crying: "Back! not a moment's
delay;

No cares will avail for thy friend.

"No; nothing can save his dear head from the tomb;
So thick of preserving thine own.
Myself, I beheld him led forth to his doom;
Ere this, his brave spirit has flown.

With confident soul he stood, hour after hour,
Thy return never doubting to see;
No sneers of the tyrant that faith could o'erpower
Or shake his assurance in thee!"

"And is it too late? and cannot I save [grave!
His dear life? then, at least, let me share in his
Yes, death shall unite us! no tyrant shall say,
That friend to his friend proved untrue; he may
slay,

May torture, may mock at all mercy and ruth,
But ne'er shall he doubt of our friendship and truth."

'Tis sunset; and Damon arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,

Already the deathman stands arm'd for the blow;
When hark! a wild voice, which is echo'd around,
"Stay!—'tis I—it is Damon, for whom he was
bound!"

And now they sink into each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair. [case;
Not a soul, amongst thousands, but melts at their
Which swift to the monarch they bear;
Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—
And commands, that they both to his throne shall
be brought.

Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth
With looks of awe, wonder, and shame—
"Ye have conquer'd," he cries. "Yes, I see now
that truth,

That friendship, is not a mere name.
Go: you're free; but, whilst life's dearest bless-
ings you prove,

Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,
That—his past sins forgot—in this union of love
And of virtue—you make *him* the third."

THECKLA.

Die Blume ist hinweg aus meinem Leben,
Und kalt und farblos seh' ich's vor mir liegen.

THE clouds gather fast, the oak forests moan,
A maiden goes forth by the dark sea alone,
The wave on the shore breaks with might, with
might,

And she mingles her sighs with gloomy night,
Whilst her eyes are all tearfully roving.
"My heart, it is dead, and the world's void and drear
And there's nothing to hope or to live for here.
Thou Holy One, call back thy child to her rest;
In the pleasure of earth I've already been blest,—
In the pleasure of living and loving!"

Vain, vain thy regrets, vain the tears that are shed
O'er the tomb; no complaints will awaken the dead;
Yet oh! if there's aught to the desolate heart,
For the lost light of love can a solace impart,—
It will not be denied thee by heaven.

"Let the soul then sigh on, its tears gently fall;
Though life, love, and rapture, they cannot recall,
Yet the sweetest of balms to the desolate breast,
For the lost love of *Him*, whom on earth it loved
best,—

Are the pangs to *his* memory given."

THE IDEAL.*

Perfidia sed, quamvis perfida, chara tamen.

Thou, and wilt thou for ever leave me
With thy bright smiles, with thy sweet sighs,
And didst thou come but to deceive me,
With all thy tender phantasies?
Can naught detain, naught overcome thee,
O golden season of life's glee?
In vain! Thy waves are sweeping from me
Into eternity's dark sea.

The sun-smiles, the fresh blooms have perish'd,
That bright around my morntide shone,
And all within this heart most cherish'd,
Life's sweet Ideal—all is gone.
The fairy visions, the gay creatures,
To which my trusting soul gave birth,
Stern reason dims their angel-features,
And heaven is lost in clouds of earth.

As erst, with fiercest, tenderest anguish
Pygmalion clasp'd the senseless stone,
And taught the death-cold breast to languish
With blood, pulse, transports, as his own;
Thus I, around my heart's dear treasure,
Round nature, twined my wooing arms,
Till, giving back the throb of pleasure,
She glow'd,—alive in all her charms.

Then, then with mutual instinct burning,
The dumb caught raptures from my tongue,
And, kiss with sweetest kiss returning,
Responsive to her minstrel rung:
With falls more musical the fountain,
With brighter hues, tree, flower were rife,
The soulless breath'd from lake and mountain,
And all was echo of my life.

My bark, with wider sails unmooring
Stretch'd boldly forth o'er depths unknown,
With eager prow life's coasts exploring,
Her realms of thought, sight, feeling, tone.
How vast the world then, how elysian
Its prospects, in dim distance seen!
How faded now,—on nearer vision
How small,—and oh! that small, how mean!

With soul, by worldling care unblighted,
With brow, unblench'd by fear or shame,
How sprang—on wings of hope delighted—
Young manhood to the lists of fame!
Far, far beyond earth's cold dominions,
High, high as light's exultant sphere,
No realms too distant for his pinions,
No worlds too bright for his career.

How swift the car of rapture bore him,
(No toils seem'd hard, no wishes vain.)
How light, how glad some, danced before him
Imagination's sparkling train!
High Truth, in sun-bright morion glancing,
Young Glory, with his laurel'd sword,
Fortune, on golden wheels advancing,
And true Love, with its sweet reward.

But ah! as ocean's breast, unsteady,
These visions fade, these joys decay,
And, faithless, from my path already,
Friend after friend, they've dropp'd away.
False Fortune hails some happier master,
The thirst of Lore survives my youth,
But doubt's chill clouds are gathering faster
Around the sunny form of Truth.

I saw the holy crown of Glory
Polluted on the vulgar brow;
And Love—ah, why so transitory?
E'en Love's sweet flowers are withering now;
And dimmer all around, and dimmer,
Fades on the sense life's west'ring ray,
Till Hope herself scarce leaves a glimmer
To light the pilgrim on his way.

Of all,—the crowd,—that once were near me,
To court, soothe, flatter, shout, carouse,
Who now is left? Who comes to cheer me,
Or follow to my last dark house?
Thou, Friendship! gentlest nurse, that bearest
Balm for all wounds, all woes around,
Who, patient, every burden sharest—
Mine earliest sought and latest found.

And thou, with Friendship still uniting,
Exorcist of the stormy soul,
Employment, *all* its powers exciting,
Though weakening *none*, by thy control!
Who, grain on grain, with fond endeavour,
Add'st to eternity's vast day,
Yet from Time's debt, unwearied ever,
Art striking weeks, months, years, away.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

THOUGH Cowper's zeal, though Milton's fire
Inspired my glowing tongue;
Though holier raptures woke my lyre,
Than ever Seraph sung;
Though faith, though knowledge from above
Mine ardent labours crown'd;
Did I not glow with Christian love,
'T were all but empty sound.

Love suffers long; is just, sincere,
Forgiving, slow to blame;
Friend of the good, she grieves to hear
An erring brother's shame.
Meek, holy, free from selfish zeal,
To generous pity prone,
She envies not another's weal,
Nor triumphs in her own.

No evil, no suspicious thought
She harbours in her breast;
She tries us by the deeds we've wrought,
And still believes the best.
Love never fails; though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,
Love, Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

* A free version of Schiller's "Die Ideale."

THE PENITENT.

With guilt and shame oppress,
Where shall I turn for rest,
Where look for timely succour from despair?
I try the world in vain.
I court earth's fluttering train,
But find, alas! no hope, no consolation, there.

Now glory's trumpet-call,
Now pleasure's crowded hall,
Now wealth, now grandeur, every thought employs;
Vain, weary, wasted hours!
E'en midst life's fairest flowers
Fell disappointment lurks and poisons all our joys.

Then whither shall I fly?
To Christ, to God, on high—
To Him lift up thy soul in contrite prayer!
He sees the lowly heart,
He will His grace impart,
And e'en to sinners yield a refuge from despair.

ON A DEAR CHILD.

"Of such is the kingdom of God."

Flowers for the loved, the lost! Bring flowers,
The sweetest of the year;
They charm'd him in life's happiest hours,
And let them strew his bier.

Meet emblems of a spring, like his,
That bloom'd but to decay,
That stole, in dreams of gentle bliss
And innocence, away.

We weep, though not in bitterness,
Ours are not tears of gloom;
No thoughts, but those of tenderness,
Shall glisten round his tomb.

No painful recollections rise—
His morn—it dawn'd so blest,
And, ere a cloud had dimm'd its skies,
Sweet lamb, he was at rest.

He's far away! Yet still I gaze
Upon his smiling face,
Still mark his little winning ways,
His every infant grace:

I listen for his airy tread,
His voice I turn to hear,
Nor knew I, till their sounds had fled,
That he was half so dear.

Each scene he loved,—the sandy wild,
The rocks, the lone-blue sea,—
The birds, the flowers, on which he smiled,—
Shall long be dear to me.

Oh, had I been beside his bed,
But one sad kiss to share,
To soothe, perchance, his throbbing head,
To hear his heart's meek prayer.

To press his little grateful hand,
To watch his patient breath,
And gaze upon that smile, so bland,
So beautiful, in death.

But these are past. And why, my child,
Should I lament thy doom?
Thou wert a plant, too rare, too mild,
On earth's bleak wastes to bloom.

Oh, why should we disturb thy bliss,
(For such thy lot must be)
Why wish thee in a world like this,
From one, that's worthy thee?

TWYDEE.

Go, roam through this isle; view her oak-bosom'd
towers,

View the scenes which her Stowes and her
Blenheims impart;

See lawns, where proud wealth has exhausted its
powers,

And nature is lost in the mazes of art;
Far fairer to me

Are the shades of Twydec,
With her rocks, and her floods, and her wild-
blossom'd bowers.

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws
Through storm, mist, and snow, its bleak crags
to the sky;

In their shadow the sweets of the valley repose,
While streams, gay with verdure and sunshine,
steal by;

Here bright hollies bloom
Through the steep thicket's gloom,
And the rocks wave with woodbine, and hawthorn,
and rose.

'Tis eve; and the sun faintly glows in the west,
But thy flowers, fading Skyrrið, are fragrant with
dew,

And the Usk, like a spangle in nature's dark vest,
Breaks, in gleams of far moonlight, more soft on
the view;

By valley and hill
All is lovely and still,
And we linger, as lost, in some isle of the blest.

Oh, how happy the man who, from fashion's cold ray,
Flies to shades, sweet as these, with the one he
loves best!

With the smiles of affection to gladden their day,
And the nightingale's vespers to lull them to rest;

While the torments of life,
Its ambition and strife,
Pass, like storms heard at distance, unheeded away.

RANN KENNEDY.

MR. KENNEDY is a clergyman of the Established Church, holding an important station in Birmingham, where his high intellectual qualities and deep earnestness of feeling attach to him the hearts of all who know him. He has been already introduced to American readers, by WASHINGTON IRVING's happy quotations from some of his poems in the "Sketch Book." Mr. KENNEDY also wrote and published, in 1837, a "Tribute in Verse to the

Character of the late GEORGE CANNING;" and in 1840, his chief production, a volume from the press of Saunders and Otley, embracing "Britain's Genius; a Mask on occasion of the Marriage of Victoria," and a lyrical poem, "The Reign of Youth." The last illustrates the passions of youth as they successively arise. Wonder is succeeded by Mirth; Hope arises in the disappointment of Imagination, and Love succeeds to Ambition.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

THROUGH each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, sheltering middle life,
Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roof'd shed,
Our Western Isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place;
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky;
Or, if it dwell where cultured grandeur shines,
And that which gives it being, high and bright,
Allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn
From its own attributes and powers of growth—
Affections fair that blossom on its stem,
Kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope
Of lovely shoots, to multiply itself.

THE MERRY BELLS OF ENGLAND.

You hear, as I, the merry bells of England:
Can any country of the same extent
Boast of so many!—in their size and tone
Differing, yet all for harmonies combined: [cities,
Cluster'd, in frequent bands, through towns and
Lodgment they find in many a village tower
And tapering spire, that crowns an upland lawn,
Or peeps from grove and dell; while now and then,
Modest and low, a steeple ivy-clad,
Behind a rock, reveals its whereabouts
To the lone traveller, only by their tongue.
Art's work they are, yet in their tendency,
Somewhat like nature to the human soul. [both;
Raised up 'twixt earth and heaven, they speak of
They speak to all of duty and of hope—
They speak of sorrow, and of sorrow's cure.

'Tis happy for a land and for its people,
When the full spirits of the young and old
Shall thus flow out in artlessness of sport.
Waters, long pent, may swell to monstrous danger,
Sullen and still, with deluge in their power.
Far otherwise 't will be, when timely vents
Give them to run in many a babbling rill
Through vales or down the rocks, and then disperse,
Yet leave a green effect on laughing fields—
Still more and more we hear those pealing bells—
How true in tone they are!

Sweet bells, oft heard, and most, if their discourse
Shall meet life's daily ear, act wholesomely
Upon life's daily mind.

AMBITION.

YET these are but a herald band—
The created chieftain is himself at hand;
These shall but wait
On his heroic state,
And act at his command.
He comes!—Ambition comes; his way prepare!—
Let banners wave in air,
And loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare!
He comes!—for glory has before him raised
Her shield, with godlike deeds emblazed.
He comes, he comes!—for purposes sublime
Dilate his soul; and his exulting eye
Beams like a sun, that, in the vernal prime,
With golden promise travels up the sky.
Onward looking, far and high,
While before his champion pride
Valleys rise, and hills subside,
His mighty thoughts, too swift for lagging time,
Through countless triumphs run;
Each deed conceived, appears already done,
Foes are vanquish'd, fields are won.
E'en now, with wreaths immortal crown'd,
He marches to the sound
Of gratulating lyres, [fires.
And earth's applauding shout his generous bosom
He comes, he comes!—his way prepare!
Let banners wave in air,
And loud-voiced trumpets his approach declare!

JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood*, and altogether one of the most remarkable men of our age, was born at Paisley, in Scotland, in May, 1789. On completing his preparatory studies at Glasgow, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself, and obtained the prize for English poetry against a numerous and powerful competition. His education finished, he purchased a beautiful estate on the borders of the Winandermere, where he resided until called to the chair of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, in 1820.

He had already established on a firm basis his reputation as a poet, by the publication of *The Isle of Palms*, written in his eighteenth year, and a work of still higher merit, *The City of the Plague*, which appeared in 1816. *The Isle of Palms* is the story of two lovers, wrecked on an island of the Indian seas, where they remain seven years, at the end of which time they are discovered and carried home to England. It is full of splendid descriptions of nature and of feeling. *The City of the Plague* is founded on the history of the great plague in London. It is referred to by LORD BYRON in the preface to *The Doge of Venice*, as one of the very few evidences that dramatic power was not then extinct in England. Without a doubt it is the best of WILSON's poems, and one of the first productions of the sort which the century has furnished.

WILSON is most successful as a descriptive poet. His fancy is somewhat too exuberant, his metaphors too profuse: but they are from life and nature, and not from the elder bards. He has great delicacy of sentiment, and some of his delineations of character are not surpassed in English poetry. His morality is never hesitating or questionable. In all his works there is no sentiment of doubtful application.

Since his election to the Professorship of Philosophy, WILSON has written little poetry, but in his prose tales, *The trials of Margaret Lindsay*, *The Foresters*, and the admirable *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, he has shown the genius of which in an earlier period his poetical writings gave assurance. His

reputation, however, rests less upon these works than upon his contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which he has been editor from nearly its commencement. His critical and miscellaneous essays in *Blackwood* have recently been collected and published by Carey and Hart, who have likewise issued an edition of that most remarkable series of papers that ever appeared in any periodical, *The Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It is difficult to describe these *Noctes*. They exhibit a genius the most versatile in English literature. More than any thing else they gave the magazine its deserved reputation as the first of its class in the world. It is almost unnecessary to say, since they have been so universally read, that *The Noctes Ambrosianæ* purport to be dialogues between Christopher North (Professor WILSON,) The Shepherd (JAMES HOGG,) Sir Morgan O'Doherty (the late Dr. MAGINN,) and other persons, on subjects of popular interest in the months preceding the publication of the respective numbers; that they abound in masterly criticism and striking portraiture of character; that they are full of the richest humour, the keenest wit, the most biting sarcasm, the deepest pathos, and the most profound philosophy; amusing by a playful dalliance, and commanding attention by high reflections on life and death, the terrors of conscience and the hope of immortality.

The works of Professor WILSON reflect the man. His colloquial powers are very great, and he talks as he writes with a hearty sincerity and originality that command respect and admiration. He has a sound heart, and a body, like his mind, of manly proportions, robust, and powerful. Few are more fond of the sports of the field, of the rod and the gun, or use them with more skill. The mountains and lakes of Scotland are as familiar to his eye as is his own estate on the Winandermere. He still fills the chair of Philosophy at Edinburgh, and from all that I have read, or learned in conversation with those who know him, he is about as fine a specimen of a man as the times can furnish, all the severe things he has said of our country to the contrary notwithstanding.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream !

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love,
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live !
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, " This babe is mine !"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name !

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard,
Words, that, inspired by heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast !
And for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I call'd thee duteous ; am I wrong ?
No ! truth, I feel, is in my song :
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to nature, and to love !
To God !—for thou a harmless child
Has kept his temple undefiled :
To nature !—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries :
To love !—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee !
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams !

Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy :
That light of dreaming soul appears

To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye !
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim ?

But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief ! if thou shouldst now awake !
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf :
I see thou art a darling child
Among thy playmates, bold and wild.
They love thee well ; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green ;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love, delight.

And live thou surely must ; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain, nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh ! thou wilt be an angel bright !
To those thou lovest, a saving light !
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime ;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp, so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone !

Thrice blessed he ! whose stars design
His spirit pure to lean on thine ;
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears !
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there,
That guilt might cleanse, or sooth despair.

Oh ! vision fair ! that I could be
Again, as young, as pure as thee !
Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm ;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate hath order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe ! by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on,
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields, and moveless trees,

After a warm and silent shower,
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say,
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long :
Thy little dreams become too strong :
For sleep—too like realities :
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes !
Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around ;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home !
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue,
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half-conceal'd
The light of soul, and half-reveal'd.
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright ;
Till thou awokest,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy !

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity !
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace ;
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,
Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite ! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes ! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing ;
But thou wouldest be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart !
Oh ! gone thou art ! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kiss'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever !

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WREN laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry !
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring ;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad nature's roundelay ;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles mid wreaths of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,

And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love !

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace ;—
Though happy still—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness !
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams !
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child ;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed !
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own.
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time !
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from wo ;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When earth's affections nearly o'er
With peace behind, and faith before,
Thou renderest up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality !

THE HUNTER.

HIGH life of a hunter !—he meets, on the hill,
The new-waken'd daylight, so bright and so still ;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul !
'Tis his on the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded in mist, in which nature is lost ;
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment, all swim in an ocean of light,—
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world !
'Tis his, by the mouth of some cavern his seat,
The lightning of heaven to see at his feet,—
While the thunder below him, that growls from the
cloud,

To him comes in echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noontide, with glittering
motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aerial ocean,—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound,—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close,
Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,—
He sees in his slumbers such visions of old
As wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;
O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are
borne,—
And he starts from his dream, at the blast of the
horn !

SIGNS OF THE PLAGUE.

WAR does the finger,
 Yellow mid the sunshine, on the minster-clock,
 Point at that hour ! It is most horrible,
 Speaking of midnight in the face of day.
 During the very dead of night it stopp'd,
 Even at the moment when a hundred hearts
 Paused with it suddenly, to beat no more.
 Yet, wherefore should it run its idle round ?
 There is no need that men should count the hours
 Of time, thus standing on eternity.
 It is a death-like image. How can I,
 When round me silent nature speaks of death
 Withstand such monitory impulses ?
 When yet far off I thought upon the plague,
 Sometimes my mother's image struck my soul,
 In unchanged meekness and serenity,
 And all my fears were gone. But these green banks,
 With an unwonted flush of flowers o'ergrown,
 Brown, when I left them last, with frequent feet
 From morn till evening hurrying to and fro,
 In mournful beauty seem encompassing
 A still forsaken city of the dead.

O unrejoicing Sabbath ! not of yore
 Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames
 Thus silently ! Now every sail is furl'd,
 The oar hath dropt from out the rower's hand,
 And on thou slowest in lifeless majesty,
 River of a desert lately fill'd with joy !
 O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone
 The air is clear and cloudless, as at sea
 Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,
 And not one single wreath of smoke ascends
 Above the stillness of the towers and spires.
 How idly hangs that arch magnificent
 Across the idle river ! Not a speck
 Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,
 Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky,

THE PLAGUE IN THE CITY.

Know ye what ye will meet with in the city ?
 Together will ye walk through long, long streets,
 All standing silent as a midnight church.
 You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
 Rustling beneath your feet ; the very beating
 Of your own hearts will awe you ; the small voice
 Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
 Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
 Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
 Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,
 As if the spirit of the plague dwelt there,
 Darkening the city with the shades of death.
 Know ye that hideous hubbub ! Hark, far off
 A tumult like an echo ! on it comes,
 Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning pray'r,
 And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
 The passing storm hath left the silent streets,
 But are these houses near you tenantless ?
 Over your heads from a window, suddenly
 A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
 With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
 As if a demon dogg'd him on his path ?

With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
 Raving, he rushes past you ; till he falls,
 As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
 Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
 Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
 And let the pest's triumphal chariot
 Have open way advancing to the tomb,
 See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
 Of earthly kings ! a miserable cart,
 Heap'd up with human bodies ; dragg'd along
 By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies !
 And onwards urged by a wan, meager wretch,
 Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
 Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
 Would you look in ? Gray hairs and golden tresses,
 Wan shrivell'd cheeks, that have not smiled for years,
 And many a rosy visage smiling still ;
 Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
 With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone ;
 And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
 In spite of mortal pangs—there lie they all,
 Embraced in ghastliness ! But look not long,
 For happily mid the faces glimmering there,
 The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
 Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,
 Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.

THE SHIP.

And lo ! upon the murmuring waves
 A glorious shape appearing !
 A broad-wing'd vessel, through the shower
 Of glimmering lustre steering !
 As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head
 And saileth joyfully.
 A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind ;
 She sails amidst the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.
 Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
 Slowly she beareth on ;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the moon.
 The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
 On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 Oh ! ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep,
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.
 So far the peaceful soul of heaven
 Hath settled on the sea,
 It seems as if this weight of calm
 Were from eternity.
 O world of waters ! the steadfast earth
 Ne'er lay entranced like thee !
 Is she a vision wild and bright,
 That sails amid the still moonlight
 At the dreaming soul's command ?
 A vessel borne by magic gales,
 All rigg'd with gossamery sails,
 And bound for fairy-land !

Ah, no!—an earthly freight she bears,
 Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
 And lonely as she seems to be,
 Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
 In loneliness that rolls,
 She hath a constant company,
 In sleep, or waking revelry,
 Five hundred human souls!
 Since first she sail'd from fair England,
 Three moons her path have cheer'd:
 And another lights her lovelier lamp
 Since the Cape hath disappear'd.
 For an Indian isle she shapes her way
 With constant mind both night and day:
 She seems to hold her home in view
 And sails, as if the path she knew;
 So calm and stately is her motion
 Across the unfathom'd trackless ocean.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LONELY BURIAL GROUND ON THE NORTHERN
 COAST OF THE HIGHLANDS.

How mournfully this burial ground
 Sleeps mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
 Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
 All round these deaf and silent graves!
 The cold wan light that glimmers here,
 The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
 If here, with solitary hum,
 The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
 Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
 To brighter leaves he booms away.
 The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
 Alighteth softly on a mound,
 And, like an image, sitting there
 For hours amid the doleful air,
 Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
 Some wild and mystical communion,
 Connecting with his parent sea
 This lonesome, stoneless ceme'try.
 This may not be the burial-place
 Of some extinguish'd kingly race,
 Whose name on earth no longer known
 Hath moulder'd with the mouldering stone.
 That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
 Seems but one summer-twilight old;
 Both late and frequent hath the bier
 Been on its mournful visit here,
 And yon green spot of sunny rest
 Is waiting for its destined guest.
 I see no little kirk—no bell
 On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell,
 How beautiful those graves and fair,
 That, lying round the house of prayer,
 Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
 But death has chosen this rueful place
 For his own undivided reign!
 And nothing tells that e'er again
 The sleepers will forsake their bed—
 Now, and for everlasting dead,
 For hope with memory seems fled!
 Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
 Winging thy flight reluctantly,
 Slow-floating o'er these grassy tombs,

So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
 At once from thy wild shriek I know
 What means this place so steep'd in wo!
 Here, they who perish'd on the deep
 Enjoy at last unrocking sleep,
 For ocean, from this wrathful breast,
 Flung them into this haven of rest,
 Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie,—
 'T is the shipwreck'd seaman's ceme'try.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
 Shipwreck'd before on desert rocks,
 And by some wandering vessel taken
 From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
 Home bound, here have met the blast
 That wreck'd them on death's shore at last!
 Old friendless men, who had no tears
 To shed, nor any place for fears
 In hearts by misery fortified,—
 And, without terror, sternly died.
 Here, many a creature, moving bright
 And glorious in full manhood's might,
 Who dared with an untroubled eye
 The tempest brooding in the sky,
 And loved to hear that music rave,
 And danced above the mountain-wave,
 Hath quaked on this terrific strand,—
 All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
 A whole crew lying side by side,
 Death-dash'd at once in all their pride.
 And here, the bright-hair'd, fair-faced boy,
 Who took with him all earthly joy
 From one who weeps both night and day
 For her sweet son borne far away,
 Escaped at last the cruel deep,
 In all his beauty lies asleep;
 While she would yield all hopes of grace
 For one kiss of his pale, cold face!

Oh, I could wail in lonely fear,
 For many a woful ghost sits here,
 All weeping with their fixed eyes!
 And what a dismal sound of sighs
 Is mingling with the gentle roar
 Of small waves breaking on the shore;
 While ocean seems to sport and play
 In mockery of its wretched prey!
 And lo! a white-wing'd vessel sails
 In sunshine, gathering all the gales
 Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines,
 That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.
 I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
 All smear'd with dust, without a shroud,
 And silent every blue-swollen lip!
 Then gazing on the sunny ship,
 And listening to the gladsome cheers
 Of all her thoughtless mariners,
 I seem to hear in every breath
 The hollow under-tones of death,
 Who, all unheard by those who sing,
 Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
 And points with his lean, bony hand
 To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
 Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
 Till on some moonless night of wo
 He drives her shivering from the steep
 Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature ! so stately and bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight ;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming
head ;

O'r borne like a whirlwind down on the vale !—
Hail ! king of the wild and the beautiful !—hail !
Hail ! idol divine !—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain
and moor,

As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
Up ! up to yon cliff ! like a king to his throne !
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy
breast,

Lo ! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest ;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still !—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of
delight

Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay !
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—As if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee :
Magnificent prison enclosing the free ;
With rock wall-encircled, with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep ;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as
bold.

Yes : fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in
repose—

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee ;
The buglehorn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—mid the dangers that threaten thy reign :
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
On the brink of the rock—lo ! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet ;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND
GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing ?
Silent as infant at the breast,
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or mid the silence lie !
By the blue arch, this beauteous earth,
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

O that this lovely vale were mine !
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime !
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of Time !

And did I ask to whom belong'd
This vale ? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul !
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children, from their birth,
Are joint heirs of the whole !

Yea, long as nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own ;
He is a monarch, and His throne
Is built amid the skies !

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

MR. KNOWLES was born at Cork, about the year 1789. His father, a near relative of the celebrated RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, was a popular teacher of elocution in that city. Young KNOWLES was at a very early age placed at a school in England, where the bent of his genius was shown in his fondness for dramatic literature, and his attempts in dramatic composition. His first effort was called *The Chevalier Grillon*. At sixteen he wrote a tragedy in five acts, which is still extant, entitled *The Spanish Story*; eight years after, the tragedy of *Hersilia*; and in his twenty-sixth year his first successful piece, *The Gipsy*, which was performed at Waterford, with EDMUND KEAN in the character of the hero. This was succeeded by *Brian Boroghme*, *Caius Gracchus*, *Virginius*, *William Tell*, *Alfred the Great*, *The Hunchback*, *The Wife of Mantua*, *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, *The Love Chase*, *Woman's Wit*, *The Wrecker's Daughter*, *Love*, *John di Procida*, *The Maid of Mariendorp*, *The Secretary*, and other plays, all of which have been acted with applause in the British and American theatres.

Although there are many striking and beautiful passages in the writings of KNOWLES, he is deserving of little praise as a poet. It would not be difficult to find a very large number of pieces, among the unacted dramas of the last ten years, superior to his in every quality but effectiveness for the stage. He has carefully studied the Elizabethan drama-

tists; and endeavoured, not altogether without success, to fashion himself upon the best models they produced. His dialogue is spirited and dramatic, the action of his pieces fine, their morality unexceptionable, and the sympathy he manifests with human nature deep and healthy. But he has incongruously blended modern manners, opinions, feelings, incidents, and actions, with the antique; his versification is often careless and inharmonious; and he is deficient in the important poetical faculty of constructiveness. *Virginius*, *The Hunchback*, and some of his other pieces, are, however, among the most successful dramatic compositions of the age, and after the making of all abatements, he is the best playwright who has written in England during the present century.

The greatest poet of the world was an actor, and KNOWLES has thought it no disgrace to follow so illustrious an example. I remember having seen him in one of his own characters on the Park stage in New York in 1835, a year in which FANNY KEMBLE, in whom SIDONS seemed to live anew, transiently restored to the stage the glory of its palmier days. As an actor, however, he was never successful. He still appears occasionally in the British theatres; but probably only in some of the less important characters of his own pieces.

MR. KNOWLES is a general favourite in society, and is not more respected for his abilities than for his manly virtues.

LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

I SAID it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is, fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you dream 't would seek the nectarous store.

And 'tis an errant masker—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears
To hide his own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; by-and-by Italian, at
All things a song; and in another skip,

Gruff Dutchman; still is love behind the mask!
It is a hypocrite! looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts! will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water! ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, pursues its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love—nothing but love!

LAST SCENE IN JOHN DI PROCIDA.

[*Isoline follows John di Procida and his son, her husband, against Messina, of which city her father is governor. As the castle falls into the hands of the Liberator, she, unknown to either party, reaches the garden, and pauses, exhausted, listening to the tumult of the battle.*]

Iso. Thus far in time—thus far in safety! Wer't Another stride, ere take it, I had dropped. The work is going on! Oh, spare my father—Spare him, and deal with me! Hark! Massacre Has left this quarter free; within the city Holding her gory reign. She does not riot Within the castle yet. He yet may live! [here? Limbs, hold me up. Don't fail me. Who comes My father!—Father!

Governor, (entering hastily and wildly.)
Whosoe'er thou art,
Stop not my way!

Iso. Dost thou not know me?

Gov. No!

In times like these men know not one another.
Holding together, they together fall,
As men in knots do drown. In scattering
Is chance of safety. Do not hold me, friend.
Let go. Look to thyself. Let every one
Look to himself. He's lost that casts his eye
Upon another's jeopardy. His own
Asks all his care. Let go!—Away!—Away!

Iso. (thrown upon her knees, as he rushes off.)
He does not know me!—He's my father, and
He does not know me! He's distracted—mad!
Fain would I follow him, but cannot. No,
My knees refuse to raise me.

Fernando, (rushing in.) Isoline!

Iso. (throwing herself into his arms.)

Fernando! my Fernando! true, to death!
My husband—mine own love!—I die for joy!
And bless thee, my Fernando, for my joy!

[*Swoons in his arms.*]

Fer. Love! wife! choice pattern of thy partial sex!
My Isoline! She's dead! she's dead! she's dead!

Guiscardo, (enters, sword drawn.) Fernando!

Fer. Here, Guiscardo!

Guis. Who is she

Hangs swooning on thine arm? Thy bride!

Fer. My bride!

Guis. And dead?

Fer. And dead!

Guis. Set down the carrion, then,
And yield me payment for Martin's death!
I want not odds! I'll fight thee like a man
For ancient friendship's sake!

Fer. Fight me, Guiscardo! [thy sword.

Guis. Cast down thy load to earth, and draw

Fer. Wouldst murder me? and if thou wouldst,
Guiscardo,

Do it at once!

Guis. I'd treat thee like a man.

Wilt thou not throw thyself thy burden down
And act like one, or must I wrest it from thee
To balk thee of excuse? [Approaching.

Fer. You touch her not!

'Fore her dead body do I throw my life
That would not save my own!

Guis. Have at thee, then! [They fight, F. falls.

Andrea, (rushing in.) Hold! 'tis the son of
John of Procida!

Guis. The son of John of Procida!

Fer. Too late!

Take her! preserve from insult—pay all honours—
For her sake, not for mine,—and lay us side
By side. I pant for death, and not the life
Would hold my spirit from rejoicing hers. [*Dies.*

Enter John of Procida.

Pro. It is not there! I came to see his corse,
But not to smite him. No! I would not stain
This day of freedom with the narrow deed
Of personal vengeance. To the swords of others
I would have left him, satisfied if they
The debt exacted that was due to mine.
But they, intent on their own quarry, mine
Have suffered to escape, and vengeance, now
Balked, by its own remissness, of its prey,
Gnashes the teeth in vain!

And. Di Procida!

Pro. Ho! Andrea! what bear'st thou on thy arm?
And. The body of Fernando's wife, although
If this be death I do mistake its hue!

Pro. Who lies upon the ground? the governor?

And. Thy son, O Procida! She is not dead!
Help here! Hold off! you killed him!

Pro. Killed my son!

Guis. Strike, John di Procida! He sided with
The enemies of Sicily.

Pro. He did;

And he was born my son! Live! you did right.
His father says it. Yet, he was my son!

Guis. I knew not that.

Pro. And had you known it, still
You had done right—I say it—I—his father!
And yet, he was my son!

Iso. (recovering.) My lord! my husband!—
Fernando!—draw me closer to thy breast!
Hold off! Who art thou? Where's Fernando? Who
Is that?

And. Fernando's father!

Iso. So it is!

And we are safe! Are we not, sir! [*reels forward.*

Pro. O, Heaven!

Iso. You will not let them murder us! You
will not!

You can't! else nature has no truth in her,
And never more be trusted! Never more!
If fathers will not stretch an arm to save
Their children's throats, let mothers' breasts run dry,
And infants at the very fountains of life
Be turn'd to stones! Sir! father! where's your son?
Ah, you repulse me not! You let me come
Closer to you. Where's my Fernando, father?
What! do you draw me to you? Would you take me
Into your very bosom! There then!

[*Throws her arms about his neck.*] Now,
Fernando, what's to fear? Now, mine own love,
We shall be happy! happy! blessed happy!
Why don't you answer me? Where is he, father?
I left him here! Where I have been I know not,
I recollect a sickness as of death,
And now it comes again. My brow grows chill
And damp—I'll wipe it! Blood! what brings it
here?

Whose blood is this?

And. Blood has been shed to-day.
No vestment in Messina, but you'll find
Some trace upon't.

Iso. Where is my husband, sirs?
Is this Fernando's blood? We were together,
And it was here! If death did threaten us
He would be close to me, of his own life
Making a shield for mine! Was he alive,
Were he not here? Not here! he must be dead,
And this must be his blood!

Pro. Remove her, friend;
Take and remove her hence. I lack the strength.
Her plight, to mine own added, weighs me down.
She must not see his body; 'tis her life
That I feel fluttering next my breast just now
As ready to take wing. 'Twere certain death
To look upon him.

Iso. (*to Andrea.*) No, I will not hence!
You will murder me. I am safe here—am I not?
Am I not, father? Father! where's my father?
He did not know me! he did shake me off!
He fled me! You are all my father now!
But there's Fernando, too! You are not weeping?
You are! don't weep! I'll dry your eyes for you!
The blood again!

Pro. We must remove her hence.
Come with me, child.

Iso. Child! do you call me child?
Child! is a sweet name!

Pro. Come, my daughter.
Iso. Daughter!

That's sweeter yet than child. Nothing so sweet
After the name of wife; but wife's not sweeter
Than husband. Husband? That's the sweetest
name

Of all! My husband is your son! and *son*—
There is a sweet name too! No sweeter name
Than son! Do you not think so?

Pro. Come.

Iso. I Come!

We are going to Fernando. Are we not?
Sir, fare-you-well. What's that upon the ground?

And. Where?

Iso. There! You know as well as I! Stand off!

[*Breaks away.*]

Fernando! my Fernando! dead! Ay, dead
Indeed, when I do call on thee, and thou
Return'st no answer! My Fernando! dead!
Ah! it is well! Here's silence coming too
For me, love. I do feel the frost of death
Biting my limbs, and creeping towards my heart,
Colder and colder—all will soon be ice.
'Tis winter ere its time! but welcome, since
'Tis shared with you, Fernando. Mercy, Heaven!
'Tis kind—'tis pitiful to suffer me
On thy dead lips to breathe my life away. [*Dies.*]

And. Let me conduct thee hence, O Procida!
Grief doth benumb his every faculty.

Stephano, (*entering with others.*) Where is
John of Procida?

And. Behold him.

Ste. Health

To thee and to Messina, which, to-day,
Through thee, beholds her grievous yoke thrown off.

All Sicily is free! From north to south,
From east to west she garrisons herself,
And tyrants rule no more!

And. Forgive him that
He heeds you not. That body is his son's
You see him gazing on!

Ste. We know his heart!

Thomas, (*entering with others.*) Health, John
of Procida! The enemy

That sacked thy castle, and who yesterday
Held rule in Sicily, the Governor,
Flying from death did meet it from this man,
Who knew him, intercepted him, and slew him.

And. All enmities, all loves, are swallowed up
In the deep gulf of sorrow for his son.

Carlo, (*entering with others.*) Where is our
chief?

And. You see what's left of him.

Car. The admiral

And captains of the fleet have disembarked
To swell the general joy; and, yonder, come
Our ancient magistrates, their offices
Suspended long, resumed to pay their debts
To John of Procida!

Enter Magistrates, &c.

Chief M. Di Procida

The Liberator—so we hail thee—such
Thy deeds declare thee better than our words,
For us and for our children at our hands,
Whose act our sovereign master will approve,
Most poor return take for most rich desert,
And be the Governor of Sicily!

[*The whole assembly shout and applaud—John
of Procida weeps.*]

Pro. Forgive me—I'm a father—there's my son!

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

To say he loved,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet—
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As naught remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct!
Then all again was action! Disinclined
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour,
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

—I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was. I wonder'd still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talk'd of leaving us; at length,
He fix'd the parting day—but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fix'd to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

ARTIFICE DISOWNED BY LOVE.

I CANNOT think love thrives by artifice,
Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.
I would not hide one portion of my heart
Where I did give 'it and did feel 'twas right,
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except
Myself would I be loved. What were 't to me,
My lover valued me the more, the more
He saw me comely in another's eyes,
When his alone the vision I would show,
Becoming to? I have sought the reason oft,
They paint love as a child, and still have thought
It was because true love, like infancy,
Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,
Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!

PRIDE OF RANK.

DESCENT,

You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
Will you not? Never yet was line so long,
But it beginning had: and that was found
In rarity of nature, giving one
Advantage over many; aptitude
For arms, for counsel, so superlative
As baffled all competitors, and made
The many glad to follow him as guide
Or safeguard; and with title to endow him,
For his high honour, or to gain some end
Supposed propitious to the general weal,
On those who should descend from him entail'd.
Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
Which from descent to nature may be traced,
Its proper fount! And that, which nature did,
You'll grant she may be like to do again;
And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
I trust I seem not bold, to argue so.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your baréd brows,
More gorgeously majestic than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine, whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

LOST FREEDOM OF SWITZERLAND.

Oh! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless Him that it was so. It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!
You know the jetting cliff round which a track
Up higher winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass! O'er taken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was
free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

VIRGINIUS IN THE FORUM,

IN REPLY TO A SLAVE WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE
FATHER OF VIRGINIA.

— Your answer now, Virginus!

— Here it is!

Is this the daughter of a *slave*? I know
'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listen'd to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
And never look'd so pleased, help'd them up to it,
And bless'd her for a blessing—Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew,
To prove its barrenness!

Speak for me, friends!

Have I not spoke the truth?

MRS. SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES, a daughter of Mr. CHARLES BOWLES, of North Lymington, was born near the close of the last century. On the fourth of June, 1839, she was married to the late ROBERT SOUTHEY, poet laureate. This is all I know of her personal history. She is one of the cleverest women of the time, and, besides her poems, has written several prose works which have been very popular at home and in this country. Her productions

are distinguished for correctness, simplicity, and tenderness. She has little imagination, but she has a kindly disposition and an unusual depth of sentiment. Occasionally she is playful, but the genius of her poetry is religious. The range of her subjects is limited, but her writings evince a nice observation, a sympathy with the suffering, and a pious trustfulness. She has published two volumes of poems, *The Birth Day*, and *Autumn Flowers*.

THE WELCOME HOME.

HARK! hark! they're come!—those merry bells
That peal their joyous welcome swells;
And many hearts are swelling high,
With more than joy—with ecstasy!

And many an eye is straining now
Toward that good ship, that sails so slow;
And many a look toward the land
They cast upon that deck who stand.

Flow, flow, ye tides!—ye languid gales,
Rise, rise, and fill their flagging sails!—
Ye tedious moments, fly, begone,
And speed the blissful meeting on.

Impatient watchers! happy ye,
Whose hope shall soon be certainty;
Happy, thrice happy! soon to strain
Fond hearts to kindred hearts again!

Brothers and sisters—children—mother—
All, all restored to one another!
All, all return'd;—And are there none
To *me* restored, return'd!—Not one.

Far other meeting *mine* must be
With friends long lost—far other sea
Than thou, O restless ocean! flows
Between us—one that never knows

Ebb-tide or flood;—a stagnant sea;
Time's gulf;—its shore eternity!
No voyager from that shadowy bourne
With chart or sounding may return.

There, there *they* stand—the loved!—the lost!
They beckon from that awful coast!—
They cannot thence return to me,
But I shall go to them.—I see

E'en now, methinks, those forms so dear,
Bend smiling to invite me there.

O, best beloved! a little while,
And I obey that beckoning smile!

'T is all my comfort now to know
In God's good time it shall be so;
And yet, in that sweet hope's despite
Sad thoughts oppress my heart to-night.

And doth the sight of others' gladness
Oppress the selfish heart with sadness?
Now Heaven forbid!—but tears will rise—
Unbidden tears—into mine eyes,

When busy thought contrasts with theirs
My fate, my feelings. Four brief years
Have wing'd their flight, since, where they stand,
I stood, and watch'd that parting band,

(*Then parting hence*)—and *one*, methought,
(O human foresight! set at nought
By God's unfathom'd will!) was borne
From England, never to return!—

With sadden'd heart, I turn'd to seek
Mine own beloved home—to speak
With her who shared it, of the fears
She also shared in . . . It appears

But yesterday that thus we spoke;
And I can see the very look
With which she said, "I do believe
Mine eyes have ta'en their last long leave

Of her who has gone hence to-day!"
Five months succeeding slipp'd away;
And, on the sixth, a deep-toned bell
Swung slow, of recent death to tell;

It toll'd for her, with whom so late
I reason'd of impending fate;
To me those solemn words who spoke
So late, with that remember'd look!

And *now*, from that same steeple, swells
A joyous peal of merry bells,
Her welcome, whose approaching doom
We blindly thought—a foreign tomb!

ANGLING.

My father loved the patient angler's art;
 And many a summer day, from early morn
 To latest evening, by some streamlet's side
 We two have tarried; strange companionship!
 A sad and silent man; a joyous child.
 Yet were those days, as I recall them now,
 Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
 My father's eyes were often on his child
 Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
 Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
 Repulsed me, if I broke upon his thoughts
 With childish question. But I learnt at last—
 Learnt intuitively to hold my peace
 When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
 Spoke the perturbed spirit—only then
 I crept a little closer to his side,
 And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
 Laid my cheek softly; till the simple wile
 Won on his sad abstraction, and he turn'd
 With a faint smile, and sigh'd, and shook his head,
 Stooping toward me; so I reached at last
 Mine arm about his neck, and clasp'd it close,
 Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss.

That was a lovely brook, by whose green marge
 We two, (the patient angler and his child)
 Linger'd away so many summer days!
 A shallow sparkling stream, it hurried now
 Leaping and glancing among large round stones,
 With everlasting friction chafing still
 Their polish'd smoothness; on a gravelly bed,
 Then softly slipt away with rippling sound,
 Or all inaudible, where the green moss
 Sloped down to meet the clear reflected wave,
 That lipp'd its emerald bank with seeming show
 Of gentle dalliance. In a dark, deep pool
 Collected now, the peaceful waters slept
 Embay'd by rugged headlands; hollow roots
 Of huge old pollard willows. Anchor'd there
 Rode safe from every gale, a silvan fleet
 Of milk-white water lilies; every bark
 Worthy as those on his own sacred flood
 To waft the Indian Cupid. Then the stream
 Brawling again o'er pebbly shallows ran,
 On—on, to where a rustic, rough-hewn bridge,
 All bright with mosses and green ivy wreaths,
 Spann'd the small channel with its single arch;
 And underneath, the bank on either side
 Shelved down into the water darkly green
 With unsunn'd verdure; or whereon the sun
 Look'd only when his rays at eventide
 Obliquely glanced between the blacken'd piers
 With arrowy beams of orient emerald light
 Touching the river and its velvet marge—
 'Twas there, beneath the archway, just within
 Its rough misshapen piles, I found a cave,
 A little secret cell, one large flat stone
 Its ample floor, embedded deep in moss,
 And a rich tuft of dark blue violet,
 And fretted o'er with curious groining dark,
 Like vault of Gothic chapel was the roof
 Of that small cunning cave. . . . Methought
 The little Naiad of our brook might haunt
 That cool retreat, and to her guardian care

My wont was ever, at the bridge arrived,
 To trust our basket, with its ample store
 Of home-made, wholesome eates; by one at home
 Provided for our banquet-hour at noon.

A joyful hour! anticipated keen
 With zest of youthful appetite I trow,
 Full oft expelling unsubstantial thoughts
 Of grotts and naiads, sublimated fare—
 The busy, bustling joy, with housewife airs
 (Directress, handmaid, lady of the feast!)
 To spread that "table in the wilderness!"
 The spot selected with deliberate care,
 Fastidious from variety of choice,
 Where all was beautiful. Some pleasant nook
 Among the fringing alders; or beneath
 A single spreading oak: or higher up
 Within the thicket, a more secret bower,
 A little clearing carpeted all o'er
 With creeping strawberry, and greenest moss
 Thick vein'd with ivy. There unfolded smooth
 The snowy napkin (carefully secured
 At every corner with a pebbly weight,)
 Was spread prelusive; fairly garnish'd soon
 With the contents (most interesting then)
 Of the well-plenish'd basket: simple viands,
 And sweet brown bread, and biscuits for dessert,
 And rich ripe cherries; and two slender flasks,
 Of cider one, and one of sweet new milk,
 Mine own allotted beverage, temper'd down
 From the near streamlet. Two small silver cups
 Set our grand buffet—and all was done;
 But there I stood immovable, entranced,
 Absorb'd in admiration—shifting oft
 My ground contemplative, to reperuse
 In every point of view the perfect whole
 Of that arrangement, mine own handiwork.
 Then glancing skyward, if my dazzled eyes
 Shrank from the sunbeams, vertically bright,
 Away, away, toward the river's brink
 I ran to summon from his silent sport
 My father to the banquet; tutor'd well,
 As I approach'd his station, to restrain
 All noisy outbreak of exuberant glee;
 Lest from their quiet haunts the finny prey
 Should dart far off to deeper solitudes.
 The gentle summons met observance prompt,
 Kindly considerate of the famish'd child:
 And all in order left—the mimic fly
 Examined and renew'd, if need required,
 Or changed for other sort, as time of day,
 Or clear or clouded sky, or various signs
 Of atmosphere or water, so advised
 Th' experienced angler; the long line afloat—
 The rod securely fix'd; then into mine
 The willing hand was yielded, and I led
 With joyous exultation that dear guest
 To our green banquet-room. Not Leicester's self,
 When to the hall of princely Kenilworth
 He led Elizabeth, exulted more
 With inward gratulation at the show
 Of his own proud magnificence, than I,
 When full in view of mine arranged feast,
 I held awhile my pleased companion back,
 Exacting wonder—admiration, praise,
 With pointing finger, and triumphant "There!"

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers!

How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—they are the *last*—
The last!—the last!—the last!—
Oh, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd!
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers!—pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends,)
Last tears, in silence shed,
Last words, half-uttered,
Last looks of dying friends!

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day;
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those—
The saddest! sweetest! dearest!
Because, like those, the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers! Pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows—
Tell me of change and death!

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death does keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;

One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—agen
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change!—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-hands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?”
“Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!”
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;—
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HENRY HART MILMAN was born in London on the tenth of February, 1791, and was the youngest son of Sir FRANCIS MILMAN, physician to the king. In 1801 he was sent to Eton, and in 1810 he entered Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he gained the first honours in examinations, and received many prizes for English and Latin poems and essays. In 1815 he became a fellow of his college, and two years afterward entered into holy orders. The living of St. Mary's, in Reading, was bestowed upon him in 1817, and he devoted much of his attention to the duties of his profession, until he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1821.

Mr. MILMAN commenced his course as a poet with the *Judicium Regale*, in which the people of the different nations of Europe pronounce their judgment against NAPOLEON. This was followed by the tragedy of Fazio, which was performed before crowded houses at Drury Lane, and is still occasionally played in the British and American theatres.

His next work, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, appeared in 1820. The basis of the story is a passage in JOSEPHUS, and the events, occupying a considerable time in the history, are in the play compressed into a period of thirty-six hours. The object of the author was to show the full completion of prophecy in the great event which he commemorates.

The Martyr of Antioch, published in 1822, is founded on a legend related in the twenty-third chapter of GIBBON, of the daughter of a priest of APOLLO at Antioch, who was beloved by OLYBIUS, prefect of the East in the reign of PROBUS, converted to the Christian religion, and sacrificed to the unrelenting spirit of offended heathenism. It is an attempt to present in contrast the simple faith of Jesus and the most gorgeous yet most natural of pagan superstitions, the worship of the sun. The tale is similar to that of LOCKHART's fine romance of Valerius, by which it was probably suggested; and, except in its tragical termination and some minor characteristics, the plot of the drama is inferior to that of the novel. In the same year he finished *Belshazzar*. The

subject is one of the noblest and most poetical in the Scriptures, but Mr. MILMAN failed, as signally as some writers of less pretension, in its treatment. The characters are the Destroying Angel from Heaven, sent to complete the annihilation of Babylon; Belshazzar, his mother, Kalassan high-priest of Bel, the Captain of the Guard, and the eunuch Sabaris, Chaldeans; with Daniel, Imlah, his wife, his daughter Benina, and her betrothed lover, Hebrews. The story is that of the Handwriting on the Wall, with an underplot, in which Benina is seized as the virgin devoted to the pagan deity, but in fact destined for the chambers of Kalassan. The fall of the city intervenes to save her; the Chaldeans perish, and the Jews are restored to happiness. The time is one day, from the morning to the conflagration of the Assyrian capital. These actors and circumstances demand earnestness, force, tenderness, the grandest and most beautiful imagery, and a sustained enthusiasm; but the piece is tame and monotonous, inferior, even its lyrical portions, to the earlier works of the author. The latest of his dramas is *Anne Boleyn*, in which the characters of King Henry and the Jesuit Angelo Caraffa are well delineated and sustained, though the work has no great merit as a play or a poem.

Besides his dramatic works, Mr. MILMAN is the author of *Samor*, the Lord of the Bright City, an epic in twelve books; and a volume of minor poems, none of which are equal to passages in his tragedies. He has likewise written the best *History of the Jews* in our language, and a *History of Christianity*, both of which have been republished by Messrs. Harper of New York. He now resides in London, and is prebendary of St. Peter's, and minister of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Mr. MILMAN's poems contain some spirited lyrics, and much vigorous declamation and fine description; but, though he is not perhaps a plagiarist, they embrace nothing new, and nothing to entitle him to the appellation of a great poet. They are simply the verses of a well-educated gentleman, who has little sympathy with humanity.

ROWENA.

CEASED the bold strain, then deep the Saxon
drain'd

The ruddy cup, and savage joy uncouth
Lit his blue gleaming eyes: nor sate unmoved
The Briton chiefs; fierce thoughts began to rise
Of ancient wars, and high ancestral fame.
Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce
Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds [felt
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dancers trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dew; nor lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
At summer noon the sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd
Melodious; merry now, and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks
Flower-wreathed, their snowy robes from clasped
zone

Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanced o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound
Swell'd up, and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching spray,
Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp: as though she trod from earth,
And round her wore an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the lady moved. Too proud
For less than absolute command, too soft
For aught but gentle, amorous thought: her hair
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance, save
Here and there on her snowy neck reposed
In a soothed brilliance, some thin, wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye was fringed
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers.
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
That to the outward form and feature gave
A loveliness of scorn, scorn that to feel
Was bliss, was sweet indulgence. Fast sank back
Those her fair harbingers, their modest eyes,
Downcast, and drooping low their slender necks
In graceful reverence; she, by wondering gaze
Unmoved, and stifled murmurs of applause,
Nor yet unconscious, slowly won her way
To where the king, amid the festal pomp,
Sate loftiest; as she raised a fair-chased cup,
Something of sweet confusion overspread
Her features; something tremulous broke in
On her half-failing accents, as she said [up,
"Health to the king!"—the sparkling wine laugh'd

As eager 'twere to touch so fair a lip.
A moment, and the apparition bright
Had parted; as before, the sound of harps
Was wantoning about the festive hall.

LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

THERE have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw and wept.
And I—can I refrain from weeping? Yes,
My country, in thy darker destiny
Will I awhile forget mine own distress.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;

The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;

Her tale of splendour now is told and done:
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

O! fair and favour'd city, where of old

The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice;
The heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!

How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-robed Levites and high-mitred priests!

How gorgeous all her temple's sacred state,
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
Her feasts are holden mid the gentile's scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn;
And where her temple crown'd the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin?
When come the avengers of proud Judah's sin?
Aceldama! accursed and guilty ground,
Gird all the city in thy dismal bound;

Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou;
Let every ancient monument and tomb
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,

Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But never more shall yon lost city need
Those secret places for her future dead;
Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
Of all her children none is left to her,
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?

Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?

Look down! look down, avenged Calvary,

Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation.

O! long foretold, though slow accomplish'd fate,
"Her house is left unto her desolate;"
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare, o'er her ruins driven,
Fulfills at length the tardy doom of Heaven;
The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord!

HYMN BY THE EUPHRATES.

O Thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our afflictions thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, O God!
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss thy
rod!

We bless thee, Lord, though far from Judah's land,
Though our worn limbs are black with stripes
and chains;

Though for stern foes we till the burning sand;
And reap, for others' joy, the summer plains;
We bless thee, Lord, for thou art gracious still,
Even though this last black drop o'erflow our cup
of ill!

We bless thee for our lost, our beauteous child;
The tears, less bitter, she hath made us weep;
The weary hours her graceful sports have 'guiled,
And the dull cares her voice hath sung to sleep!
She was the dove of hope to our lorn ark;
The only star that made the strangers' sky less dark!

Our dove is fallen into the spoiler's net;
Rude hands defile her plumes, so chastely white;
To the bereaved their one soft star is set,
And all above is sullen, cheerless night!
But still we thank thee for our transient bliss—
Yet, Lord, to scourge our sins remain'd no way but
this!

As when our Father to Mount Moriah led
The blessing's heir, his age's hope and joy,
Pleased, as he roam'd along with dancing tread,
Chid his slow sire, the fond, officious boy,
And laugh'd in sport to see the yellow fire
Climb up the turf-built shrine, his destined funeral
pyre—

Even thus our joyous child went lightly on;
Bashfully sportive, timorously gay,
Her white foot bounded from the pavement stone
Like some light bird from off the quiverings spray;
And back she glanced, and smiled in blameless glee,
The cars, and helms, and spears, and mystic dance
to see.

By thee, O Lord, the gracious voice was sent
That bade the sire his murderous task forego:
When to his home the child of Abraham went,
His mother's tears had scarce begun to flow.
Alas! and lurks there, in the thicket's shade,
The victim to replace our lost, devoted maid!

Lord, even through thee to hope were now too bold;
Yet 'twere to doubt thy mercy to despair.
'Tis anguish, yet 'tis comfort, faint and cold,
To think how sad we are, how blest we were!
To speak of her is wretchedness, and yet
It were a grief more deep and bitterer to forget!

O Lord our God! why was she e'er our own?
Why is she not our own—our treasure still?
We could have pass'd our heavy years alone.
Alas! is this to bow us to thy will?
Ah! even our humblest prayers we make repine,
Nor prostrate thus on earth, our hearts to thee
resign.

Forgive, forgive—even should our full hearts break,
The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise:
Ah! thou art still too gracious to forsake,
Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers, hear not our murmurs, Lord;
And, though our lips rebel, still make thyself adored.

JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.

Gon of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of Desolation flow:
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below.
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou the guilty land hast seal'd for wo.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress:
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness!
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillar'd temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke—O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head;
And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of
the dead.

The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers.
On Carmel's side our maidens call the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves;
With fetter'd steps we left our pleasant land,
Envyng our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare;
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where, o'er the cherub-seated God, full blazed
the irradiate dome.

ODE, TO THE SAVIOUR.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way;
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And scraps' burning lyres,
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed
clouds along.
One angel-troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambient radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary,
With all thine own redeem'd out bursting from
their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloud-
less sun.
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew:
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.

Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have wealth,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart that laughs at care.
At once, 'tis true, two witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.
Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.
Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door,
That the favour'd youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear;
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,—
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

EVENING SONG OF MAIDENS.

COME away, with willing feet
Quit the close and breathless street :
Sultry court and chamber leave,
Come and taste the balmy eve,
Where the grass is cool and green,
And the verdant laurels screen
All whose timid footsteps move
With the quickening stealth of love ;
Where Orontes' waters hold
Mirrors to your locks of gold,
And the sacred Daphne weaves
Canopies of trembling leaves.

Come away, the heavens above
Just have light enough for love ;
And the crystal Hesperus
Lights his dew-fed lamp for us.
Come, the wider shades are falling,
And the amorous birds are calling
Each his wandering mate to rest
In the close and downy nest ;
And the snowy orange flowers,
And the creeping jasmine bowers,
From their swinging censers cast
Their richest odours, and their last.

Come, the busy day is o'er,
Flying spindle gleams no more ;
Wait not till the twilight gloom
Darken o'er the embroider'd loom.
Leave the toilsome task undone,
Leave the golden web unspun.
Hark, along the humming air
Home the laden bees repair ;
And the bright and dashing rill
From the side of every hill,
With a clearer, deeper sound,
Cools the freshening air around.

Come, for though our God the Sun
Now his fiery course hath run ;
There the western waves among
Lingers not his glory long ;
There the couch awaits him still,
Wrought by Jove-born Vulcan's skill
Of the thrice-refined gold,
With its wings that wide unfold,
O'er the surface of the deep
To waft the bright-hair'd god asleep
From the Hesperian islands blest,
From the rich and purple West,
To where the swarthy Indians lave
In the farthest Eastern wave.

There the Morn on tiptoe stands,
Holding in her rosy hands
All the amber-studded reins
Of the steeds with fiery manes,
For the sky-borne charioteer
To start upon his new career.
Come, for when his glories break
Every sleeping maid must wake.
Brief be then our stolen hour
In the fragrant Daphne's bower ;

Brief our twilight dance must be
Underneath the cypress tree.
Come away, and make no stay,
Youth and maiden, come away.

CHORUS.

KING of kings ! and Lord of lords !
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to thee ;
To the shadow of thy wings,
Lord of lords ! and King of kings !

Behold, O Lord ! the heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill, in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou still wilt save thy chosen land !
By all thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown ;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast ;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing ;
While before the deep sea flow'd,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they pray'd,
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood ;
And the summon'd east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gather'd waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of kings ! and Lord of lords !

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horseman prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold
The loud thundering billows roll'd.
As the level waters spread
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou hast gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE USURER.

Fazio. Dost thou know, Bianca,
Our neighbour, old Bartolo?

Bianca. O yes, yes—
That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stain'd
With watching his own gold; every one knows him,
Enough to loathe him. Not a friend hath he,
Nor kindred, nor familiar; not a slave,
Not a lean serving wench; nothing e'er enter'd
But his spare self within his jealous doors,
Except a wandering rat; and that, they say,
Was famine-struck, and died there. What of him?

Fazio. Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones.
There's not a galliot on the sea but bears
A venture of Bartolo's; not an acre,
Nay, not a villa of our proudest princes,
But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he,
He only stocks our prisons with his debtors.
I saw him creeping home last night; he shudder'd
As he unlock'd his door, and look'd around,
As if he thought that very breath of wind
Were some keen thief; and when he lock'd him in,
I heard the grating key turn twenty times,
To try if all were safe. I look'd again
From our high window by mere chance, and saw
The motion of his scanty, moping lantern,
And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuff'd
With tatter'd remnants of a money-bag,
Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,
Like some dry, wither-boned anatomy,
Through a huge chest-lid, jealously and scantily
Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels,
Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold,
Upon whose lustre the wan light shone muddily,
As though the New World had outrun the Spaniard,
And emptied all its mines in that coarse hovel.
His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them
As a gross satyr on a sleeping nymph;
And then, as he heard something like a sound,
He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern;
But I, Bianca, hurried to thy arms,
And thank'd my God that I had braver riches.

BENINA TO BELSHAZZAR.

—I hear abroad

The exultation of unfetter'd earth!—
From east to west they lift their trampled necks,
The indignant nations: earth breaks out in scorn;
The valleys dance and sing; the mountains shake
Their cedar-crown'd tops! The strangers crowd
To gaze upon the howling wilderness,
Where stood the Queen of Nations. Lo! even now,
Lazy Euphrates rolls his sullen waves [reeds,
Through wastes, and but reflects his own thick
I hear the bitters shriek, the dragons cry;
I see the shadow of the midnight owl
Gliding where now are laughter-echoing palaces!
O'er the vast plain I see the mighty tombs
Of kings, in sad and broken whiteness gleam
Beneath the o'ergrown cypress—but no tomb
Bears record, Babylon, of thy last lord;
Even monuments are silent of Belshazzar!

JOHN KEBLE.

I HAVE been able to learn scarcely any thing of the history of Mr. KEBLE. He was educated at Oxford, entered holy orders, and was for some time pastor of a rural congregation, to whose spiritual interests he devoted himself with untiring ardour and affection. He was subsequently elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and he has been distinguished as one of those eminent scholars and divines, among whom are NEWMAN, HOOK and PUSEY, who have since shaken the religious world with some of the most ingenious and able theological discussions of modern times, in the Oxford Tracts.

Mr. KEBLE is known as a poet chiefly through *The Christian Year*, which was first published in 1827. It has passed through more than thirty editions in England, and has been several times reprinted in this country. The American impressions contain a preface and other valuable additions by the author's friend, the Rt. Rev. Dr. DOANE, Bishop of the Episcopal church in New Jersey. Beside this, he has written *The Child's Christian Year*, and some of the finest pieces in the *Lyra Apostolica*, republished last summer in New York. I believe Mr. KEBLE is now about fifty years of age.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

AWAKE—again the Gospel-trump is blown—
From year to year it swells with louder tone;
From year to year the signs of wrath
Are gathering round the Judge's path:
Strange words fulfill'd, and mighty works achieved,
And truth in all the world both hated and believed.

Awake! why linger in the gorgeous town,
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny crown?
Up, from your beds of sloth, for shame,
Speed to the eastern mount like flame,
Nor wonder, should ye find your king in tears,
E'en with the loud Hosanna ringing in his ears.

Alas! no need to rouse them: long ago
They are gone forth to swell Messiah's show;
With glittering robes and garlands sweet
They strew the ground beneath his feet:
All but your hearts are there—O doom'd to prove
The arrows wing'd in heaven for faith that will not love!

Meanwhile He paces through the adoring crowd,
Calm as the march of some majestic cloud,
That o'er wild scenes of ocean-war
Holds its course in heaven afar:
Even so, heart-searching Lord, as years roll on,
Thou keepest silent watch from thy triumphal throne;

Even so, the world is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
Constrain'd to own Thee, but in heart
Prepared to take Barabbas' part:
"Hosanna" now, to-morrow "Crucify,"
The changeful burden still of their rude lawless cry.

Yet, in that throng of selfish hearts untrue,
Thy sad eye rests upon thy faithful few;

Children and childlike souls are there,
Blind Bartimeus' humble prayer,
And Lazarus waken'd from his four days' sleep,
Enduring life again, that Passover to keep.

And fast beside the olive-border'd way [stay,
Stands the bless'd home, where Jesus deign'd to
And peaceful home, to Zeal sincere
The heavenly Contemplation dear,
Where Martha loved to wait with reverence meet,
And wiser Mary linger'd at thy sacred feet.

Still, through decaying ages as they glide,
Thou lovest thy chosen remnant to divide;
Sprinkled along the waste of years,
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred, safe abode.

When withering blasts of error swept the sky,*
And Love's last flower seem'd fain to droop and die,
How sweet, how lone, the ray benign,
On shelter'd nooks of Palestine!
Then to his early home did Love repair, [air.
And cheer'd his sickening heart with his own native

Years roll away: again the tide of crime
Has swept thy footsteps from the favour'd clime.
Where shall the holy Cross find rest?
On a crown'd monarch's† mailed breast:
Like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene,
Through court and camp he holds his heavenward
course serene.

A fouler vision yet; an age of light,
Light without love, glares on the aching sight:
O who can tell how calm and sweet,
Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,
When wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose!

* Arianism in the fourth century.

† St. Louis in the thirteenth century.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies,
 To fill the heart's fond view ?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing ! in our last decay
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
 As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stain'd with fear and strife !
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while
 Your first and perfect form ye show,
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The stars of heaven a course are taught
 Too high above our human thought ;—
 Ye may be found if ye are sought,
 And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.
 The birds of air before us fleet,
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—
 But we may taste your solace sweet
 And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons, undescried
 By all but lowly eyes :
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
 As when He paused and own'd you good ;
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,
 Ye felt it all renew'd.
 What care ye now, if winter's storm
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
 That daily court you and caress,
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness !
 " Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
 Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
 And heaven thy morn will bless."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
 Welcome to the thoughtful heart !
 May I call ye sense or learning,
 Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art ?
 Be your title what it may,
 Sweet and lengthening April day,
 While with you the soul is free,
 Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
 To the inward ear devout,
 Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
 Your transporting chords ring out.
 Every leaf in every nook,
 Every wave in every brook,
 Chanting with a solemn voice,
 Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
 Winding shore or deepening glen,
 Where the landscape in its glory
 Teaches truth to wandering men :
 Give true hearts but earth and sky,
 And some flowers to bloom and die,—
 Homely scenes and simple views
 Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
 Where the waters gently pass,
 Every way her free arms flinging
 O'er the moss and reedy grass.
 Long ere winter blasts are fled,
 See her tipp'd with vernal red,
 And her kindly flower display'd
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
 Thus I learn contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks and live
 On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stony vale I wind,
 Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
 By the dusty wayside drear,
 Nightingales with joyous cheer
 Sing, my sadness to reprove,
 Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest, darkest tree,
 There they plunge, the light declining—
 All may hear, but none may see.
 Fearless of the passing hoof,
 Hardly will they fleet aloof ;
 So they live in modest ways,
 Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

FOREST LEAVES IN AUTUMN.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse; and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply, half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Though brighten'd oft by dear affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn.

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee.

When from the grave he sprung at dawn of morn,
And led thro' boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints new-born
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest we be pass'd,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine;

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control
The laggard body soon will waft to heaven.

DIMNESS.

OF the bright things in earth and air
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book:
It lies before me, fair outspread—
I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,
I linger by soft music's cell,
And in my heart of hearts would hear
What to her own she deigns to tell.

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound—
I only know 'tis fair and sweet—
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.

But patience! there may come a time
When these dull ears shall scan aright
Strains, that outrange earth's drowsy chime,
As heaven outshines the taper's light.

These eyes, that dazzled now and weak
At glancing notes in sunshine wink,
Shall see the King's full glory break,
Nor from the blissful vision shrink:

Though scarcely now their laggard glance
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day
They shall behold, and not in trance,
The region "very far away."

If memory sometimes at our spell
Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,
We shall not need her where we dwell,
Ever in sight of all our bliss.

Meanwhile, if over sea or sky,
Some tender lights unnoticed fleet,
Or on loved features dawn and die,
Unread, to us, their lesson sweet;

Yet are there saddening sights around,
Which heaven, in mercy, spares us too,
And we see far in holy ground,
If duly purged our mental view.

The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing; but the soul,
That upward looks, may still descry
Nearer, each day, the brightening goal.

And thou, too curious ear, that fain
Wouldst thread the maze of harmony,
Content thee with one simple strain,
The lowlier, sure, the worthier thee;

Till thou art duly train'd, and taught
The concord sweet of love divine:
Then, with that inward music fraught,
For ever rise, and sing, and shine.

Thus bad and good their several warnings give
Of His approach, whom none may see and live :
Faith's ear, with awful still delight,
Counts them like minute bells at night,
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,
While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts that cower
In wilful slumber, deepening every hour,
That draw their curtains closer round,
The nearer swells the trumpet's sound ?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,
Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel
Thee nigh.

ADDRESS TO POETS.

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts !
Know ye who hath set your parts ?
He, who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below ;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed ;
Linger not with sin and wo.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here !
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips that might half-heaven reveal—
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)
Then, thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing.

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,

Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore,
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

THE UNITED STATES.

TYRE of the farther west ! be thou too warn'd,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'er-
spread,
Touching two oceans : wherefore hast thou scorn'd
Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread ?
Why lies the cross unhonour'd on thy ground,
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt ?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be bless'd where saints and
angels haunt ?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods ;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'eropping nature, braving nature's God ;
Oh while thou yet hast room, fair, fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stain'd thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence truth her sign may make o'er forest,
lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turnest thine
Listening if haply with the surging sea [ear,
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear
To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee !
Tyre mock'd when Salem fell ; where now is Tyre ?
Heaven was against her. Nations thick as waves
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doom'd and fire ;
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned
merchants' graves.

CHAMPIONS OF THE TRUTH.

"Whoshall go for us?" And I said, "Here am I: send me."

DULL thunders moan around the Temple rock,
And deep in hollow caves, far underneath,
The lonely watchman feels the sullen shock,
His footsteps timing as the low winds breathe ;
Hark ! from the Shrine are keep'd, What steadfast
heart

Dares in the storm go forth ? Who takes the
Almighty's part ?

And with a bold gleam flush'd, full many a brow
Is raised to say, "Behold me, Lord, and send !"
But ere the words be breathed, some broken vow
Remember'd, ties the tongue ; and sadly blend
With faith's pure incense, clouds of conscience dim,
And faltering tones of guilt mar the Confessor's
hymn.

CHARLES WOLFE.

THIS poet was born in Dublin, on the fourteenth of December, 1791. On the death of his father, the family removed to England, where they resided several years. In 1805 young WOLFE was placed at the Winchester School, where he remained until 1809, when he entered the university of his native city. Here he was distinguished as a classical scholar, and for his abilities as a poet. At a very early age, while at Winchester, he had written verses remarkable as the productions of one so young, and before completing his twenty-first year, he gained the reputation of being the first genius in the university, by two poems of considerable merit, *Jugurtha* and *Patriotism*, for the last of which a prize was given by one of the college societies.

In the autumn of 1817, Mr. WOLFE entered into holy orders, and he soon after obtained a living in an obscure parish of Tyrone county, and subsequently the curacy of Castle Caulfield. He devoted himself with untiring assiduity to the duties of his profession until the spring of 1821, when symptoms of consumption made their appearance, and he was induced to visit Scotland, to consult a physician

distinguished for his skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints. This visit was productive of no benefit. WOLFE returned to his cure, and soon after went to reside in Devonshire, and subsequently at Bordeaux in the south of France. The summer months of 1822 were passed with his friend Archdeacon Russell, in Dublin. In November of that year he removed to the Cove of Cork, where he died on the twenty-first of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age.

WOLFE is chiefly known as the writer of the lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore, which were originally printed anonymously, and attributed in turn to nearly every eminent poet of the day. Their authorship has been a subject of some controversy since the death of WOLFE, but the question has been put to rest by an article in the *Dublin University Magazine* for December, 1842, in which the proofs that it is by WOLFE are demonstrative. Several of his other pieces are distinguished for exquisite melody and tenderness, and show that he was capable of the highest lyrical efforts. Dr. RUSSEL has published the *Remains of WOLFE*, with an interesting memoir of his life.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
But left him alone with his glory.

OH, MY LOVE HAS AN EYE OF THE SOFTEST BLUE.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me ;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me ;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from that thought to sever !—
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me ;
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted ;
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her ;
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm—warm heart I adore her.

OH, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD.

Oh, say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it ;
That nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it ;
Or, that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness ;
Oft look on those who loved them too
With fancy's idle gladness ;

Again I long'd to view the light
In nature's features glowing ;
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
His leaden chain around me ;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He mutter'd as he bound me :
"The mountain-breeze, the boundless heaven
Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with nature ?"

IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDEST HAVE DIED.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be !
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,—
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE life of SHELLEY is familiar to most readers of modern literature. It involves questions too grave and extensive to be even glanced at in these pages, and I shall attempt to give but little more than its chronology.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, the eldest son of Sir TIMOTHY SHELLEY, was born at Field Place, in the county of Suffolk, on the fourth of August, 1792. When thirteen years of age, he was sent to Eton, whence at an earlier period than usual he was transferred to Oxford. While in the university he was reserved and melancholy, but studious. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and he directed his inquiries into every department of science and opinion. He became interested in the speculations of the French philosophers, and a convert to their fallacies. He avowed his new principles, and boldly challenged his teachers to the discussion of the truth of the Christian religion. His expulsion from the university followed, and the event exasperated and embittered his mind to the verge of madness. He was confirmed in his belief, and driven yet further from the truth, by what he deemed oppression and despotism. In the excitement of this period he wrote *Queen Mab*, the most wonderful work ever produced by one so young. It was unpublished several years, and it finally appeared without his consent. It is an earnest expression of the feelings born at Oxford; of unbelief, of protestation, and defiance.

His family were offended by his course at the university, and more so, soon after, by his marriage. The union was on every account unfortunate. Both were very young; and SHELLEY soon found that he could have little sympathy of taste or feeling with his wife. After the birth of two children they separated, by mutual consent, and she subsequently committed suicide, though not until he had united himself to a daughter of Godwin and MARY WOLSTONECRAFT. This was the great error of his life; he should not have married again while Mrs. SHELLEY lived; but an intimate knowledge of the circumstances and of his principles would have made less

harsh the condemnation which the act occasioned.

In 1814 SHELLEY went abroad, visited the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England by the Reuss and the Rhine. In the following summer he wrote *Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude*. *Alastor* is a young enthusiast who has vainly sought, in the works of the philosophers and in travel, the impersonation of a beau ideal which has no existence; and he dies in despair, on finding that he has spent his years in a dream. It is a noble poem, beautiful, tranquil, and solemn. The melodious versification is in keeping with the exalted melancholy of the thought. It was the ideal of SHELLEY's emotions, in the hues inspired by his brilliant imagination, softened by the recent anticipation of death.

The year 1816 was spent chiefly on the shores of the lake of Geneva. It was during a voyage round this lake with Lord BYRON, with whom he had recently become acquainted, that he wrote the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and *Mont Blanc* was inspired soon after by a view of that mountain while on his way through the valley of Chamouni.

In 1817 SHELLEY wrote *The Revolt of Islam*, and several shorter pieces and fragments. The beautiful dedication of the *Revolt of Islam* to his wife I have copied into this volume. Of the poem itself I shall attempt no minute description. It was his design, when commencing it, to entitle it *Laon and Cythna or the Revolution of the Golden City*, and to make it a story of passion; but as he advanced his plan was changed. At the end of six months, devoted to the task with unremitted ardour and enthusiasm, he finished the work, which, with all its beauty and magnificence, with all the truth that glows in the darkness of its error, it had been better for the world if he had left unwritten.

An act more infamous than any of which SHELLEY was ever even accused, was that of the Court of Chancery, under the presidency of Lord ELDON, by which he was deprived of the guardianship of his children, on the ground

that his antisocial and irreligious principles unfitted him to be their educator. This atrocious violation of the law of nature drove him from England for ever. While crossing the sea, under the impression that expatriation was necessary to preserve his child, he gave utterance to his uncontrollable emotions in some lines, addressed to his youngest son:—

The billows are leaping around it,
The bark is weak and frail,
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it,
Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, thou delightful child,
Come with me, though the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose; we must not stay,
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

Rest, rest, shriek not, thou gentle child!
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamour wild?
There sit between us two, thou dearest;
Me and thy mother—well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,
With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

This hour will sometime in thy memory
Be a dream of days forgotten;
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the Mother of the free.

And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon those heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore; that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim.

When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote of the English burying-ground in that city, "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

Rosalind and Helen, which had been begun in England, was finished at the baths of Lucca, in the summer of 1818. From Lucca SHELLEY went to Venice, near which city he commenced his greatest work, Prometheus Unbound. In the winter he removed to Naples. He suffered much from ill health; and in the spring of 1819 went to Villa Valsovana, in the vicinity of Leghorn, where he wrote the Masque of Anarchy, from which Liberty, in this volume, is extracted, and the Tragedy of the Cenci. The close of the year 1819 was spent in Florence, and the ensuing summer at the baths of San Giuliano, near

Pisa. In 1820 he wrote *The Sensitive Plant*, *Julian and Maddalo*, *The Witch of Atlas*, and many smaller pieces. In 1821 he was still at Pisa. His principal writings this year were *Epipsychidion* and *Adonais*. In the spring of 1822 he hired a villa near Lerici, on the bay of Spezia. On the first of July he left home, in a small vessel which had been built for him, to meet his friend LEIGH HUNT, who had just arrived at Pisa. Two weeks after, he was lost in a storm at sea. In *Adonais* he had almost anticipated his destiny. When the mind figures his boat veiled from sight by the clouds, as it was last seen upon the ocean, and then the waves, when the storm had passed, without a sign of where it had been, it may well regard as prophecy the last stanza of the hymn to the memory of his brother bard:—

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven;
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY's predominant faculty was his imagination. Fantasy prevails to such an extent in his long poems, that they are too abstract for the "daily food" of any but ideal minds. No modern poet has created such an amount of mere imagery. There is a want of simplicity and human interest about his productions which render them "caviare to the general." He has been well designated as the poet for poets. Two or three of his short pieces are models of lyric beauty. His classic dramas abound in rich metaphors. The Cenci is unquestionably the most remarkable of modern plays. Greek literature modified his taste, and a life of singular vicissitude disturbed the healthful current of a soul cast in a gentle but heroic mould. His aspirations were exalted, and his genius of the first order. Notwithstanding all the injustice done him by men prejudiced by his irreligious opinions, it is my belief, from a careful study of his life, that the world has scarcely furnished a more noble nature. He *might* have been a Christian had he suffered less from man's inhumanity. The weakness and wickedness which made him an exile from his home and country, hardened his heart and petrified his feelings against an influence

which is rarely powerful save when it comes in the guise of love.

The last edition of SHELLEY's writings, published by Mr. Moxon, was edited by his widow, the author of *Frankenstein*, a woman worthy to be the wife of such a man. Its notes, with the text, constitute the best biography of the poet.

In our own country more justice has been done to SHELLEY's genius, motives, and actions than they have received at home. I refer with pleasure for a more elaborate discussion

of his claims than I can here present, to *Rambles and Reveries*, by my friend H. T. TUCKERMAN; a volume which contains a series of essays on the modern English poets, by one of the most elegant and discriminating critics of the day.

SHELLEY left but one child, a son, PERCY FLORENCE SHELLEY, who, by the death of the poet's father in the summer of 1844, has become a baronet and succeeded to the family estates. Sir PERCY SHELLEY is now about twenty-five years of age.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.
The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;
And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;
And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:
And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;
And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.
And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering bosom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,
Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,

And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.
And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among the bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.
And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it,)
When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;
For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.
But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;
For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!
The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;
The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;
The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;
The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;
Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,

Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
 Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.
 And when evening descended from heaven above,
 And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
 And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
 And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,
 And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
 drown'd

In an ocean of dreams without a sound; [press
 Whose waves never mark, though they ever im-
 The light sand which paves it, consciousness;
 (Only over head the sweet nightingale
 Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
 And snatches of its Elysian chant
 Were mix'd with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)
 The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
 Up-gather'd into the bosom of rest;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest and yet the favourite,
 Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
 An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
 Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
 Was as God is to the starry scheme.
 A lady, the wonder of her kind,
 Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
 Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
 Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,
 Tended the garden from morn to even:
 And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
 Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
 Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the earth!
 She had no companion of mortal race,
 But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
 Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes,
 That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise:
 As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
 Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
 As if yet around her he lingering were,
 Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from her.
 Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest;
 You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
 That the coming and the going of the wind
 Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.
 And wherever her airy footstep trod,
 Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
 Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
 Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.
 I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
 Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
 I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
 From her glowing fingers through all their frame.
 She sprinkled bright water from the stream
 On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
 And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
 She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.
 She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
 And sustain'd them with rods and ozier bands;
 If the flowers had been her own infants, she
 Could never have nursed them more tenderly.
 And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
 And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
 She bore in her basket of Indian woof,
 Into the rough woods far aloof:

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
 The freshest her gentle hands could pull
 For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
 Although they did ill, was innocent.
 But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris, [kiss
 Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that
 The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
 Make her attendant angels be.
 And many an antenatal tomb,
 Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
 She left clinging round the smooth and dark
 Edge of the odorous cedar bark.
 This fairest creature from earliest spring
 Thus moved through the garden ministering
 All the sweet season of summer tide,
 And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died!

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
 Like stars when the moon is awaken'd, were,
 Or the waves of Baïa, ere luminous
 She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.
 And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
 Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
 And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
 And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;
 The weary sound and the heavy breath,
 And the silent motions of passing death,
 And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
 Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;
 The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
 Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
 From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
 And sate in the pines and gave groan for groan.
 The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
 Like the corpse of her who had been its soul;
 Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
 Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
 To make men tremble who never weep.
 Swift summer into the autumn flow'd,
 And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
 Though the noonday sun look'd clear and bright,
 Mocking the spoil of the secret night.
 The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
 Paved the turf and the moss below.
 The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
 Like the head and the skin of a dying man;
 And Indian plants, of scent and hue
 The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
 Leaf after leaf, day by day,
 Were mass'd into the common clay.
 And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
 And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
 Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
 Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.
 And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds
 Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
 Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
 Which rotted into the earth with them.
 The water-blooms under the rivulet
 Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
 And the eddies drove them here and there,
 As the winds did those of the upper air.
 Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
 Were bent and tangled across the walks;
 And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers

Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.
Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splash'd with many a speck,

Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.
And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.
And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Fill'd the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpos, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starr'd with a lurid dew.
And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!
Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.
And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burn'd and bit.
The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.
For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.
For winter came: the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles;
His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.
Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!
And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropp'd stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.
First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again;
Then there steam'd up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;
And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapp'd them off with his rigid griff.
When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;

But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and
darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.
Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,
I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,
It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.
That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never pass'd away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.
For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

LOVE.

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
Catch thee and feed from thine o'erflowing bowls,
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew.
Thou art the radiance which when ocean rolls
Investeth it; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them: and when the earth is fair
The shadows of thy moving wings imbue
Its deserts, and its mountains; till they wear
Beauty, like some bright robe. Thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men; and as soft air
In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou flourest among men; and age implorest
That which from thee they should implore:—the
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts [weak
The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek
A garment, whom thou clothest not!

THE UNATTAINED.

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow.

DEDICATION TO "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM."

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home;
 As to his queen some victor knight of faery,
 Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome;
 Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
 A star among the stars of mortal night,
 If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
 Its doubtful promise thus I would unite [light.
 With thy beloved name, thou child of love and

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
 Is ended.—And the fruit is at thy feet!
 No longer where the woods to frame a bower
 With interlaced branches mix and meet,
 Or where, with sound like many voices sweet,
 Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
 Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
 Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen:
 But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend,
 when first
 The clouds which wrap this world from youth
 did pass.
 I do remember well the hour which burst
 My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydayn it was,
 When I walk'd forth upon the glittering grass,
 And wept I knew not why; until there rose
 From the near school-room, voices, that alas!
 Were but one echo from a world of woes,
 The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasp'd my hands and look'd around—
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
 Which pour'd the warm drops on the sunny
 ground—
 So without shame, I spake:—"I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power; for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
 Without reproach or check." I then controll'd
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and
 bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
 I cared to learn, but from that secret store
 Wrought link'd armour for my soul, before
 It might walk forth to war among mankind;
 Thus power and hope were strengthen'd more
 and more
 Within me, till there came upon my mind
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
 To those who seek all sympathies in one!—
 Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,
 The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
 Over the world in which I moved alone:—
 Yet never found I one not false to me,
 Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone
 Which crush'd and wither'd mine, that could not
 Aught but a lifeless clog until revived by thee. [be

Thou friend, whose presence on my wintery heart
 Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain;
 How beautiful and calm, and free thou wert
 In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
 Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
 And walk'd as free as light the clouds among,
 Which many an envious slave then breathed in
 vain
 From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
 To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it
 long.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
 Although I trod the paths of high intent,
 I journey'd now: no more companionless,
 Where solitude is like despair, I went.—
 There is the wisdom of a stern content,
 When poverty can blight the just and good,
 When infamy dares mock the innocent,
 And cherish'd friends turn with the multitude
 To trample: this was ours, and we unshaken stood!

Now has descended a serenest hour,
 And with inconstant fortune friends return;
 Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the
 power,
 Which says:—let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
 And from thy side two gentle babes are born
 To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
 Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn;
 And these delights, and thou, have been to me
 The parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers
 But strike the prelude to a loftier strain?
 Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
 Soon pause in silence ne'er to sound again,
 Though it might shake the anachronism's reign,
 And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,
 Holier than was Amphion's? it would fain
 Reply in hope—but I am worn away, [prey.
 And death and love are yet contending for their

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
 Time may interpret to his silent years.
 Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
 And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
 And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
 And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
 Is whisper'd to subdue my fondest fears:
 And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
 A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
 Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.
 I wonder not—for one then left this earth
 Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
 Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
 Of its departing glory; still her fame [wild
 Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and
 Which shake these latter days; and thou canst
 claim
 The shelter from thy sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,
 Which was the echo of three thousand years;
 And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,

As some lone man, who in a desert hears
The music of his home :—unwonted fears
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares,
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space [place,
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling—

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind !
If there must be no response to my cry—
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them,—thou and I,
Sweet friend ! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by,
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's
sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished

FROM "ALASTOR, OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE."

THERE was a poet, whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence rear'd
But the charm'd eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden deck'd
With weeping flowers, or white cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :—
Gentle and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :
He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he past, have pined
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those orbs has ceased to burn,
And silence, too enamour'd of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth, or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had past, he left
His cold fireside and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscover'd lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness
Has lured his fearful steps ; and he has sought
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps
He like a shadow has pursued, where'er
The red volcano over-canopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves,
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,

Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying of heaven
And the green earth lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder ; he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks ;
And the wild antelope, that starts when'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old :
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Ethiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around.
He linger'd, poring in memorials
Of the world's youth ; through the long burning day
Gazed in those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Fill'd the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flash'd like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

ALASTOR AND THE SWAN.

At length upon the lone Chorasman shore
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged
His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approach'd, and with strong wings
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight.—"Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird ! thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts !" A gloomy smile
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

FROM "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM."

It was a temple, such as mortal hand
Has never built, nor ecstasy nor dream
Rear'd in the cities of enchanted land :
'T was likest heaven, ere yet day's purple stream
Ebbs o'er the western forest, while the gleam
Of the unrisen moon among the clouds
Is gathering,—when with many a golden beam
The thronging constellations rush in crowds,
Paving with fire the sky and the Marmoreal floods.

Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,
When from the depths which thought can seldom
 pierce,
Genius beholds it rise, his native home,
Girt by the deserts of the universe ;
Yet, nor in paintings light, or mightier verse,
Or sculpture's marble language, can invest
That shape to mortal sense,—such glooms immerse
That incommunicable sight, and rest
Upon the labouring brain, and overburden'd breast.

Winding among the lawny islands fair,
Whose blossomy forests star'd the shadowy deep,
The wingless boat paused where an ivory stair
Its fretwork in the crystal sea did sleep,
Encircling that vast fane's aerial heap :
We disembark'd, and through a portal wide
We past,—whose roof, of moonstone, carved, did
 keep
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side,
Sculptures like life and thought ; immovable, deep-
 eyed.

We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof
Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's
 sheen

In darkness, and now pour'd it through the woof
Of spell-enwoven clouds hung there to screen
Its blinding splendour, through such veil was seen
That work of subtlest power divine and rare ;
Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,
And horned moons, and meteors strange and fair,
On night-black columns poised—one hollow he-
 misphere !

Ten thousand columns in that quivering light
Distinct,—between whose shafts wound far away
The long and labyrinthine aisles more bright
With their own radiance than the heaven of day ;
And on the jasper walls around there lay
Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,
Which did the spirit's history display ;
A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,
Which in their winged dance unconscious genii
 wrought.

Beneath there sate on many a sapphire throne
The great, who had departed from mankind ;
A mighty senate ;—some whose white hair shone
Like mountain snow, mild, beautiful, and blind.
Some, female forms, whose gestures beam'd with
 mind ;
And ardent youths, and children bright and fair ;
And some had lyres, whose strings were inter-
 twined

With pale and clinging flames, which ever there
Walk'd, faint yet thrilling sounds, that pierced the
 crystal air.

One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne
Rear'd on a pyramid, like sculptured flame
Distinct, with circling steps, which rested on
Their own deep fire—soon as the woman came
Into that hall, she shriek'd the spirit's name
And fell ; and vanish'd slowly from the sight.
Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,
Which gathering fill'd that dome of woven light,
Blotting its sphered stars with supernatural night.

Then first, two glittering lights were seen to glide
In circles on the amethystine floor,
Small serpent eyes wailing from side to side,
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore,
They round each other roll'd, dilating more
And more, then rose commingling into one,
One clear and mighty planet, hanging o'er
A cloud of deepest shadow, which was thrown
Athwart the glowing steps, and the crystalline
 throne.

The cloud which rested on that cone of flame
Was cloven ; beneath the planet sate a form,
Fairer than tongue can speak, or thought may
 frame,

The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm
Flow'd forth, and did with softest light inform
The shadowy dome, the sculptures and the state
Of those assembled shapes—with clinging charm,
Sinking upon their hearts and mine. He sate
Majestic, yet most mild—calm, yet compassionate.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats though unseen among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain
 shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance ;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope !

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given:
 Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour:
 Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail
 to sever,

From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds, depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his
 heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
 That wax and wane in lover's eyes;
 Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame!
 Depart not as thy shadow came:
 Depart not, less the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead. [fed:
 I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is
 I was not heard: I saw them not:

When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
 I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
 With besting heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in vision'd
 bowers

Of studious zeal or loves delight
 Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
 They know that never joy illumed my brow,
 Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou, Oh awful loveliness,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past: there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm, to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

SONG.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.
 How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again!
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.
 As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.
 Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure.
 Pity, then, will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight!
 The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost:
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
 Which is nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But, above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
 Thou art love and life! Oh come,
 Make once more my heart thy home.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

A PICTURE.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude [vault,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
Studded with stars unutterably bright, [rolls,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that 'rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace:—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still! The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven!—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her stary throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—Loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquer'd draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance

Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

SPRING.

THE blasts of autumn drive the winged seeds
Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rain,
And frost, and storms, which dreary winter leads
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train;
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings;
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,
And music on the waves and woods she flings,
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

O spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and glad-
ness,

Wind-wing'd emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark winter's
sadness

The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle
feet [sheet.

Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-
Virtue, and hope, and love, like light and heaven,
Surround the world. We are their chosen slaves.
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest
caves!

Lo, winter comes!—the grief of many graves,
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at faith, the enchanter's word,
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhor'd.

The seeds are sleeping in the soil: meanwhile
The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey;
Pale victims on the guarded scaffold smile
Because they cannot speak; and, day by day,
The moon of wasting science wanes away
Among her stars, and in that darkness vast
The sons of earth to their foul idols pray,
And gray priests triumph, and like blight or blast
A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast.

This is the winter of the world;—and here
We die, even as the winds of autumn fade,
Expiring in the frore and foggy air.— [made
Behold! Spring comes, though we must pass, who
The promise of its birth,—even as the shade
Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings
The future, a broad sunrise; thus array'd
As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,
From its dark gulf of chains, earth like an eagle
springs.

FROM ADONAI: AN ELEGY ON THE
DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

HE lives, he wakes—'tis death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandon'd earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there

All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men, into the Heaven's
light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfill'd renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought,
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent, alone amid a heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou vespers of our
throne."

THE SERPENT IS SHUT OUT FROM
PARADISE.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise.
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
In which its heart-cure lies:
The widow'd dove must cease to haunt a bower,
Like that from which its mate with feigned sighs
Fled in the April hour.
I too must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

Of hatred I am proud,—with acorn content;
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
Itself indifferent.

But, not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one

Turns the mind's poison into food,—
Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,
Dear, gentle friend! know that I only fly
Your looks, because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot
die:

The very comfort that they minister
I scarce can bear, yet I,
So deeply is the arrow gone,
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have ever been.

You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene,—
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean.
In the world's carnival I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,
"She loves me—loves me not."
And if this meant a vision long since fled—
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
If it meant—but I dread
To speak what you may know too well:
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
Whence it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Burst like a bursting heart, and die in peace,
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where my weak heart and all its throbs shall cease.

I ask'd her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who had
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words,—but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unreprieved.
These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's wo.

LIBERTY.

WHAT art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves
 Answer from their living graves
 This demand, tyrants would flee
 Like a dream's dim imagery.

Thou art not, as impostors say,
 A shadow soon to pass away,
 A superstition, and a name
 Echoing from the cave of Fame.
 For the labourer thou art bread
 And a comely table spread,
 From his daily labour come,
 In a neat and happy home.
 Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
 For the trampled multitude:
 No—in countries that are free
 Such starvation cannot be,
 As in England now we see.
 To the rich thou art a check;
 When his foot is on the neck
 Of his victim, thou dost make
 That he treads upon a snake.

Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
 May thy righteous laws be sold,
 As laws are in England:—thou
 Shieldest alike the high and low....
 Thou art Peace—never by thee
 Would blood and treasure wasted be,
 As tyrants wasted them, when all
 Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.
 What if English toil and blood
 Was pour'd forth, even as a flood?
 It availed, O Liberty!
 To dim, but not extinguish thee!

Thou art Love: the rich have kist
 Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
 Given their substance to the free,
 And through the rough world follow'd thee.
 Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make
 War for thy beloved sake,
 On wealth and war and fraud; whence they
 Drew the power which is their prey.
 Science, and poetry, and thought,
 Are thy lamps; they make the lot
 Of the dwellers in a cot
 Such, they curse their maker not.
 Spirit, patience, gentleness,
 All that can adorn and bless,
 Art thou: let deeds, not words, express
 Thine exceeding loveliness.

Let a great assembly be
 Of the fearless and the free,
 On some spot of English ground,
 Where the plains stretch wide around.
 Let the blue sky overhead,
 The green earth, on which ye tread,
 All that must eternal be,
 Witness the solemnity.
 From the corners uttermost
 Of the bounds of English coast;
 From every hut, village, and town,
 Where those who live and suffer, moan
 For others' misery, or their own:
 From the workhouse and the prison,

Where pale as corpses newly risen,
 Women, children, young, and old,
 Groan for pain, and weep for cold;
 From the haunts of daily life,
 Where is waged the daily strife
 With common wants and common cares,
 Which sow the human heart with tares.
 Lastly, from the palaces,
 Where the murmur of distress
 Echoes, like the distant sound
 Of a wind, alive around;
 Those prison-halls of wealth and fashion,
 Where some few feel such compassion
 For those who groan, and toil, and wail,
 As must make their brethren pale;
 Ye who suffer woes untold,
 Or to feel, or to behold
 Your lost country bought and sold
 With a price of blood and gold.
 Let a vast assembly be,
 And with great solemnity
 Declare with ne'er said words, that ye
 Are, as God has made ye, free!

Be your strong and simple words
 Keen to wound as sharpen'd swords,
 And wide as targets let them be,
 With their shade to cover ye.
 Let the tyrants pour around
 With a quick and startling sound,
 Like the loosening of a sea,
 Troops of arm'd emblazonry.
 Let the charged artillery drive,
 Till the dead air seems alive
 With the clash of clanging wheels,
 And the tramp of horses' heels.
 Let the fixed bayonet
 Gleam with sharp desire to wet
 Its bright point in English blood,
 Looking keen as one for food.
 Let the horseman's scimitars
 Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars.
 Thirsting to eclipse their burning
 In a sea of death and mourning.
 Stand ye, calm and resolute,
 Like a forest close and mute,
 With folded arms, and looks which are
 Weapons of an unvanquish'd war.
 And let panic, who outspeeds
 The career of armed steeds,
 Pass, a disregarded shade,
 Through your phalanx undismay'd.
 Let the laws of your own land,
 Good or ill, between ye stand,
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
 Arbiters of the dispute.
 The old laws of England—they
 Whose reverend heads with age are gray,
 Children of a wiser day;
 And whose solemn voice must be
 Thine own echo—Liberty!

On those who first should violate
 Such sacred heralds in their state,
 Rest the blood that must ensue;
 And it will not rest on you.
 And if then the tyrants dare,

Let them ride among you there;
 Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew;
 What they like, that let them do.
 With folded arms and steady eyes,
 And little fear, and less surprise,
 Look upon them as they slay,
 Till their rage has died away:
 Then they will return with shame,
 To the place from which they came,
 And the blood thus shed will speak
 In hot blushes on their cheek:

Every woman in the land
 Will point at them as they stand—
 They will hardly dare to greet
 Their acquaintance in the street;
 And the bold, true warriors,
 Who have hugg'd danger in the wars,
 Will turn to those who would be free,
 Ashamed of such base company:
 And that slaughter to the nation
 Shall steam up like inspiration,
 Eloquent, oracular,
 A volcano heard afar:
 And these words shall then become
 Like oppression's thunder'd doin,
 Ringing through each heart and brain,
 Heard again—again—again!
 Rise like lions after slumber
 In unvanquishable number!
 Shake your chains to earth, like dew
 Which in sleep had fallen on you:
 Ye are many—they are few!

A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,

Art thou come and gone:
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left alone, alone.

The swallow summer comes again,
 The owl night resumes her reign,
 But the wild swan youth is fain

To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow,
 Sleep itself is turn'd to sorrow,
 Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead,

Pansies let my flowers be:
 On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear,
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

THE SUN IS WARM, THE SKY IS CLEAR.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple moon's transparent light:
 The breath of the moist air is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown:
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure:
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

THE HOURS, FROM PROMETHEUS.

CARS drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
 Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
 A wild-eyed charioteer, urging their flight.
 Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
 And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
 Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
 With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
 As if the thing they loved fled on before, [locks
 And now, even now, they clasp'd it. Their bright
 Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
 Sweep onward.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pour'st thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.
 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
 flow'd.
 What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
 Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:
 Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her
 bower:
 Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view:
 Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
 Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.
 Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.
 What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain? [pain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
 With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but never knew love's sad satiety.
 Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?
 We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught; [thought.
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

 LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?
 See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdain'd its brother:
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the craggs, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning-star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings. [beneath,
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
 Is the million-colour'd bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky:
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare, [gleams,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain, [tomb,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 I arise and unbuild it again.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light,
 The breath of the moist air is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown:
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Other I see whom these surround—
 Smiling they live and call life pleasure;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan :
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 ill linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing—
 Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minister bells ringing—
 Come away !

The earth is like ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion .
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away !

II.

“Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale ;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now,—
 Shouted he—

And she cried : “Ply the oar ;
 Put off gayly from shore !”—
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mix'd with hail, speck'd their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
 The blue beacon cloud broke,
 Though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flash'd fast,
 From the lee.

III.

“And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
 And drive we not free
 O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou ?”

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low ;—

While around the lash'd ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shatter'd, and shifted,
 To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a blood-hound well beaten
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame ;

On the topmost watch-turret,
 As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the gray tyrant father,
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
 As ere clung to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest, and last,
 Of his name !

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

SHALL we roam, my love,
 To the twilight grove,
 When the moon is rising bright ;
 Oh, I'll whisper there,
 In the cool night-air,
 What I dare not in broad day-light !

I'll tell thee a part
 Of the thoughts that start
 To being when thou art nigh ;
 And thy beauty, more bright
 Than the stars' soft light,
 Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
 On tower and stream
 Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
 How I love to gaze
 As the cold ray strays
 O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen !

Wilt thou roam with me
 To the restless sea,
 And linger upon the steep,
 And list to the flow
 Of the waves below
 How they toss and roar and leap ?

Those boiling waves
 And the storm that raves
 At night o'er their foaming crest,
 Resemble the strife
 That, from earliest life,
 The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove
 To the sea or the grove,
 When the moon is shining bright,
 And I'll whisper there,
 In the cool night-air,
 What I dare not in broad day-light.

FELICIA HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool on the twenty-first of September, 1793. Her childhood was passed among the wild mountain scenery of Wales, where the earliest and most constant of her studies was the greatest of poets. SHAKESPEARE and nature—nature so sublime as that she daily gazed on—had their due influence in fashioning a mind which had been created far superior to the common order of intellects, and before she was thirteen years of age Miss BROWNE had a printed collection of verses before the world. From this period to the end of her history she sent forth volume after volume, each surpassing its predecessor in tenderness and beauty.

At nineteen she was married to Captain HEMANS, of the Fourth Regiment. He was of an irritable temperament, and his health had been injured by the vicissitudes of a military life. They lived together unhappily for several years, when Captain HEMANS left England for Italy, and never returned. Mrs. HEMANS continued to reside with her mother and her sister, Miss MARY ANNE BROWNE, now Mrs. GRAY, a poetess of some reputation, near St. Asaph, in North Wales, where she devoted her attention to literature and to the education of her children, five sons, in whom all her affections from this time were centered. Here she wrote *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*, *Modern Greece*, *Translations from Camoens*, *Wallace*, *Dartmoor*, *The Sceptic*, *Welsh Melodies*, *Historic Scenes*, *The Siege of Valencia*, *The Vespers of Palermo*, *The Forest Sanctuary*, *The Songs of the Affections*, *Records of Women*, and *the Lays of Many Lands*.

The death of her mother, in 1827, induced Mrs. HEMANS to leave Wales and reside at Wavertree, near Liverpool. While here she made two visits to Scotland, and was warmly received by JEFFREY, WALTER SCOTT, and the other eminent literary persons of the northern metropolis. On her return from her second tour in Scotland, she changed her residence from Wavertree to Dublin, where she published her *Hymns for Children*, *National Lyrics*, and *Songs for Music*.

Her domestic sorrows, and the earnestness with which she devoted herself to literary pursuits, had long before impaired her health; and now her decline became rapid, and induced forebodings of death. Her poems, written in this period, were marked by a melancholy despondency, yet with a Christian resignation. After an illness singularly painful and protracted, she died on the sixteenth of May, 1835, in the forty-second year of her age, and was buried in the vault of St. Anne's, in Dublin.

The most remarkable characteristics of Mrs. HEMANS's poetry are a religious purity and a womanly delicacy of feeling, never exaggerated, rarely forgotten. Writing less of love, in its more special acceptation, than most female poets, her poems are still unsurpassed in feminine tenderness. Devotion to God, and quenchless affection for kindred, for friends, for the suffering, glow through all her writings. Her sympathies were not universal. They appear often to be limited by country, creed, or condition; and she betrays a reverent admiration for rank, power, and historic renown. The trappings of royalty and nobility are to her no tinsel, but bespeak merit, wisdom, greatness of soul; they imply virtue, and almost excuse vice. The panoply of war she deems a web of finest tissues; the sword the minister of Justice, the avenger of Innocence: forgetful that it has more often availed to commit wrong than to redress wrong, to spread desolation than to arrest it. Yet as the poet of home, a painter of the affections, she was perhaps the most touching and beautiful writer of her age. The tone of her poetry is indeed monotonous; it is pervaded by the tender sadness which for ever preyed upon her spirit, and made her an exile from society; but it is all informed with beauty, and rich with most apposite imagery and fine descriptions.

Many editions of the works of Mrs. HEMANS have appeared in this country, of which the best, indeed the only one that has any pretensions to completeness, is that of Lea and Blanchard, in seven volumes, with a preliminary notice by Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

JOAN OF ARC, IN RHEIMS.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd
Forth from her throng'd cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listen'd at their temple's gate.
And what was done within?—Within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows
flowing,

Ting'd with soft awfulness a stately sight. [ing
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bow-
In martial vassalage!—while midst that ring,
And shadow'd by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this the hymn
Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproach'd, beside the altar-stone, [ing,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine stream-
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance
gleaming,

Silent and radiant stood!—The helm was raised,
And the fair face reveal'd, that upward gaz'd.

Intensely worshipping:—a still, clear face
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,

Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured virgin, with her smile of love,
Seem'd bending o'er her votaress. 'That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle-storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as thou beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amid the knighthood of the land;
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransom'd for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,

And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing
sun

May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory!—A triumphant strain,
A proud, rich stream of warlike melodies,

Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound,
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!

Is there indeed such power!—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that
fill'd

The hollow heaven tempestuously, were still'd
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,

Sank on the bright maid's heart.—"Joanne!"—
Who spoke [grew
Like those whose childhood with her childhood
Under one roof?—"Joanne!"—that murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—she turn'd—
she knew

Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flash'd proudly; and the boy
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best;
"Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast
Of that gray sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track [more—
Her free thoughts flow'd. She saw the pomp no
The plumes, the banners:—to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had play'd
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turn'd. The very wood-note, sung

In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bow'd to sweep the
ground,

Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said—
"Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
Let me return!"

Oh! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne!—too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum

On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke;—
"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,"—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,

A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the island blood,
And his press'd lips look'd marble. Fiercely bright,
And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro.

As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face. But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell, [thought
Known but to Heaven that hour!—Perchance a
Of his far home, then so intensely wrought
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day!—and he might see the band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,

Where the laburnum droop'd; or haply binding
 The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
 Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
 Gathering with braided hair around the hearth
 Where sat their mother;—and that mother's face
 Its grave, sweet smile yet wearing in the place
 Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer
 Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone [gone!
 Of her "Good-night," might breathe from boyhood
 He started and look'd up:—thick cypress boughs
 Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
 In the broad, stormy firelight;—savage brows,
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'er-
 spread

Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
 Look'd through the branches as through dungeon
 bars,

Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
 Oh! what a tale to shadow with his gloom
 That happy hall in England! Idle fear! [hear
 Would the winds tell it! Who might dream or
 The secret of the forests! To the stake

They bound him; and that proud young soldier
 His father's spirit in his breast to wake, [strove

Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
 Of many hearts!—the fondly rear'd—the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see! And fetter'd there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.

He thought upon his God. Hush! hark!—a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—

A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood!

A girl—a young, slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,

Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower;

Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
 For hers had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;

And, by its passion's deepening fervour sway'd,
 Even to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid

His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound

Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
 And clear-toned voice that said, "He shall not
 die!"

"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell

On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were still'd,
 Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.

They gazed; their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade!

And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,

Something o'er-master'd them from that young mein;
 Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;

And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken,

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath:
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death:

They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress tree;
 "Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!

We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance,
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee!
 But there came a voice from a distant shore:
 He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more!
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
 But we look for him still—he will yet return!
 —His brother sat with a drooping brow
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!

We look'd for the maid of the mournful song,
 Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long!
 We told her the youth of her love was gone,
 And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone;
 We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
 From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
 The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
 The winter is white on his lonely head,
 He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
 He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not
 back!

We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
 For her breezy step—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!

We look'd for the chief who hath left the spear
 And the bow of his battles forgotten here!
 We look'd for the hunter, whose bride's lament
 On the wind of the forest at eve is sent:
 We look'd for the first-born, whose mother's cry
 Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!
 —Where are they!—thou'rt seeking some distant
 coast—

Oh, ask of them stranger!—send back the lost!
 Tell them we mourn by the dark-blue streams,
 Tell them our lives but of them are dreams;
 Tell how we sat in the gloom to pine,
 And to watch for a step—but the step was thine!

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

LEAVE me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
 But now the song-birds to their nest return;
 The quivering image of the first pale star

On the dim lake yet scarce begins to burn:
 Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams,
 Piercing the shivery leaves, e'en now arise;
 Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,
 They are of vesper hymns and harmonies;
 Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love!
 By day shut up in their own still recess,
 They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
 Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness;
 Leave me not yet!

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low, mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame,
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame,
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars;—across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all?*

No more than this!—what seem'd it *now*
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild, sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away;
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between,—
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
The spirit born to roam?
His weary heart within him died
With yearnings for his home;
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
O happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

THE PALM TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers;
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless of all dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mein,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He pass'd the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;—
All through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasp'd his country's tree and wept!

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep!—to leave the vine

Whose clusters o'er me bend,—

The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—

The flowers I loved to tend.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear

Like shadows o'er me sweep,

I leave my sunny childhood here,

Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have play'd

Through many a joyous hour,

Where the silvery green of the olive shade

Hung dim o'er fount and bower.

Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,

In song, in prayer, in sleep,

Have been as we may be no more—

Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon

Must now light other feet,

With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,

Thy homeward step to greet.

Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,

Lay tones of love so deep,

Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—

I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast

Pouring out joy and woe,

I have found that holy place of rest

Still changeless,—yet I go!

Lips, that have lull'd me with your strain,

Eyes, that have watch'd my sleep:

Will earth give love like yours again?

Sweet mother! let me weep!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their greensward bound

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the swan glides past them with the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,

What gladsome looks of household love

Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,

Or childhood's tale is told;

Or lips move tunefully along

Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!

How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath-hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime

Floats through their woods at morn;

All other sounds, in that still time,

Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,

And round the hamlet-fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,

Each from its nook of leaves,

And fearless there the lowly sleep,

As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,

May hearts of native proof be rear'd

To guard each hallow'd wall!

And green for ever be the groves,

And bright the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit loves

Its country and its God!

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,

And stars to set,—but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,

Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,

Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer:

But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,

Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;

There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,

A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose

May look like things too glorious for decay,

And smile at thee—but thou art not of those

That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,

When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,

When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain:

But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—

They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,

Thou art where music melts upon the air;

Thou art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,

Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend

The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A REQUIEM!—and for whom?
 For beauty in its bloom?
 For valour fallen—a broken rose or sword?
 A dirge for king or chief,
 With pomp of stately grief,
 Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored?

Not so, it is not so!
 That warning voice I know,
 From other worlds a strange, mysterious tone;
 A solemn funeral air
 It call'd me to prepare,
 And my heart answer'd secretly—my own!

One more then, one more strain,
 In links of joy and pain
 Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall!
 And let me breathe my dower
 Of passion and of power
 Full into that deep lay—the last of all!

The last!—and I must go
 From this bright world below,
 This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!
 Must leave its festal skies,
 With all their melodies,
 That ever in my breast glad echoes found!

Yet have I known it long;
 Too restless and too strong
 Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering flame;
 Swift thoughts, that came and went,
 Like torrents o'er me sent,
 Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
 Which none may stay or bind,
 The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
 I strive with yearnings vain,
 The spirit to detain
 Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams
 Trouble the secret streams
 And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
 Something far more divine
 Than may on earth be mine,
 Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
 That breathes from worlds unknown?—
 Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
 Shall grasp their full desire,
 And this unsettled fire,
 Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more then, one more strain,
 To earthly joy and pain
 A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!
 I pour each fervent thought
 With fear, hope, trembling fraught,
 Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.

THE spirit of my land!
 It visits me once more!—though I must die
 Far from the myrtles which thy breeze has fann'd,
 My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath,
 Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
 Is shaken by the wind;—in life and death
 Still trembling, yet the same.

Oh! that love's quenchless power
 Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
 And through thy groves its dying music shower,
 Italy! Italy!

The nightingale is there,
 The sunbeam's glow, the citron-flower's perfume,
 The south-wind's whisper in the scented air,—
 It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
 On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,
 Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
 My Italy, farewell!

Alas!—thy hills among,
 Had I but left a memory of my name,
 Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
 Unto immortal fame!

But, like a lute's brief tone,
 Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
 Like a swift flush of day-spring, seen and gone,
 So hath my spirit pass'd!

Pouring itself away,
 As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
 That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
 Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
 Leaving no echo to the summer woods
 Of the rich breathings and impassion'd sighs,
 Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me,
 Friends, that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
 When from my bosom, joyously and free,
 The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark, rich blue
 Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
 And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,
 Sweet friends, remember me!

And in the marble halls,
 Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
 And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
 Let me be with you there!

Fain would I bind for you
 My memory with all glorious things to dwell;
 Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew,—
 Sweet friends, bright land, farewell!

THE CHILDE'S DESTINY.

"And none did love him,—not his lemans dear,—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care ;
And where these are, light Eros finds a frere." BYRON.

No mistress of the hidden skill,
No wizard gaunt and grim,
Went up by night to heath or hill,
To read the stars for him ;
The merriest girl in all the land
Of vine-encircled France
Bestow'd upon his brow and hand
Her philosophic glance :
"I bind thee with a spell," said she,
"I sign thee with a sign ;
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine !

"And trust me, 'tis not that thy cheek
Is colourless and cold,
Nor that thine eye is slow to speak
What only eyes have told ;
For many a cheek of paler white
Hath blush'd with passion's kiss ;
And many an eye of lesser light
Hath caught its fire from bliss ;
Yet while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine !

"And 'tis not that thy spirit, awed
By beauty's numbing spell,
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud
Which beauty loves so well ;
For thou hast learn'd to watch and wake,
And swear by earth and sky ;
And thou art very bold to take
What we must still deny ;
I cannot tell : the charm was wrought
By other threads than mine,
The lips are lightly begg'd or bought,
The heart may not be thine !

"Yet thine the brightest smile shall be
That ever beauty wore,
And confidence from two or three,
And compliments from more ;
And one shall give, perchance hath given,
What only is not love,—
Friendship, oh ! such as saints in heaven
Rain on us from above.
If she shall meet thee in the bower,
Or name thee in the shrine,
Oh ! wear the ring, and guard the flower,—
Her heart may not be thine !

"Go, set thy boat before the blast,
Thy breast before the gun,—
The haven shall be reach'd at last,
The battle shall be won ;
Or muse upon thy country's laws,
Or strike thy country's lute,
And patriot hands shall sound applause,
And lovely lips be mute :

Go, dig the diamond from the wave,
The treasure from the mine,
Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,—
No woman's heart is thine !

"I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign ;
From anger, and from jealousy,
From doubt, and from disdain ;
I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth :
While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine,
Be thou from woman's love as free
As woman is from thine !"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !
The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home !
There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.
What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod !
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God !

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed
his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-im-
prison'd sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break
my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ran-
som'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on
his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came
a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader
in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very
truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd
so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his
cheek's blood came and went;
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side, and
there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand
he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery
spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd
from his like lead,—
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of
the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow
was fix'd and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was
no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but
who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror
and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony
form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and
from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low, and wept
like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men!

He thought of all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown,
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the
dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his
darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the
sword for now.—"

My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—
oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are pass'd away
from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my
sire! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's
free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for
thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though
thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he
seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the
courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rear-
ing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king be-
fore the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's
hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell
me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—gave
answer, where are they!—
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep
down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth
is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom
my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be moun-
tains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,—upon
the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turn'd
from that sad place:
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in
martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the
hills of Spain.

 ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden east with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and slow,
Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where pass'd the shepherd fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou true eastern star,
Saviour! atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our hearts to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain.

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times,—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
Tho faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;

The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
O God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for *thy* communion
Have sought the mountain sod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Can not reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

YES! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western World!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory, stand
For ages on thy shore!

Such through all time the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billow sweeps!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep!

THE LOST PLEIAD.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed ?
 —Oh ! void unmark'd !—thy sisters of the sky
 Still hold their place on high,
 Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
 Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night ?
 She wears her crown of old magnificence,
 Though thou art exiled thence—
 No desert seems to part those urns of light,
 Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
 The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
 And from the silvery sea
 To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
 Unchanged they rise, they have not mourn'd for
 thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
 E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
 Swept by the wind away ?
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
 And was there power to smite them with decay ?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven ?
 Bow'd be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
 When from its height afar
 A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
 Shines not the less for that one vanish'd star !

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

ONE draught, kind fairy ! from that fountain deep
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
 And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest ;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave !

Yet, mortal, pause !—within thy mind is laid
 Wealth, gather'd long and slowly ; thoughts di-
 vine
 Heap that full treasure-house ; and thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine ;
 —Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
 A pyramid so fair ?

Pour from the fount ! and let the draught efface
 All the vain lore by memory's pride amass'd,
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the past ;
 And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf
 Raise the one master-grief !

Yet pause once more !—all *all* thy soul hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade !
 Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
 A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made ?
 No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall ?
 Think—wouldst thou part with all !

Fill with forgetfulness !—there are, there *are*
 Voices whose music I have loved too well ;
 Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
 Never ! oh, never in my home to dwell !
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
 Fill high the oblivious bowl !

Yet pause again !—with memory wilt thou cast
 The undying hope away, of memory born !
 Hope of re-union, heart to heart at last,
 No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn ?
 Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
 That make such visions bright ?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high !—yet stay—
 'T is from the past we shadow forth the land
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
 And the soul's friends be wreath'd in one bright
 band :—
 Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill—
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast—
 For their love's sake, which now no earthly thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me like a spirit,—yet
 I ask not to forget.

A PARTING SONG.

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends ?
 When will ye think of me ?
 When the last red light, the farewell of day,
 From the rock and the river is passing away,
 When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
 And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought—
 Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind friends ?
 When will ye think of me ?—
 When the rose of the rich midsummer time
 Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime ;
 When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,
 From the walks where my footsteps no more may
 tread ;
 Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet friends ?
 When will you think of me ?—
 When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
 At the sound of some olden melody ;
 When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
 When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream ;
 Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you friends ?
 Thus ever think of me !
 Kindly and gently, but as of one
 For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone ;
 As of a bird from a chain unbound,
 As of a wanderer whose home is found ;
 So let it be.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

I.—INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

O THOUGHT! O memory! gems for ever heaping
 High in the illumined chambers of the mind,
 And thou, divine imagination! keeping [shrined;
 Thy lamp's lone star mid shadowy hosts en-
 How in one moment rent and disintwined,
 At fever's fiery touch apart they fall,
 Your glorious combinations!—broken all,
 As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
 Scatter'd to whirling dust!—oh, soon uncrown'd!
 Well may your parting swift, your stranger return,
 Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
 Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern
 How by meek faith heaven's portals must be pass'd
 Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

II.—SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
 With low, sweet voices by life's tumult drown'd.
 'Thou art like awful night!—thou gather'st round
 The things that are unseen, though close they lie—
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
 Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.
 —Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
 All outward life:—Be welcome then thy rod,
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

III.—RETSCH'S DESIGN, THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

WELL might thine awful image thus arise
 With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
 And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,
 Unto the glorious artist!—Who but thou
 The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
 For him with permanency? who make those gleams
 Of brighter life, that colour his lone dreams,
 Immortal things!—Let others *trembling* bow,
 Angel of death! before thee.—Not to those,
 Whose spirits with Eternal Truth repose,
 Art thou a fearful shape!—and oh! for me
 How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,
 Did not the cords of strong affection twine
 So fast around my *soul*, it cannot spring to thee!

IV.—REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O NATURE! thou didst rear me for thine own
 With thy free singing-birds and mountain brooks;
 Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
 With fairy fantasies, and wood-dreams lone;
 And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
 Drawn from thy many-whispering trees and waves,
 And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,
 And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
 Midst the green hills: and now, that, far estranged
 From all sweet sounds and odours of thy breath,
 Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
 So glows the love of thee, that not for death,
 Seems that pure passion's fervour—but ordain'd
 To meet on brighter shores thy majesty unstain'd.

V.—FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
 What solemn region first upon thy sight
 Shall break, unweild for terror or delight?
 What hosts, magnificent in dread array?
 My spirit, when thy prison-house of clay,
 After long strife is rent?—fond, fruitless guest!
 The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest
 Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
 And through their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,
 A glimpse of summer sky:—nor knows the field
 Wherein his dominant powers must yet be tried.
 Thou art that bird!—of what beyond thee lies
 Far in the untrack'd, immeasurable skies, [Guide!
 Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy

VI.—FLOWERS.

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again
 Unto the shadowy stillness of my room;
 For not alone ye bring a joyous train
 Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom,
 Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
 Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
 Of stars that look down on your folded bells
 Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume,
 Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
 Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
 Far more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
 Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like
 Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath, [wing
 Whether the couch be that of life or death.

VII.—RECOVERY.

BACK, then, once more to breast the waves of life,
 To battle on against the unceasing spray,
 To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
 And rise to strife again; yet on my way
 O, linger still, thou light of better day!
 Born in the hours of loneliness, and you,
 Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true;
 Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
 The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
 Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense, new-born,
 Now leave me not! but as, profoundly pure,
 A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
 Unchanged, e'en thus with me your journey take,
 Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low
 world obscure.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee as their shrine
 Cling reverently!—of anxious looks beguiled,
 My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
 Each day were bent; her accents gravely mild,
 Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child,
 Wander'd on breeze-like fancies oft away,
 To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
 Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
 Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn Word
 At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
 O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

SERJEANT TALFOURD.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD is a native of Reading, and was born about the year 1796. He was educated at a grammar school under Dr. VALPY, and in 1811, while yet a student in the classics, he published his first volume of poems. One of these early compositions is "On the Brotherhood of Mankind," and another on "The Education of the Poor." They won for him the acquaintance and friendship of Lord BROUGHAM, who advised him to work his way through literature to the bar. He studied his profession under Mr. CHITTY, whom he assisted in his great work on the Criminal Laws.

His earlier essays as an author were several pamphlets on religion and politics, and, in 1815, "An Attempt to Estimate the Poetical Talent of the Present Age."

He was called to the bar by the society of the Middle Temple in 1821, and in 1834 he was elected to Parliament, from his native town, by a large majority of all parties. He was returned again in 1839, but declined being a candidate in 1841.

Previous to the publication of his great dramatic poem, he was only known on this side of the Atlantic as the author of various critical articles in the "New Monthly Magazine," the "Edinburgh Review," the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and the "Retrospective Review," written with much grace of style, and abounding in metaphor and illustration. He was the friend of LAMB, HAZLITT, HUNT, and the other members of the literary coterie of which they formed a part, and has repeatedly borne testimony to their genius and character, even at those periods when to praise some of them was to participate in their unpopularity. Of all the authors of the present age, however, he seems to have the most veneration for WORDSWORTH. He has poured forth the full wealth of his own mind in illustrating the poetry and poetical character of his idol. The publication of "Ion" gave him an immediate reputation both in Great Britain and in this country,—a reputation which promises to be lasting. The two tragedies he has since produced, "The Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe," though of much merit, have

been overshadowed by the fame of his first effort.

TALFOURD has earned the gratitude of men of letters by his celebrated defence of MOXON, who was prosecuted as the publisher of SHELLEY, and for his advocacy of the rights of authors, in various speeches in the House of Commons on the copyright question. His writings, whether in prose or verse, bear the marks of patient meditation and careful correction. They display a fine temper, large attainments, an affluent imagination, and great richness and fulness of diction. Few works of the age are characterized by such purity of thought, or display a deeper love and reverence for beauty and goodness. The mildness of his disposition, his tenderness of feeling and sentiment, the calm, brooding spirit diffused over his compositions, and his tendency to overload his diction with glittering words and images, have subjected him, at times, to the charge of effeminacy and euphuism; but there is no lack of true power discernible in him, if we pass behind the profuse ornaments of his style, to the thought and emotion they are intended to decorate.

No recent age has produced in England more fine dramatic poetry than the present. Of the acted dramatists, TALFOURD, BULWER, and KNOWLES have been most successful. It is wonderful, considering the condition of the stage, that the faultless, classical poetry of "Ion" was received with such applause. BROWNING, author of "Paracelsus" and "Strafford," MARSTON, author of the "Patrician's Daughter," and others, have written pieces full of passionate and imaginative poetry, but failed of audience, except in the closet, and after a few efforts, unsuccessful with the managers, have abandoned the dramatic for the epic or lyric forms of composition.

A collection of TALFOURD'S "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings," comprising all his more important contributions to the literary magazines, was published by Carey and Hart in 1843, and about the same time Moxon brought out in London a complete edition of his tragedies and minor poems.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF A CHILD NAMED AFTER
CHARLES LAMB.

Own gentle Charles has pass'd away,
From earth's short bondage free,
And left to us its leaden day
And mist-enshrrouded sea.

Here, by the restless ocean's side,
Sweet hours of hope have flown,
When first the triumph of its tide
Seem'd omen of our own.

That eager joy the sea-breeze gave,
When first it raised his hair,
Sunk with each day's retiring wave,
Beyond the reach of prayer.

The sun-blink that through dazzling mist,
To flickering hope akin,
Far waves with feeble fondness kiss'd,
No smile as faint can win;

Yet not in vain with radiance weak
The heavenly stranger gleams—
Not of the world it lights to speak,
But that from whence it streams.

That world our patient sufferer sought,
Serene with pitying eyes,
As if his mounting spirit caught
The wisdom of the skies.

With boundless love it look'd abroad
For one bright moment given,
Shone with a loveliness that awed,
And quiver'd into heaven.

A year made slow by care and toil
Has paced its weary round,
Since death's enrich'd with kindred spoil
The snow-clad, frost-ribb'd ground.

Then Lamb, with whose endearing name
Our boy we proudly graced,
Shrank from the warmth of sweeter fame
Than ever bard embraced.

Still 't was a mournful joy to think
Our darling might supply
For years on earth, a living link
To name that cannot die.

And though such fancy gleam no more
On earthly sorrow's night,
Truth's nobler torch unveils the shore
Where lends to both its light.

The nursing there that hand may take
None ever grasp'd in vain,
And smiles of well-known sweetness wake,
Without their tinge of pain.

Though 'twixt the child and childlike bard
Late seem'd distinction wide,
They now may trace, in Heaven's regard,
How near they were allied.

Within the infant's ample brow
Blythe fancies lay unfurl'd,
Which, all uncrush'd, may open now
To charm a sinless world.

Though the soft spirit of those eyes
Might ne'er with Lamb's compete—
Ne'er sparkle with a wit as wise,
Or melt in tears as sweet,

That calm and unforgetten look
A kindred love reveals
With his who never friend forsook
Or hurt a thing that feels.

In thought profound, in wildest glee,
In sorrow's lengthening range,
His guileless soul of infancy
Endured no spot or change.

From traits of each our love receives
For comfort nobler love;
While light which childlike genius leaves
Confirms the infant's hope:

And in that hope with sweetness fraught
Be aching hearts beguiled,
To blend in one delightful thought
The poet and the child.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE NEEDLES HOTEL, ALUM BAY, ISLE
OF WIGHT, AFTER A WEEK SPENT AT THAT PLACE.

How simple in their grandeur are the forms
That constitute this picture! Nature grants
Scarce more than sternest cynic might desire—
Earth, sea, and sky, and hardly lends to each
Variety of colour; yet the soul
Asks nothing fairer than the scene it grasps
And makes its own for ever! From the gate
Of this home-featured inn, which nestling cleaves
To its own shelf among the downs, begirt
With trees which lift no branches to defy
The fury of the storm, but crouch in love [ceive
Round the low snow-white walls whence they re-
More shelter than they lend—the heart-soothed guest
Views a furze-dotted common, on each side
Wreath'd into waving eminences, clothed
Above the furze with scanty green, in front
Indented sharply to admit the sea,
Spread thence in softest blue—to which a gorge,
Sinking within the valley's deepening green,
Invites by grassy path; the eastern down,
Swelling with pride into the waters, shows
Its sward-tipp'd precipice of radiant white,
And claims the dazzling peak beneath its brow
Part of its ancient bulk, which hints the strength
Of those famed pinnacles that still withstand
The conquering waves, as fortresses maintain'd
By death-devoted troops, hold out awhile
After the game of war is lost, to prove
The virtue of the conquer'd.—Here are scarce
Four colours for the painter; yet the charm
Which permanence, mid worldly change, confers

Is felt, if ever, here; for he who loves
To bid this scene refresh his inward eye
When far away, may feel it keeping still
The very aspect that it wore for him,
Sure changed by time or season: autumn finds
Scant boughs on which the lustre of decay
May tremble fondly; storms may rage in vain
Above the clumps of sturdy furze, which stand
The forest of the fairies; twilight gray
Finds in the landscape's stern and simple forms
Naught to conceal; the moon, although she cast
Upon the element, she sways a track
Like that which slanted through young Jacob's sleep
From heaven to earth, and flutter'd at the soul
Of shadow's mighty painter, who thence drew
Hints of a glory beyond shape, reveals
The clear-cut framework of the sea and downs
Shelving to gloom, as unperplex'd with threads
Of pallid light, as when the summer's noon
Bathes them in sunshine; and the giant cliffs
Scarce veiling more their lines of flint, that run
Like veins of moveless blue, through their bleak sides,
In moonlight than in day, shall tower as now
(Save when some moss's slender stain shall break
Into the sapphire's yellow in mid air,
To tempt some trembling life) until the eyes
Which gaze in childhood on them shall be dim.

Yet deem not that these sober forms are all
That Nature here provides, although she frames
These in one lasting picture for the heart.
Within the foldings of the coast she breathes
Hues of fantastic beauty. Thread the gorge
And, turning on the beach, while the low sea
Spread out in mirror'd gentleness, allows
A path along the curving edge, behold
Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
The orient gardens where Aladdin pluck'd
Jewels for fruit no fable—as if earth,
Provoked to emulate the rainbow's gauds
In lasting mould, had snatch'd its floating hues
And fix'd them here; for never o'er the bay
Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace
Than the gay coast exhibits; here the cliff
Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
Of Tiber wafted; then with softer shades
Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
With pink as delicate as autumn's rose
Wears on its scattering leaves; anon the shore
Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stain'd
With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,
Light pinacles rise taper: further yet
Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
Of purpled crimson.—while bright streaks of red
Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins
Which the slow-winning sea, in distant times,
Shall hare to unborn gazers.

If this scene
Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,
Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy
On the blue ocean, pour'd around the heights,
As it embraced the wonders of that shield
Which the vow'd friend of slain Patroclus wore,
To grace his fated valour; nor disdain
The quiet of the vale, though not endow'd

With such luxurious beauty as the coast
Of Undercliff embosoms:—mid those lines
Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,
And cottage roofs find shelter; the blue stream,
That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,
Flows blest with two gray towers, beneath whose
The village life sleeps trustfully, whose rites [shade
Touch the old weather-harden'd fisher's heart
With child-like softness, and shall teach the boy
Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,
When his frail boat amidst the breakers parts
To cast the anchor of a Christian hope
In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,
That in remotest point of this sweet isle,
Which with fond mimicry combines each shape
Of the great land that, by the ancient bond
(Sea-parted once, and sea-united now)
Binds her in unity—a spirit breathes
On cliff, and tower, and valley, by the side
Of cottage-fire, and the low grass-grown grave,
Of home on English earth, and home in heaven!

KINDNESS.

THE blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

THE fame of those pure bards whose faces lie
Like glorious clouds in summer's calmest even,
Fringing the western skirts of darkening heaven,
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,
Awakes no voice of thunder, which may vie
With mighty chiefs' renown;—from ages gone,
In low, undying strain, it lengthens on,
Earth's greenest solitudes with joy to fill,—
Felt breathing in the silence of the sky,
Or trembling in the gush of new-born rill,
Or whispering o'er the lake's undimpled breast;
Yet blest to live when trumpet-notes are still,
To wake a pulse of earth-born ecstasy
In the deep bosom of eternal rest.

ION DESCRIBED BY AGENOR.

ION, our sometime darling, whom we prized
 As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
 From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
 To make the happy happier! Is he sent
 To grapple with the miseries of this time,
 Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
 By no internal contest is he train'd
 For such hard duty; no emotions rude
 Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd; Love, the germ
 Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
 Expanding with its progress, as the store
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
 Sheds out its tints from his dim treasury,
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
 Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy,
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
 Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
 If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
 Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
 As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
 And falter'd into music; when the forms
 Of guilty passion have been made to live
 In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
 In righteous indignation, he hath heard
 With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
 Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
 Struck sunlight o'er it; so his life hath flow'd
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them.

ION RECEIVING THE SACRIFICIAL
KNIFE FROM CTESIPHON.

YE eldest gods,
 Who in no statues of exactest form
 Are palpable; who shun the azure heights
 Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
 Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy;
 Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held
 Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful wrath
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines
 About to sink for ever: ye, who shed
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood
 And their fierce usages the sense of justice;
 Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
 Through the proud halls of time-embolden'd guilt
 Portents of ruin, hear me!—In your presence,
 For now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
 This arm to the destruction of the king
 And of his race; O keep me pitiless:
 Expel all human weakness from my frame,
 That this keen weapon shake not when his heart
 Should feel its point; and if he has a child
 Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
 My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!—
 Was not that thunder?

ION AT THE ENTRANCE OF A
FOREST.

O WINDING pathways, o'er whose scanty blades
 Of unaspiring grass mine eyes have bent
 So often when by musing fancy sway'd,
 That craved alliance with no wider scene
 Than your fair thickets border'd, but was pleased
 To deem the toilsome years of manhood flown,
 And, on the pictured mellowness of age
 Idly reflective, image my return
 From careful wanderings, to find ye gleam
 With unchanged aspect on a heart unchanged,
 And melt the busy past to a sweet dream
 As then the future was;—why should ye now
 Echo my steps with melancholy sound
 As ye were conscious of a guilty presence?
 The lovely light of eve, that, as it waned,
 Touch'd ye with softer, homelier look, now fades
 In dismal blackness;—and yon twisted roots
 Of ancient trees, with whose fantastic forms
 My thoughts grew humorous, look terrible,
 As if about to start to serpent life,
 And hiss around me;—whither shall I turn?—
 Where fly?—I see the myrtle-cradled spot
 Where human love, instructed by divine,
 Found and embraced me first; I'll cast me down
 Upon that earth as on a mother's breast,
 In hope to feel myself again a child.

FAME.

THE names that slow oblivion have defied,
 And passionate ambition's wildest shocks
 Stand in lone grandeur, like eternal rocks,
 To cast broad shadows o'er the silent tide
 Of time's unebbing flood, whose waters glide
 To ponderous darkness from their secret spring,
 And, bearing on each transitory thing,
 Leave those old monuments in loneliest pride.
 There stand they—fortresses uprear'd by man,
 Whose earthly frame is mortal; symbols high
 Of power unchanging,—thought that cannot die;
 Proofs that our nature is not of a span,
 But of immortal essence, and allied
 To life and joy and love unperishing.

TO THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER.

WITH no cold admiration do I gaze
 Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless stream!
 But home-sick fancy kindles with the beam
 That on thy lucid bosom faintly plays,
 And glides delighted through thy crystal ways,
 Till on her eye those wave-fed poplars gleam,
 Beneath whose shade her first ethereal maze
 She fashion'd; where she traced in clearest dream
 Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose
 Besprunt with island haunts of spirits bright;
 And widening on—till, at the vision's close,
 Great London, only then a name of might
 For childish thought to build on, proudly rose
 A rock-throned city clad in heavenly light.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born on the twenty-ninth of October, 1796, in the Moorfields, London, where his father and grandfather kept a livery-stable. His birth is said to have been premature; he was a feeble and sickly child; and whatever had been the cast of his life, it would probably have been of brief duration. He received the rudiments of a classical education at Enfield, and on leaving school was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton; but coming into possession of a small patrimony, he abandoned the study of a profession, and determined to devote his time to poetry. Mr. CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE, editor of "The Riches of Chaucer," introduced him to LEIGH HUNT, then proprietor of the "Examiner," in which appeared the first poems he ever published. "I shall never forget," writes Mr. HUNT, "the impression made upon me by the exuberant specimens of genuine, though young, poetry, which were laid before me, the promise of which was seconded by the fine, fervid countenance of the writer." They soon became very intimate. "We read and walked together," says HUNT, "and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject; no imaginative pleasure was left unnoticed by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our window, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time." At this time KEATS was twenty-one; in the next year, 1817, appeared his first volume of poetry, and in the following spring, "Endymion." They were badly received by the critics. Every one, we suppose, has heard of the bitter review attributed to GIFFORD, in the Quarterly, which, with some show of reason, was said to have caused the poet's death. It was in the common vein of those critics who, misapprehending the nature of their vocation, read only to discover faults. The poems, with great and singular beauties, had, indeed, their blemishes, such as are common to young authors. They were diffuse, and abounded in strange words, and unallowable rhymes; but they contained noble passages, such as were never written by

any other author of so immature an age. It is best, generally, to point out with honest frankness a young writer's faults; too much censure is better than over-praise; but KEATS was morbidly sensitive, quite unfit to bear the unsparring ridicule and invective with which his works were greeted, embittering the residue of his brief life, if they did not cause his death.

After the publication of "Endymion," KEATS made excursions into Scotland, and to the south of England and the Isle of Wight. During a severe illness which followed, he was watched over with tender solicitude by his friends Mr. CHARLES BROWN and LEIGH HUNT. Though depressed, he was not disheartened, and he wrote in two years his "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and some minor poems, which were printed in 1820. "He sent them out," says SHELLEY, with "a careless despair," without confidence or fear. But the world was now prepared to render a different verdict upon his works. "Hyperion," wrote BYRON, "seems inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." Praise was not yet universal, but it came from the high-priests of genius.

In October of this year, KEATS left England, never to return. He sailed for Naples, whence he soon went to Rome. He lingered there, in gradual decline, until the year was nearly closed, gentle, and patient, and grateful for every kindness. He knew that he was dying. "I feel the daises growing over me," he said one day, and at another time he requested that if any epitaph were put above him, it should be, "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*" He died on the twenty-seventh of December, 1820, and was buried close by the pyramid of Cestus, in the cemetery of the English Protestants, at Rome; "a place so beautiful," says SHELLEY, "that it might almost make one in love with death."

"He was under the middle height," says LEIGH HUNT, "and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat

and well-turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up—an eager power, checked and made patient by ill-health. Every feature was at once strongly cut and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing—large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this, there was ill-health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion: and he had great personal, as well as moral cou-

rage. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets."

KEATS was the greatest of all poets who have died so young. His imagination, which he most delighted to indulge through the medium of mythological fable, was affluent and warm. Some of his pictures of this kind are rich beyond any similar productions in our language. They have a voluptuous glow, that prove a keen and passionate sense of the beautiful. The loose versification of many of his works has induced belief that he lacked energy proportionate to the vividness of his conceptions; but the opinion is wrong. Many of his sonnets possess a Miltonic vigour, and his "Eve of St. Agnes," is as highly finished, almost, as the masterpieces of POPE.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he
saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Imprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise
on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain.
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whispers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with fairy fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes, and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,

Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth, such
things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel.
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her: but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this
place;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty
race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-
brand;

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah! gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here, not
here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
bier."

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve.
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,

As spectacl'd she sits in chimney-nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her play, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than
wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may, ere the midnight, toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she
bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or wo.

Which was to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour machine
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid
 Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
 and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
 No utter'd syllable, or, wo betide !
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
 and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon :
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven :—Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,

And breathed himself : then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !—how
 fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—
 Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucid syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
 " And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream :
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
 So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed fantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence call'd, " La belle dame sans mercy ;"
 Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :
 He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
 stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
 There was a painful change, that night expell'd
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal wo,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the glass-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

"Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
"Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and wo is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest! [dyed?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from fairy-land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropp'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:

By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the foot-worn stones,
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a wo,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meager face deform.
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and
hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman : Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms :
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors :
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Grent son of Dryope,

The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows !

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thoughts ; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourn of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :
Be still a symbol of immensity ;
A firmament reflected in a sea ;
An element filling the space between ;
An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean !

ADONIS.

I NEED not any hearing tire,
By telling how the sea-born goddess pined
For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
Him all in all unto her dotting self.
Who would not be so prison'd ? but, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Faint through his careless arms ; content to see
An unseized heaven dying at his feet ;
Content, O fool ! to make a cold retreat,
When on the pleasant grass such love, love-lorn,
Lay sorrowing ; when every tear was born
Of diverse passion ; when her lips and eyes
Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
Came vex'd and pettish through her nostrils small.
Hush ! no exclaim—yet, justly might'st thou call
Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
But my poor mistress went distract and mad
When the hoar tusk'd him : so away she flew
To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard ;
Whereon it was decreed he should be rear'd
Each summer-time to life. Lo ! this is he,
That same Adonis, safe in the privacy
Of this still region all his winter sleep.
Ay, sleep ; for when our love-sick queen did weep
Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
Heal'd up the wound, and, with a balmy power
Medicined death to a lengthen'd drowsiness :
The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
In all this quiet luxury ; and hath set
Us young immortals, without any let,

To watch his slumber through. 'Tis wellnigh pass'd,
Even to a moment's filling up, and fast
She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through
The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
Embower'd sports in Cytherea's isle.

TO HOPE.

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom ;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom :
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Where'er I wander at the fall of night, [ray,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart,
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart :
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him, as the morning frightens night !

Where'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer ;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow :
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head !

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair,
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air !
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade !
O let me see our land retain her soul !
Her pride, her freedom ; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed,
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head !

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great Liberty ! how great in plain attire !
With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
Bowing her head, and ready to expire :
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
That fill the skies with silver glitterings !

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud ;
Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar ;
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope ! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

SOVEREIGNTY OF LOVE.

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm!
 All records, saving thine, come cool and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed years;
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their
 blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
 Into some backward corner of the brain;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory;
 Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
 To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
 And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.
 But wherefore this? What care, though owl did
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast? [fly
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
 The glutton Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
 Amid her window-flowers,—sighing, weaning
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
 Are things to brood on with more ardency
 Than the death-day of empires.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethewards had sunk;
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
 dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
 I have been half in love with easeful death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath.
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
 home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy land forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless [run ;
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, [hook
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness !
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ? [loth ?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Hear melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : Cold pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ON FIRST SEEING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

REGALITIES.

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
 With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
 Their baaing vanities, to browse away
 The comfortable green and juicy hay
 From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!
 Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
 Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
 Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
 Of sanctuary splendour, nor a sight
 Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
 By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
 And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
 Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
 To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
 Their tip-top nothings, their dull skies, their thrones,
 Amid the fierce, intoxicating tones
 Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabour'd drums,
 And sudden cannon. Ah! how all this hums,
 In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
 Like thunder-clouds that spake to Babylon,
 And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.

ADONIS SLEEPING.

A CHAMBER, myrtle-wall'd, embower'd high,
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
 And more of beautiful and strange beside:
 For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
 In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
 Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
 Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach;
 And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
 Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
 Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
 Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
 Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
 Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
 But rather, giving them to the fill'd sight
 Officiously. Sideway his faced reposed
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
 By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
 To slumbry pout; just as the morning south
 Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammel'd fresh;
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh
 Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
 The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
 And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber; while another took
 A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

A FAIRY SCENE FROM ENDYMION

PALACES of mottled ore,
 Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquoise floor,
 Black polish'd porticoes of awful shade,
 And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
 Leading afar past wild magnificence,
 Spiral through ruggedest loop-holes, and thence
 Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
 Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
 Streams subterranean tease their granite beds;
 Then heighten'd just above the silvery heads
 Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
 The waters with his spear; but at the splash
 Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
 Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to inclose
 His diamond path with fretwork streaming round
 Alive, and dazzling, and with a sound,
 Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
 Welcome the float of 'Tethis. Long he dwells
 On this delight; for, every minute's space,
 The streams with changed magic interlace;
 Sometimes like delicate lattices,
 Cover'd with crystal vines; then weeping trees,
 Moving about as in a gentle wind,
 Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refined,
 Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
 Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries
 Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair.
 Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare;
 And then the water, into stubborn streams
 Collecting, mimick'd the wrought oaken beams,
 Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
 Of those dusk places in times far aloof
 Cathedrals call'd.

SLEEP.

O MAGIC sleep! O comfortable bird,
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
 Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
 Restraint! imprison'd liberty! great key
 To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
 Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment!—who, unfurl'd
 Beneath thy drowsy wing, a triple hour
 But renovates and lives!

SCENES OF BOYHOOD.

THE spirit curls
 Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
 Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
 A little onward ran the very stream
 By which he took his first soft poppy dream;
 And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
 A crescent he had carved, and round it spent
 His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
 Had swollen and green'd the pious character,
 But not ta'en out.

THE MOON.

I HERE SWEAT,

Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair
 Is of all these the gentlier mightiest.
 When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
 She unobserved steals unto her throne,
 And there she sits most meek and most alone;
 As if she had not pomp subservient;
 As if thine eye, high poet! was not bent
 Towards her with the muses in thine heart;
 As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
 Waiting for silver-footed messengers.
 O moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
 O moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
 Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip,
 Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes,
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf
 Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
 Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
 O moon! far-spooning ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.....

What is there in thee, moon! that thou should'st
 My heart so potently? When yet a child [move
 I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
 Thou seem'dst my sister; hand in hand we went
 From eve to morn across the firmament.
 No apples would I gather from the tree,
 Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously;
 No tumbling water ever spake romance,
 But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
 No woods were green enough, no bowers divine,
 Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
 In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
 Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
 And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,
 No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
 And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
 No melody was like a passing spright
 If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
 Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
 By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
 And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
 With all my anlours: thou wast the deep glen;
 Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
 The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
 Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
 Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
 My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
 Thou wast the charm of women, lovely moon!
 O what a wild and harmonized tune
 My spirit struck from all the beautiful!
 On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
 Myself to immortality.

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
 And their hours are old and gray,
 And their minutes buried all
 Under the down-trodden pall
 Of the leaves of many years:
 Many times have winter's shears,
 Frozen north, and chilling east,
 Sounded tempests to the feast
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
 Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No! the bugle sounds no more,
 And the twanging bow no more;
 Silent is the ivory shrill,
 Past the heath and up the hill;
 There is no mid-forest laugh,
 Where lone echo gives the half
 'To some wight, amazed to hear
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
 You may go, with sun or moon
 Or the seven stars to light you,
 Or the polar ray to right you;
 But you never may behold
 Little John, or Robin bold;
 Never one, of all the clan,
 Thrumming on an empty can
 Some old hunting ditty, while
 He doth his green way beguile
 To fair hostess Merriment,
 Down beside the pasture Trent;
 For he left the merry tale,
 Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
 Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
 Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
 Idling in the "grené shawe;"
 All are gone away and past!
 And if Robin should be cast
 Sudden from his turfed grave,
 And if Marian should have
 Once again her forest days,
 She would weep, and he would craze:
 He would swear, for all his oaks,
 Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,
 Have rotted on the briny seas;
 She would weep that her wild bees
 Sang not to her—strange! that honey
 Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
 Honour to the old bow-string!
 Honour to the bugle-horn!
 Honour to the woods unshorn!
 Honour to the Lincoln green!
 Honour to the archer keen!
 Honour to tight little John,
 And the horse he rode upon!
 Honour to bold Robin Hood,
 Sleeping in the underwood!
 Honour to maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood clan!
 Though their days have hurried by,
 Let us two a burden try.

FANCY.

EVER let the fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home:
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
 Then let winged Fancy wander
 Through the thoughts still spread beyond her:
 Open wide the mind's cage-door,
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
 And the enjoying of the spring
 Fades as does its blossoming;
 Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloyes with tasting: what do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear faggot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the cakéd snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
 When the night doth meet the noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed,
 Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
 She has vassals to attend her:
 She will bring, in spite of frost,
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;
 She will bring thee, altogether,
 All delights of summer weather;
 All the buds and bells of May,
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;
 All the heaped autumn's wealth,
 With a still, mysterious stealth:
 She will mix these pleasures up
 Like three fit wines in a cup,
 And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
 Distant harvest-carols clear;
 Rustle of the reaped corn;
 Sweet birds antheing the morn:
 And, in the same moment—hark!
 'Tis the early April lark,
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,
 Foraging for sticks and straw.
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
 The daisy and the marigold;
 White-plumed lilies, and the first
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
 Shaded hyacinth, alway
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
 And every leaf and every flower
 Pearled with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meager from its celled sleep;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing dost rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;

Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Every thing is spoilt by use:
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gazed at? where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary? where's the face
 One would meet in every place?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft?
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the god of torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the fancy's silken leash;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the winged fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of poets dead and gone,
 What elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,—
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new-old sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born in the city of Bath, in the year 1797. His parents were connected with some of the first families of the kingdom, and on the completion of his education he entered under favourable auspices the circles of the most refined and brilliant society in the world. At twenty-eight he was married to an accomplished and beautiful woman, and soon afterward retired to a country-seat in Sussex, where he continued in quietness and ease until 1831, when an unexpected misfortune changed the current of his life. His wife had brought him a considerable fortune, but it had been expended; his father now suddenly became a bankrupt and left the country, and the income settled on the poet at his marriage was never after paid. Literature had hitherto been his amusement, it was from this time his profession. He had already written for the stage and the boudoir, he now made the country everywhere vocal with his comedies and his songs. To the end of his life he was one of the most industrious as well as one of the most successful authors of England. His early education and habits, however, had unfitted him for his new position; he could not fall back into a sufficiently economical course until the pressure of circumstances had impoverished him beyond a remedy; and though the amount received for his various writings was large, he was always embarrassed. Excitement and suffering at length induced disease, and he died, at Cheltenham, on the twenty-second day of April, 1839.

Beside his lyrical pieces he wrote two or three novels, a large number of tales and sketches in the "New Monthly" and other magazines, and more than thirty dramas, of which "Perfection," "Tom Noddy's Secret," "Sold for a Song," and others, have been successfully produced in the American theatres.

With the exception of MOORE, BAYLY was probably the most popular English song-writer of his age; and even the author of the "Irish Melodies"—unequalled as he is for graceful imagery and delicately turned expres-

sion—never has been more universally a favourite. "Oh, no! we never mention her," "The Soldier's Tear," "She wore a Wreath of Roses," and many more of his songs, are familiar wherever the language is spoken; they are of that class which,

"in his solitude,
The singer singeth to his own sad heart;"

—simple, natural, graceful and tender—descriptive of the feelings of all, in a language which all can appreciate and understand. An English critic supposes that he is indebted for much of his popularity to his former position in society; but the estimation in which his compositions are held in this country, where his personal history was unknown, shows the opinion to be erroneous. It is not always easy to discover the true causes of an author's success. BAYLY was certainly not one of the first poets of his time—the century in which more true and enduring poetry was written than in any other since the invention of letters; and if he had essayed any thing of a more ambitious character than the simple ballad, doubtless he would have failed; but by her who dallies with a coronet and the maiden at her spinning-wheel, by the soldier, the student, and the cottage Damon, his melodies are sung with equal feeling and admiration. Many have written "songs," exquisitely beautiful as poems, which are never sung; and others, like DIBDIN, have produced songs for particular classes; but BAYLY touches the universal heart. He is never mawkish, never obscure, and rarely meretricious; his verse is singularly harmonious; every word seems chosen for its musical sound; and his modulation is unsurpassed. Our rough English flows from his pen as smoothly as the soft Italian from that of BOJARDO or METASTASIO.

Two editions of Mr. BAYLY's poems have been published in the present year; the first in Philadelphia, and the last, under the supervision of his widow, in London. No collection has ever been made of his tales and essays or dramatic writings.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

THE matron at her mirror,
With her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face,—
Ay, lovely even now;
Why doth she lean upon her hand
With such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek?
She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away
But little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified
The beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance,
Where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye,
So beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd
By sorrow more than years,—
The wrinkle on the cheek may be
The course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of
A love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray
A heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife:
The lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays
The trial of his truth;
A sense of slight,—of loneliness,—
Hath never banish'd sleep:
Her life hath been a cloudless one;
Then wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks,
What thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd
For banquet or for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth,
Ere she had learnt to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls
That sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand
Pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave
A kiss of kindness there;
She seem'd to view her father's smile,
And feel the playful touch
That sometimes feign'd to steal away
The curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!
Oh, deem it not a crime
Fer her to weep, when she beholds
The first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute
Mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away,
Till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity
For beauty on the wane;

Yet, though the blossom may not sigh
To bud and bloom again—
It cannot but remember,
With a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone,—
The summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady! heed the monitor!
Thy mirror tells thee truth;
Assume the matron's folded veil,
Resign the wreath of youth:
Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow,
In her thou'lt still look fair—
'T were well would all learn wisdom who
Behold the first gray hair!

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church
And the cottage by the brook;
He listen'd to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which flutter'd in the breeze;
She breath'd a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear,
But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot;
Oh, do not deem him weak;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek;
Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

WITHER AWAY.

WITHER away, green leaves,
Wither away, sweet flowers;
For me in vain young Spring has thrown
Her mantle o'er the bowers:
Sing not to me, gay birds,
Borne in bright plumage hither;
The heart recoils from pleasure's voice
When all its fond hopes wither!

Wither away, my friends,
Whom I have loved sincerely;
'T is hard to sigh for the silent tomb
As a place of rest, so early!
While others prize the rose,
The cypress wreath I'll gather;
The heart recoils from pleasure's voice
When all its fond hopes wither.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But, oh! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away;
The bird retains his silver note,
Though bondage chains his wing;
His song is not a happy one,—
I'm saddest when I sing!

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me!
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring,
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf,—
I'm saddest when I sing!

Of all the friends I used to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own:
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its strings,
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm saddest when I sing!

I NEVER WAS A FAVOURITE.

I NEVER was a favourite,—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turn'd away, to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please,—and infancy
Can rarely give offence:
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck!
How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh, beauty! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth:
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate;
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love, that claim'd
A smile or an embrace:
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,—
A time of sorrow too;
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw;
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed;
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillow'd her poor head.
She lived!—and loved me for my care,—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet;
Her footstep had the lightness
Her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment—
Yet, methinks, I see her now,
With the wreath of summer flowers
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment—
Yet, methinks, I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away the tear.
I see her broken-hearted!
Yet, methinks, I see her now
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

THE rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me;
Too many eyes are gazing
Upon the costly tree;
But there's a rose in yonder glen,
That shuns the gaze of other men,
For me its blossom raising,—
Oh! that's the rose for me.

The gem a king might covet
Is not the gem for me;
From darkness who would move it,
Save that the world may see?
But I've a gem that shuns display,
And next my heart worn every day,
So dearly do I love it,—
Oh! that's the gem for me.

Gay birds in cages pining
Are not the birds for me;
Those plumes, so brightly shining,
Would fain fly off from thee:
But I've a bird that gayly sings;
Though free to rove, she folds her wings,
For me her flight resigning,—
Oh! that's the bird for me.

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

SHE never blamed him, never;
But received him, when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same;
But vainly she dissembled—
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden, trembled,
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom;
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was alter'd,
And she knew her eye was dim;
Her voice, though, only falter'd
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had injured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn;
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known;
And though she seldom named him,
Yet she thought of him alone.

She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part;
She spoke not when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart.
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They pass'd—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

SHE WOULD NOT KNOW ME.

SHE would not know me were she now to view me;
My heart was gay, when long ago she knew me;
My songs were daily tuned to some gay measure,
And all my visions were of future pleasure;
Oh! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by—she will not know me.

In these sad accents she will ne'er discover
The cheerful voice of him who was her lover;
Nor will these features in their gloom remind her
Of the gay smile they wore when she was kinder:
Oh! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by—she will not know me.

'T would pain her, did she note my deep dejection,
To know that she had crush'd such fond affection:
And not for all the world shall my distresses
Chase from her heart the joy it still possesses;
Oh! tell her not that grief could thus o'erthrow me,
But let her pass me by—she will not know me.

THE OLD KIRK YARD.

Oh! come, come with me, to the old kirk yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk yard.
Oh! mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Oh! weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old kirk yard.

I know it is in vain, when friends depart,
To breathe the kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd
When we follow them home to the old kirk yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me;
I'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard,
The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard?

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD.

SOME there are who seem exempted
From the doom incur'd by all;
Are they not more sorely tempted?
Are they not the first to fall?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in every trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure,
Present anguish hast thou felt?
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
As a mourner hast thou knelt?
In the hour of deep affliction,
Let no impious thought intrude,
Meekly bow with this conviction,
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

I TURN TO THEE IN TIME OF NEED.

I TURN to thee in time of need,
And never turn in vain;
I see thy fond and fearless smile,
And hope revives again.
It gives me strength to struggle on,
Whate'er the strife may be;
And if again my courage fail,
Again I turn to thee.

Thy timid beauty charm'd me first;
I breathed a lover's vow,
But little thought to find the friend
Whose strength sustains me now;
I deem'd thee made for summer skies,
But in the stormy sea,
Deserted by all former friends,
Dear love, I turn to thee.

Should e'er some keener sorrow throw
A shadow o'er my mind;
And should I, thoughtless, breathe to thee
One word that is unkind;
Forgive it, love! thy smile will set
My better feelings free;
And with a look of boundless love,
I still shall turn to thee.

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Oh, no! we never mention her;
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree—
But how can I forget!

They tell me she is happy now—
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me now,
But heed not what they say;
Like me perhaps she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she loves, as I have loved,
She never can forget.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL!

SHADES of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile!
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing, fondly, fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would not I give to wander
Where my old companions dwell!
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings.
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay:
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

GEORGE CROLY.

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY was born in Ireland, I believe in 1786, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with a high reputation for abilities and scholarship. Soon after receiving the degree of Master of Arts, he entered holy orders and was appointed rector of a parish in the diocese of Meath. He remained here until the commencement of the war in Spain, when he went to London with a view to visit the Peninsula. The peace of 1815, however, induced a change of his intentions, and he directed his course through Germany to Paris, where he wrote the larger portion of his first considerable work, *Paris in 1815*, which was published on his return to England, and received with unusual applause, though its appearance was in the most brilliant period of modern English literature, the period in which BYRON, SHELLEY, and the other great poets of the century, were in turn enchainning the admiration of mankind. He subsequently wrote a second part to this poem, and *The Angel of the World, Catiline, a Tragedy, Sebastian - a Spanish Tale*, and numerous fugitive pieces, which were published collectively by Colburn in 1830.

The Angel of the World is founded on one of the fictions of the Koran. It is one of the most carefully finished of CROLY's poems, and is given, without abridgment, in this volume. *Sebastian* is a fine romantic sketch, but in execution is unequal to his other works. I do not know whether *Catiline* has ever been presented on the stage; probably it has not, though it seems to me better fitted for representation than many very successful pieces.

The conspirator had, according to CICERO, "a multitude, not perhaps so much of virtues, as of approaches to virtues. He was the most extraordinary contradiction on earth; a compound of all opposite qualities. Who could stand higher with honourable men at one time? or, at another, who was more implicated with the worst? He had a wonderful power of bending individuals to his interests; no man could exhibit more zeal; none be more liberal of his public credit, his purse, and, when darker occasions called for it, his whole inven-

tion in evil. Austere with the rigid, gay with the gay, grave with the grave, ardent with the young, bold with the bold, and sumptuous with the prodigal: by this singular flexibility and variety of powers he collected around him men of all descriptions, the daring and dissolute, and, at the same time, many of the manly and estimable." CROLY follows CICERO in this estimate of his hero, and thus avoids a resemblance to JONSON, CREBILLON, VOLTAIRE, and other poets who have made the Catilinian conspiracy the subject of tragedies, and adopted the sketch by SALLUST. Whatever may be the merits of *Catiline* as a play, it is an admirable poem, and would alone have entitled its author to a high rank among his contemporaries.

CROLY has a remarkable splendour of language; he is stately, dignified, and affluent in imagery; but sometimes, from condensation and inversions, obscure; and he is deficient in simplicity and tenderness, which is doubtless the principal reason why his works are so little read.

He is not less distinguished as a prose writer than as a poet. His *Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future*, has hardly been surpassed in energy, pathos, or dramatic interest, by any romance of the time; and his *Tales of the Great St. Bernard* were nearly as attractive and popular. Besides these, he has published a *Life of George the Fourth*, *The Year of Liberation*, *The Providence of God in the Latter Days*, being a *New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John*, *Speeches*, and other works in theology, in criticism, and in history, which are in their respective departments original, powerful, and peculiar.

Dr. CROLY has been actively engaged in the discharge of his professional duties most of the time since his return from the Continent. When Lord BROUGHAM was made chancellor he presented him one of the livings in the gift of the crown, and, in 1835, Lord LYNTHURST gave him the rectory of St. Stephens, London, in which he still remains. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Trinity College, Dublin.

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

THERE'S glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun !
There's glory on thy marble-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon !
There's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue !
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from Ocean's marge to mighty Himmalu.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delfed and rent in sunder ;
And through the fragments rolls a little fount,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder ;
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder ;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under ;
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,
No perfumes rich as in that mountain's rocky ring.

And some who pray'd the night out on the hill,
Have said they heard—unless it was their dream,
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill,—
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,
A sound of music, such as they might deem
The song of spirits—that would sometimes sail
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail ;
Then come again, and thus, till Lucifer was pale.

And some, but bolder still, had dared to turn
That soil of mystery for hidden gold ;
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them burn,
And died :—by few that venturous tale was told.
And wealth was found ; yet, as the pilgrims hold,
Though it was glorious on the mountain's brow,
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow ;
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots now.

But one, and ever after, round the hill
He stray'd :—they said a meteor scorcht his sight ;
Blind, mad, a warning of Heaven's fearful will.
'Twas on the sacred evening of "The Flight,"
His spade turn'd up a shaft of marble white,
Fragment of some kiosk, the chapter
A crystal circle, but at morn's first light
Rich forms began within it to appear,
Sceptred and wing'd, and then, it sank in water clear.

Yet once upon that guarded mount, no foot
But of the Moslem true might press a flower,
And of them none, but with some solemn suit
Beyond man's help, might venture near the bower:
For, in its shade, in beauty and in power,
For judgment sat the Angel of the World :
Sent by the prophet, till the destined hour
That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd,
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

It came at last. It came with trumpets' sounding,
It came with thunders of the atabal,
And warrior shouts, and Arab chargers' bounding,
The Sacred Standard crown'd Medina's wall !
From palace roof, and minaret's golden ball,

Ten thousand emerald banners floated free,
Beneath, like sunbeams, through the gateway tall,
The emirs led their steel-mail'd chivalry,
And the whole city rang with sports and soldier glee.

This was the eve of eves, the end of war,
Beginning of Dominion, first of Time !
When, swifter than the shooting of a star,
Mohammed saw the "Vision's" pomp sublime ;
Swept o'er the rainbow'd sea—the fiery clime,
Heard from the throne its will in thunders roll'd ;
Then glancing on our world of wo and crime,
Saw from Arabia's sands his banner's fold
Wave o'er the brighten'd globe its sacred, conquering gold.

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,
Pavilion'd with a thousand glorious dyes ;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest
Along the mountain's soft declivities ;
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun ;
Faint as the hum of bees the city's cries :
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone ;
Then were the angel's task on earth's dimorbit done.

Of late he gazed upon that lovely vale,
But never gazed with gladness such as now ;
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale
He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,
With joy he heard the Imauns' voices flow
Like breath of silver trumpets on the air ;
The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,
Flinging their shadows fall in the steep sunset glare.

Then at his sceptre's wave, a rush of plumes
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes ;
And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,
A crowd of lovely forms, with lightning eyes,
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing ;
And all the grove was rich with symphonies
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung hovering.

The angel's flashing eyes were on the vault,
That now with lamps of diamond all was hung ;
His mighty wings like tissues heavenly-wrought,
Upon the bosom of the air were hung.
The solemn hymn's last harmonies were sung,
The sun was couching on the distant zone ;
"Farewell" was breathing on the angel's tongue ;—
He glanced below. There stood a suppliant one !
The impatient angel sank, in wrath, upon his throne.

Yet all was quickly sooth'd,—*"this labour past,
"His coronet of tenfold light was won."*
His glance again upon the form was cast,
That now seem'd dying on the dazzling stone ;
He bade it rise and speak. The solemn tone
Of earth's high Sovereign mingled joy with fear,
As summer vales of rose by lightning shown ;
As the night-fountain in the desert drear ; [ear.
His voice seem'd sudden life to that fall'n suppliant's

The form arose—the face was in a veil,
The voice was low, and often check'd with sighs ;

The tale it utter'd was a simple tale :
 "A vow to close a dying parent's eyes
 Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis ;
 The Arab in the Syrian mountains lay,
 The caravan was made the robber's prize,
 The pilgrim's little wealth was swept away,
 Man's help was vain." Here sank the voice in
 soft decay.

"And this is earth !" the angel frowning said ;
 And from the ground he took a matchless gem,
 And flung it to the mourner, then outspread
 His pinions, like the lightning's rushing beam.
 The pilgrim started at the diamond's gleam,
 Glanced up in pray'r, then, bending near the throne,
 Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,
 And tried to speak, but tears were there alone ;
 The pitying angel said, "Be happy and begone."

The weeper raised the veil ; a ruby lip
 First dawn'd : then glow'd the young cheek's
 deeper hue,
 Yet delicate as roses when they dip
 Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
 Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue ;
 Half-shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
 That turn'd to golden as the light wind threw
 Their clusters in the western golden glare.
 Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing
 there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
 Sought from his glance sweet refuge on the ground ;
 But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze ;
 And, as the soul had felt some sudden wound,
 Her bosom heaved above its silken bound.
 He look'd again ; the cheek was deadly pale ;
 The bosom sank with one long sigh profound ;
 Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil, [its tale.
 And still one press'd her heart—that sigh told all

She stoop'd, and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,
 And fondly kiss'd, and then with feeble hand
 She laid it on the footstool of the bower ;
 Such was the ancient custom of the land.
 Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd ;
 The breezes swept it to the angel's feet ;
 Yet even that sweet slight boon, 'twas Heaven's
 command,

He must not touch, from her though doubly sweet,
 No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-
 seat.

Still lay the flower upon the splendid spot,
 The pilgrim turn'd away, as smote with shame ;
 Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot ;
 'T was in his soul, a shaft of living flame.
 Then bow'd the humbled one, and bless'd his name,
 Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
 A sudden faintness o'er the angel came ;
 The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell, [veil.
 She bow'd her face to earth, and o'er it dropp'd her

Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze
 Can make the spirit from its centre roll ;
 Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze ?
 Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul ;
 One glorious vision lightning up the whole

Of the wide world ; or one deep, wild desire,
 By day and night consuming, sad and sole ;
 Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own fire,
 Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams ;
 Companionship divine, stern solitude ;
 Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest gleams
 That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy food ;
 Wo to the heart that lets thee once intrude,
 Victim of visions that life's purpose steal,
 Till the whole struggling nature lies subdn'd,
 Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal.
 Proud angel, was it thine that mortal wo to feel ?

Still knelt the pilgrim cover'd with her veil,
 But all her beauty living on his eye ;
 Still hyacinth the clustering ringlets fell
 Wreathing her forehead's polish'd ivory ;
 Her cheek unseen still wore the rose-bud's dye ;
 She sigh'd ; he heard the sigh beside him swell,
 He glanced around—no Spirit hover'd nigh—
 Touch'd the fall'n flower, and blushing, sigh'd
 "farewell." [der-peal.
 What sound has stunn'd his ear ? A sudden thun-

He look'd on heaven, 't was calm, but in the vale
 A creeping mist had girt the mountain round,
 Making the golden minarets glimmer pale ;
 It scaled the mount,—the feeble day was drown'd.
 The sky was with its livid hue embrown'd,
 But soon the vapours grew a circling sea,
 Reflecting lovely from its blue profound
 Mountain, and crimson cloud, and blossom'd tree ;
 Another heaven and earth in bright tranquillity.

And on its bosom swam a small chalonpe,
 That like a wild swan sported on the tide.
 The silken sail that canopied its poop
 Show'd one that look'd an houri in her pride ;
 Anon came spurring up the mountain's side
 A warrior Moslem all in glittering mail,
 That to his country's doubtful battle bled.
 He saw the form, he heard the tempter's tale,
 And answer'd with his own : for beauty will prevail.

But now in storm uprose the vast mirage ;
 Where sits she now who tempted him to roam ?
 How shall the skiff with that wild sea engage !
 In vain the quivering helm is turn'd to home.
 Dark'ning above the piles of tumbling foam,
 Rushes a shape of wo, and through the roar
 Peals in the warrior's ear a voice of doom.
 Down plunges the chalonpe.—The storm is o'er :
 Heavy and slow the corpse rolls onward to the shore.

The angel's heart was smote—but that touch'd
 flower, [sweet,
 Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly
 He felt it strangely chain him to the bower.
 He dared not then that pilgrim's eye to meet,
 But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet
 Shining like silver on the floor of rose ; [net
 At length he raised his glance ;—the veil's light
 Had floated backward from her pencil'd brows,
 Here eye was fix'd on Heaven, in sad, sublime repose.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
 And on her crimson lip was murmuring
 A village strain, that in the day's sweet rest
 Is heard in Araby round many a spring,
 When down the twilight vales the maidens bring
 The flocks to some old patriarchal well;
 Or where beneath the palms some desert-king
 Lies, with his tribe around him as they fell!
 The thunder burst again; a long, deep, crashing
 peal.

The angel heard it not; as round the range
 Of the blue hill-tops roar'd the volley on,
 Uttering its voice with wild, aerial change;
 Now sinking in a deep and distant moan,
 Like the last echo of a host o'erthrown;
 Then rushing with new vengeance down again,
 Shooting the fiery flash and thunder-stone;
 Till flamed, like funeral pyres, the mountain chain.
 The angel heard it not; its wisdom all was vain.

He heard not even the strain, though it had
 changed
 From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn.
 His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious
 ranged,
 Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and dim;
 A mist seem'd spreading between heaven and him;
 He sat absorb'd in dreams;—a searching tone
 Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes swim
 Who breathed that echo of a heart undone,
 The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone!

Again it changed.—But, now 't was wild and
 grand, [trol,
 The praise of hearts that scorn the world's con-
 disdaining all but love's delicious band,
 The chain of gold and flowers, the tie of soul.
 Again strange paleness o'er her beauty stole,
 She glanced above, then stoop'd her glowing eye,
 Blue as the star that glitter'd by the pole;
 One tear-drop gleam'd, she dash'd it quickly by,
 And dropp'd the lyre, and turn'd—as if she turn'd
 to die.

The night-breeze from the mountains had begun;
 And as it wing'd among the clouds of even,
 Where, like a routed king, the Sultan Sun
 Still struggled on the fiery verge of heaven;
 Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were driven;
 Spreading away in boundless palace halls,
 Whose lights from gold and emerald lamps were
 given;

Or airy citadels and battled walls;
 Or sunk in valleys sweet, with silver waterfalls.

But, for those sights of heaven the angel's heart
 Was all unsettled: and a bitter sigh
 Burst from his burning lip, and with a start
 He cast upon the earth his conscious eye.
 The whole horizon from that summit high
 Spread out in vision, from the pallid line
 Where old Palmyra's pompa in ruin lie,
 Gilding the Arab sands, to where supine
 The western lustre tinged thy spires, lost Palestine!

Yet, loveliest of the vision was the vale
 That sloped beneath his own imperial bowers;

Sheeted with colours like an Indian mail,
 A tapestry sweet of all sun-painted flowers,
 Balm, and clove, and jasmines scented showers,
 And the red glory of the Persian rose,
 Spreading in league on league around the towers,
 Where, loved of Heaven, and hated of its foes,
 The queen of cities shines, in calm and proud repose.

And still he gazed—and saw not that the eve
 Was fading into night. A sudden thought
 Struck to his dreaming heart, that made it heave;
 Was he not there in Paradise?—that spot,
 Was it not lovely as the lofty vault
 That rose above him? In his native skies,
 Could he be happy till his soul forgot,
 Oh! how forget, the being whom his eyes
 Loved as their light of light? He heard a tempest
 rise—

Was it a dream? the vale at once was bare,
 And o'er it hung a broad and sulphurous cloud:
 The soil grew red and rifted with its glare;
 Down to their roots the mountain cedars bow'd;
 Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,
 Yellow and pale, thick seam'd with streaks of flame.
 Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud;
 The lion bounded from it scared and tame;
 Behind it, darkening heaven, the mighty whirl-
 wind came.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain
 A caravan approach'd the evening well,
 A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane;
 And lovely came its distant, solemn swell
 Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell.
 The sandy ocean rose before their eye,
 In thunder on their bending host it fell
 Ten thousand lips sent up one fearful cry; [lie.
 The sound was still'd at once, beneath its wave they

But, two escaped, that up the mountain sprung,
 And those the dead men's treasure downwards
 drew;

One, with slow steps; but beautiful and young
 Was she, whoround his neck her white arms threw.
 Away the tomb of sand like vapour flew.
 There, naked lay the costly caravan,
 A league of piles of silk and gems that threw
 A rainbow light, and mid them stiff and wan,
 Stretch'd by his camel's flank, their transient master,
 man.

The statelier wanderer from the height was won,
 And cap and sash soon gleam'd with plunder'd
 gold.

But, now the desert rose, in pillars dun,
 Glowing with fire like iron in the mould, [roll'd;
 That wings with fiery speed, recoil'd, sprang,
 Before them waned the moon's ascending phase,
 The clouds above them shrank the reddening fold:
 On rush'd the giant columns blaze on blaze,
 The sacrilegious died, wrapp'd in the burning haze.

The angel sat enthroned within a dome
 Of slabaster raised on pillars slight,
 Curtain'd with tissues of no earthly loom;
 For spirits wove the web of blossoms bright,
 Woof of all flowers that drink the morning light,

And with their beauty figured all the stone
In characters of mystery and might,
A more than mortal guard around the throne,
That in their tender shade one glorious diamond
shone.

And every bud round pedestal and plinth,
As fell the evening, turn'd a living gem.
Lighted its purple lamp the hyacinth,
The dahlia pour'd its thousand-colour'd gleam,
A ruby torch the wondering eye might deem
Hung on the brow of some night-watching tower,
Where upwards climb'd the broad magnolia's stem.
An urn of lovely lustre every flower,
Burning before the king of that illumined bower.

And nestling in that arbour's leafy twine,
From cedar's top to violet's lowly bell,
Were birds, now hush'd, of plumage all divine,
That, as the quivering radiance on them fell,
Shot back such hues as stain the orient shell,
Touching the deep, green shades with light from
eyes

Jacinth, and jet, and blazing carbuncle,
And gold-dropt coronets, and wings of dyes
Bathed in the living streams of their own Paradise.

The angel knew the warning of that storm;
But saw the shuddering minstrel's step draw near,
And felt the whole deep witchery of her form;
Her sigh was music's echo to his ear;
He loved—and what has love to do with fear?
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven wing,
But in the arbour all was splendour clear;
And, like twin spirits in its charmed ring,
Shone that sweet child of earth and that star-
diadem'd king.

For, whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,
Or that some dazzling change had on her come;
Her look, though lovely still, was loftier now,
Her tender cheek was flush'd with brighter bloom;
Yet in her azure eyebeam gather'd gloom,
Like evening's clouds across its own blue star,
'Then would a sudden flash its depths illumine;
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,
She seem'd instinct with might to make the clouds
her car.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as snow,
Gleam'd like a rising meteor through the air,
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow;
And gazed on heaven, as wrapt in solemn prayer;
She still look'd woman, yet more proudly fair;
And as she stood and pointed to the sky,
With that fix'd look of loveliness and care,
The angel thought, and check'd it with a sigh,
He saw some spirit fallen from immortality.

The silent prayer was done; and now she moved
Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
Besought her lord, if in his heaven they loved,
That, as she never more his face must see,
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
Then turn'd, and pluck'd a cluster from the vine,
And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
Then stoop'd the crystal cup before the shrine.
In wrath the angel rose—the guilty draught was
wine!

She stood; she shrank; she totter'd. Down he
sprang,
Clasp'd with one hand her waist, with one upheld
The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs rang;
His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd;
Up to the brim the draught of evil swell'd
Like liquid rose, its odour touch'd his brain;
He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd;
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

The enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet
dream,
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,
And on the bending spirit fix'd the beam
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.
The undone angel gave no more reply
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
That floated on her neck of ivory,
And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

The heaven was one blue cope, inlaid with gems
Thick as the concave of a diamond mine,
But from the north now fly pale, phosphor beams
That o'er the mount their quivering net entwine;
The smallest stars through that sweet lustre shine;
Then, like a routed host, its streamers fly:
Then, from the moony horizontal line
A surge of sudden glory floods the sky,
Ocean of purple waves, and melted lazuli.

But wilder wonder smote their shrinking eyes:
A vapour plunged upon the vale from heaven,
Then, darkly gathering, tower'd of mountain size;
From its high crater column'd smokes were driven;
It heaved within, as if pent flames had striven
With mighty winds to burst their prison hold,
Till all the cloud-volcano's bulk was riven
With angry light, that seem'd in cataracts roll'd,
Silver, and sanguine steel, and streams of molten
gold.

Then echoed on the winds a hollow roar,
An earthquake groan, that told convulsion near:
Out rush'd the burden of its burning core,
Myriads of fiery globes, as day-light clear.
The sky was fill'd with flashing sphere on sphere,
Shooting straight upward to the zenith's crown.
The stars were blasted in that splendour drear,
The land beneath in wild distinctness shone,
From Syria's yellow sands to Libanus' summit-
stone.

The storm is on the embattled clouds receding,
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,
But o'er the pole a fiercer flame is spreading,
Wheel within wheel of fire, and far within
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.
A throne;—but who the sitter on that throne!
The angel knew the punisher of sin;
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,
And clasp'd his dying love, and joy'd to be undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,
And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck.

Yet, even in that swift gaze, he could espy
A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
Was it a dream? there echoed in his ear
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;
But through his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;
She stood a statue of sublime despair,
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirit froze,—
His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd for air;
She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with brows

As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.
There was between them now nor tear nor sigh;
Theirs was the deep communion of the soul;
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury;
What was to them or heaven or earth, the whole
Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad, and
sole.

The minstrel first shook off the silent trance;
And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
Beyond the power of his vindictive king.
Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume,
For life or death, he reck'd not which, to spring;
Nay, to confront the thunder and the gloom.
She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

The angel sooth'd her, "No! let justice wreak
Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."
A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
With mad delight: "O there is one way, one,
To save us both. Are there not mighty words,
Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon
Sits ever guarded by the genii swords, [Lord's?]
To give thy servant wings, like her resplendent

This was the sin of sins! The first, last crime,
In earth and heaven, unnamed, unnameable;
This from his throne of light, before all time,
Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell.
He started back.—"What urged him to rebel?
What led that soft seducer to his bower?
Could she have laid upon his soul that spell,
Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly flower!"—
But for that fatal cup, he had been free that hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.
He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued;
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam:
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!
A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
The lightning round them shot a broader stream;
He felt her clasp his feet in agony; [reply!
He spoke the "Words of might,"—the thunder gave

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud,
Shooting its lightnings down in spire on spire.
Around the mount its canopy is bow'd,
▲ fiery vault upraised on pillar'd fire;
The stars like lamps along its roof expire;
But through its centre bursts an orb of rays;
The angel knew the Avenger in his ire!
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping blaze,
The culprits dared not there their guilty glances raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling sphere,
That mortal sense might never hear and live.
They pierced like arrows through the angel's ear;
He bow'd his head; 'twas vain to fly or strive.
Down comes the final wrath: the thunders give
The doubled peal,—the rains in cataracts sweep,
Broad bars of fire the sheeted deluge rive;
The mountain summits to the valley leap,
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd heap.

The storm stands still! a moment's pause of terror!
All dungeon-dark!—Again the lightnings yawn,
Showing the earth as in a quivering mirror.
The prostrate angel felt but that the one,
Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone:
He dared not see her corpse!—he closed his eyes;
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
Of the last trump,—he glanced upon the skies,
He saw, what shook his soul with terror, shame,
surprise.

The minstrel stood before him; two broad plumes
Spread from her shoulders on the burden'd air;
Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor-glare,
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size;
'Twas Eblis! king of Hell's relentless sovereign-
ties.

The tempter spoke—"Spirit, thou mightest have
stood,
But thou hast fallen a weak and willing slave.
Now were thy feeble heart our serpents' food,
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,
But haughty Heaven controls the power it gave.
Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy sphere,
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave;
Till the sun rolls the grand concluding year;
Till earth is Paradise; then shall thy crime be
clear.

The angel listen'd, risen upon one knee,
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismay'd.
His star-dropt plume hung round him droopingly,
His brow, like marble, on his hand was stay'd.
Still through the auburn locks' o'erhanging shade
His face shone beautiful; he heard his ban;
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said;
He plunged within his hands his visage wan,
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-
pulses ran.

The giant grasp'd him as he fell to earth,
And his black vanes upon the air were flung,
A tabernacle dark;—and shouts of mirth

Mingled with shriekings through the tempest
 swung;
 His arm around the fainting angel clung.
 Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;
 A moment o'er the mount of ruin hung, [cone,
 Then burst through space, like the red comet's
 Leaving his track on heaven a burning, endless zone.

A SCENE FROM CATILINE.

Catiline. FLUNG on my pillow! does the last
 night's wine
 Perplex me still? Its words are wild and bold.

(*Reads*) "Noble Catiline! where you tread, the earth
 is hollow, though it gives no sound. There is a
 storm gathering, though there are no clouds in the
 sky. Rome is desperate; three hundred patricians
 have sworn to do their duty; and what three hun-
 dred have sworn, thirty thousand will make good."

Why, half the number *now* might sack the city,
 With all its knights, before a spear could come
 From Ostia to their succour.—'Twere a deed!—

(*Reads*) "You have been betrayed by the senate, he-
 trayed by the consuls, and betrayed by the people.
 You are a Roman, can you suffer chains? You are
 a soldier, can you submit to shame? You are a
 man; will you be ruined, trampled on, disdained?"
 (*Flings away the paper.*)

Disdain'd! They're in the right.—It tells the
 I am a scoff and shame—a public prate. [truth—
 There's one way left: (*draws a poniard*) this dag-
 ger in my heart—

The quickest cure! . . . But 'tis the coward's cure;
 And what shall heal the dearer part of me,
 My reputation? What shield's for my name,
 When I shall fling it, like my corpse, to those
 Who dared not touch it living, for their lives!
 So, *there* lies satisfaction; and my veins
 Must weep—for nothing! when my enemies
 Might be compell'd to buy them drop by drop.
 No! by the Thunderer, they shall pay their price.
 To die! in days when helmets are burnishing;
 When heaven and earth are ripening for a change;
 And die by my own hand!—Give up the game
 Before the dice are thrown!—Clamour for chains,
 Before the stirring trumpet sounds the charge!—
 Bind up my limbs—a voluntary mark
 For the world's enginery, the ruffian gibe,
 The false friend's sneer, the spurn of the safe foe,
 The sickly, sour hypocrisy, that loves
 To find a wretch to make its moral of,
 Crushes the fallen, and calls it *Charity*!—
 Sleep in your sheath! [*He puts up the poniard.*]

How could my mind give place
 To thoughts so desperate, rash, and mutinous?
 Fate governs all things. Madman! would I give
 Joy to my enemies, sorrow to my friends,—
 Shut up the gate of hope upon myself?
 My sword may thrive!—Dreams, dreams! my
 mind's as full
 Of vapourish fantasies as a sick girl's!
 I will abandon Rome,—give back her scorn
 With tenfold scorn: break up all league with her,—
 All memories. I will not breathe her air,

Nor warm me with her fire, nor let my bones
 Mix with her sepulchres. The oath is sworn.

[*Aurelia enters with papers.*]

Aurelia. What answers for this pile of bills,
 my lord?

Catiline. Who can have sent them here?

Aurelia. Your creditors!

As if some demon woke them all at once,
 These have been crowding on me since the morn.
 Here, Caius Curtius claims the prompt discharge
 Of his half million sesterces; besides
 The interest on your bond, ten thousand more.
 Six thousand for your Tyrian canopy;
 Here, for your Persian horses—your trireme:
 Here, debt on debt. Will you discharge them now?

Catiline. I'll think on it.

Aurelia. It must be *now*; *this day*!

Or, by to-morrow, we shall have no home.

Catiline. 'Twill soon be all the same.

Aurelia. We are undone!

My gold, my father's presents, jewels, rings,—
 All, to the baubles on my neck, are gone.
 The consulship might have upheld us still;
 But *now*,—we *must* go down.

Catiline. Aurelia!—wife!

All will be well: but hear me—stay—a little;
 I had intended to consult with you—

On—our departure—from—the—city.

Aurelia, indignantly and surprised. Rome?

Catiline. Even so, fair wife! we must leave
 Rome.

Aurelia. Let me look on you; are you Catiline?

Catiline.—I know not what I am—we *must*
 be gone!

Aurelia. Madness!

Catiline, wildly. Not yet—not yet!

Aurelia. Let them take all?

Catiline. The gods will have it so!

Aurelia. Seize on your house!

Catiline. Seize my last sesterce! Let them
 have their will.

We must *endure*. Ay, ransack—ruin all;
 Tear up my father's grave,—tear out my heart.
 Wife! the world's wide,—Can we not dig or beg?
 Can we not find on earth a den, or tomb?

Aurelia. Before I stir, they shall hew off my
 hands.

Catiline. What's to be done?

Aurelia. Hear me, Lord Catiline:

The day we wedded,—'tis but three short years!
 You were the first patrician here,—and I
 Was Marius' daughter! There was not in Rome
 An eye, however haughty, but would sink
 When I turn'd on it: when I pass'd the streets
 My chariot wheel was follow'd by a host
 Of your chief senators; as if their gaze
 Beheld an émpress on its golden round;
 An earthly providence!

Catiline. 'Twas so!—'twas so!
 But it is vanish'd—gone.

Aurelia. By yon bright sun!

That day shall come again: or, in its place,
 One that shall be an era to the world!

Catiline, eagerly. What's in your thoughts?

Aurelia. Our high and hurried life

Has left us strangers to each other's souls :
But *now* we think alike. You have a sword,—
Have had a famous name i' the legions !

Catiline. Hush !

Aurelia. Have the walls ears ? Great Jove ! I
wish they had ;

And tongues too, to bear witness to my oath,
And tell it to all Rome.

Catiline. Would you destroy ?

Aurelia. Were I a thunderbolt !

Rome's ship is rotten :

Has she not cast you out ; and would you sink
With her, when she can give you no gain else
Of her fierce fellowship ? Who'd seek the chain
That link'd him to his mortal enemy ?
Who'd face the pestilence in his foe's house ?
Who, when the poisoner drinks by chance the cup,
That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs
To find a drop to bear him company ?

Catiline, shrinking. It will not come to this.

Aurelia, haughtily. Shall we be dragg'd,

A show to all the city rabble ;—robb'd,—

Down to the very mantle on our backs,—

A pair of branded beggars ! Doubtless Cicero—

Catiline. Cursed be the ground he treads !
Name him no more.

Aurelia. Doubtless *he'll* see us to the city gates ;
'Twill be the least respect that he can pay
To his *fallen rival*. Do you hear, my lord ?

Deaf as the rock (*aside*.) With all his lictors
shouting,

"Room for the noble vagrants ; all caps off
For Catiline ! for him that *would* be consul."

Catiline, turning away. 'Twas to be, like the
scorpion, ring'd with fire,

Till I sting mine own heart ! (*aside*.) There is
no hope !

Aurelia. One hope there is, worth all the rest—
revenge !

The time is harass'd, poor, and discontent ;

Your spirit practised, keen, and desperate,—

The senate full of feuds,—the city vex'd

With petty tyranny,—the legions wrong'd—

Catiline, scornfully. Yet, who has stirr'd ?

Woman, you paint the air

With passion's pencil.

Aurelia. Were my will a sword !

Catiline. Hear me, bold heart ! The whole
gross blood of Rome

Could not atone my wrongs ! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man ! And now my mind is fix'd

For Lybia : there to make companionship

Rather of bear and tiger,—of the snake,—

The lion in his hunger,—than of man !

Aurelia. I had a father once, who would have
Rome in the Tiber for an angry look ! [*plunged*
You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war,
When Sylla fled ?

Catiline. My legion was in Spain.

Aurelia. We swept through Italy, a flood of
A living lava, rolling straight on Rome. [*fire*,
For days, before we reach'd it, the whole road
Was throng'd with suppliants—tribunes, consulars,
The mightiest names o' the state. Could gold have
bribed,

We might have pitched our tents and slept on gold.
But we had work to do,—our swords were thirsty.
We enter'd Rome, as conquerors, in arms ;
I by my father's side, cuirass'd and helm'd,
Bellona beside Mars.

Catiline, with coldness. The world was yours.

Aurelia. Rome was all eyes ; the ancient tot-
ter'd forth ;

The cripple propp'd his limbs beside the wall ;
The dying left his bed to look and die.

The way before us was a sea of heads ;

The way behind a torrent of brown spears :

So, on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,

Through the long, living streets, that sank in gloom,

As we, like Pluto and Proserpina,

Enthroned, rode on, like twofold destiny !

Catiline, sternly, interrupting her. Those tri-
umphs are but gewgaws. All the earth

What is it ? Dust and smoke. I've done with life !

Aurelia, coming closer, and looking steadily
upon him. Before that eve—one hundred senators,

And fifteen hundred knights, had paid—in blood,

The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion !

Were my tongue thunder—I would cry, Revenge !

Catiline, in sudden wildness. No more of this !

In, to your chamber, wife !

There is a whirling lightness in my brain

That will not now bear questioning.—Away !

[*As Aurelia moves slowly towards the door.*

Where are our veterans now ? Look on these

I cannot turn their tissues into life. [*walls ;*

Where are our revenues—our chosen friends ?

Are we not beggars ? Where have beggars friends ?

I see no swords and bucklers on these floors !

I shake the state ! I—What have I on earth

But these two hands ? Must I not dig or starve ?—

Come back ! I had forgot. My memory dies,

I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night ?

Let all be of the rarest,—spare no cost.—

If 'tis our last ;—it may be—let us sink

In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us, wife !

Our funeral pile shall send up amber smokes ;

We'll burn in myrrh, or—blood ! [*She goes.*

I feel a nameless pressure on my brow,

As if the heavens were thick with sudden gloom ;

A shapeless consciousness, as if some blow

Were hanging o'er my head. They say such thoughts

Partake of prophecy. [*He stands at the casement.*

This air is living sweetness. Golden sun,

Shall I be like thee yet ? The clouds have past—

And, like some mighty victor, he returns

To his red city in the west, that now

Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up,

In triumph for her glorious conqueror.

ASTROLOGY.

Look there ! the hour is written in the sky.
Jove rushes down on Saturn,—'tis the sign
Of war throughout the nations. In the east
The Crescent sickens ;—and the purple star,
Perseus, the Ionian's love, lifts up his crest,
And o'er her stands exulting !

JACOB'S DREAM.

FROM A PICTURE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON, A. R. A.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine !
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air,
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his
evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills ; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell ;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round ;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound ;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound ;
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose ;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings ;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose ;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sunbright eyes, and looks of high command :
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom ;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

AN AURORA BOREALIS.

—LAST night I could not rest: the chamber's heat,
Or some wild thoughts—the folly of the day
Banish'd my sleep : So, in the garden air,
I gazed upon the comet, that then shone
In midnight glory, dimming all the stars.
At once a crimson blaze, that made it pale,
Flooded the north. I turn'd, and saw in heaven
Two mighty armies ! From the zenith star,
Down to the earth, legions in line and orb,
Squadron and square, like earthly marshalry.
Anon, as if a sudden trumpet spoke,
Banners of gold and purple were flung out ;
Fire-crested leaders swept along the lines ;
And both the gorgeous depths, like meeting seas,
Roll'd to wild battle. Then, they breathed awhile,
Leaving the space between a sheet of gore,
Strew'd with torn standards, corpses, and crash'd
spears :

But soon upon the horizon's belt uprose,
Moon-like, or richer,—like the rising morn,
A bulwark'd city.

— Rome !

— Both armies joined,

And like a deluge, rush'd against the walls
One chieftain led both armies to the storm,
Till the proud capitol in embers fell,
And heaven was all on fire.

REBELLION.

I HAD a vision : evening sat in gold
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,
Cover'd with beauty ;—garden, field, and fold,
Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,
Like islands in the purple summer main.
And temples of pure marble met the sun,
That tinged their white shafts with a golden stain ;
And sounds of rustic joy, and labour done,
Hallow'd the lovely hour, until her pomp was gone.

The plain was hush'd in twilight, as a child
Slumbers beneath its slow drawn canopy ;
But sudden trappings came, and voices wild,
And tossings of rude weapons caught the eye ;
And on the hills, like meteors in the sky,
Burst sanguine fires, and ever and anon
To the clash'd spears the horn gave fierce reply ;
And round their beacons trooping thousand shone,
Then sank, like evil things, and all was dark and
lone.

'Twas midnight ; there was wrath in that wild
heaven :

Earth was sepulchral dark. At once a roar
Peal'd round the mountain tops, like ocean driven
Before the thunders on the eternal shore :
Down rush'd, as if a sudden earthquake tore
The bowels of the hills—a flood of fire :
Like lava, mingled spears and torches pour,
The plain is deluged, higher still and higher
Swell blood and flame, till all is like one mighty pyre.

'Twas dawn, and still the black and bloody smoke
Roll'd o'er the champaign like a vault of stone :
But as the sun's slow wheels the barrier broke,
He lit the image of a fearful one,
Throned in the central massacre, alone—
An iron diadem upon his brow,
A naked lance beside him, that yet shone
Purple and warm with gore, and crouching low,
All men in one huge chain, alike the friend and foe.

The land around him, in that sickly light,
Show'd like the upturning of a mighty grave ;
Strewn with crush'd monuments, and remnants
white

Of man ; all loneliness, but when some slave
With faint, fond hand the hurried burial gave,
Then died. The despot sat upon his throne,
Scoffing to see the stubborn traitors wave
At his least breath. The good and brave were gone
To exile or the tomb. Their country's life was done!

THE ALHAMBRA.

PALACE of beauty ! where the Moorish lord,
 King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
 Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze.
 Oh ! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
 When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
 The "thousand," milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
 In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king :
 And through thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood
 Of jewell'd Sheik and emir, hastening,
 Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,
 Their turbans at the caliph's feet to fling.
 Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still
 When at the waking of the first blue star
 That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
 The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,
 Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war ;
 But summoning thy beauty from repose,
 The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
 Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
 Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
 Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
 Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
 And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
 That breathes to African or Indian sky,
 Carnation, tuberosc, thick anemone ;
 Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
 In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
 Hushing the tumult of the festival,
 When the pale bard his kindling eyeball rear'd,
 And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,
 Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd :
 Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
 Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,
 The iron men of tournament and feud,
 That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
 Doom'd by the Moslem scimitar to fall ;
 Till the Red Cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.
 Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun
 That had no rival, and no second ?—gone !
 Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
 Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
 The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
 Gloomy and fathomless ; thy tale is told.
 Where is thy horn of battle ? that but blown
 Brought every chief of Afric from his throne ;
 Brought every spear of Afric from the wall ;
 Brought every charger barded from the stall,
 Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore ;
 Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
 The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
 Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain
 Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore ;
 Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous,—and 'tis
 The spear and diadem are from thee gone ; [o'er.
 Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne !

A LOVER'S OATH.

Br this white hand, thus shook with such sweet
 By the deliciousness of this droop'd eye ; [fear ;
 By the red witchery of this trembling lip ;
 By all the charm of woman's weeping love.

A MEETING OF MAGICIANS.

In my own land, and hunting through the hills,
 I've sat from eve to sunrise, in the caves
 Of Atlas, circled by the altar-fires
 Of black enchanters, men who yearly came,
 By compact, to hold solemn festival :
 Some riding fiery dragons, some on shafts
 Of the sunn'd topaz, some on ostrich plumes,
 Or wondrous cars, that press'd the subtle air,
 No heavier than its clouds,—some in swift barks,
 That lit the Libyan Sea through night and storm,
 Like wing'd volcanoes ; from all zones of the earth,
 From the mysterious fountains of the Nile,
 Gold-sanded Niger, India's diamond shore,
 From silken China,—from the Spicy Isles,
 Like incense-urns set in the purple sea
 By Taprobane.

THE STARS.

YE stars ! bright legions that, before all time,
 Camp'd on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
 Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
 Who bade through heaven your golden chariots
 wheel ?

Yet who earthborn can see your hosts, nor feel
 Immortal impulses—Eternity ?
 What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
 With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
 See fate within your tracts of sleepless glory lie ?

For ye behold the mightiest. From that steep
 What ages have ye worshipp'd round your King ?
 Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep
 Of earth ;—ye heard the morning angels sing.
 Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
 The gaze of Adam fix'd from Paradise ;
 The wanderers of the deluge saw it spring
 Above the mountain surge, and hail'd its rise
 Lightning their lonely track with hope's celestial
 dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,
 When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
 All were departed.—Mount of Agony !
 But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
 Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
 Your vineyard shall be shaken !—From your urn
 Censers of Heaven ! no more shall glory rise,
 Your incense to the Throne !—The heavens shall
 burn :

For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust re-
 turn.

Yet look, ye living intellects.—The trine
 Of waning planets speaks it not decay ?
 Does Schedir's staff of diamond wave no sign ?
 Monarch of midnight, Sirius, shoots thy ray
 Undimm'd, when thrones sublunar pass away ?
 Dreams !—yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
 Your spell on gem or imaged alchemy,
 The sign when empire's hour-glass downwards
 ran,

'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear;
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone!
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land!

And throned immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,—
Pity the beauty and the sage,—
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die—
Her conquest was posterity!

LEONIDAS.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,—
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear—

Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now:
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
Greece shall be a new-born star!

A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid:
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept then, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his solemn trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,—
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume,
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now in hope of Him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

A PARISIAN FAUXBOURG.

'Tis light and air again: and lo! the Seine,
Yon boasted, lazy, livid, fetid drain!
With paper booths, and painted trees o'erlaid,
Baths, blankets, wash-tubs, women, all but trade.
Yet here are living beings, and the soil
Breeds its old growth of ribaldry and bribe.
A whirl of mire, the dingy cabriolet
Makes the quick transit through the crowded way;
On spurs the courier, creaks the crazy wain,
Dragg'd through its central gulf of mud and stain;
Around our way-laid wheels the paupers crowd,
Naked, contagious, cringing, and yet proud.
The whole a mass of folly, filth, and strife,
Of heated, rank, corrupting, reptile life;
And, endless as their oozy tide, the throng
Roll on with endless clamour, curse, and song.
Fit for such tenants, lour on either side
The hovels where the gang less live than hide;
Story on story, savage stone on stone, [thrown.
Time-shatter'd, tempest-stain'd, not built, but
Sole empress of the portal, in full blow,
The rouged grisette lays out her trade below,
Even in her rags a thing of wit and wile, [smile.
Eye, hand, lip, tongue, all point, and press, and
Close by, in patch and print, the pedlar's stall
Flutters its looser glories up the wall.
Spot of corruption! where the rabble rude
Loiter round tinsel tomes, and figures nude;
Voltaire, and Lais, long alternate eyed,
Till both the leper's soul and sous divide.
Above, 'tis desert, save where sight is scared
With the wild visage through the casement barr'd;
Or, swinging from their pole, chemise and sheet
Drip from the attic o'er the fuming street.

THE GRIEVINGS OF A PROUD SPIRIT.

CRIME may be clear'd, and Sorrow's eyes be dried,
The lowliest poverty be gilded yet;
The neck of airless, pale imprisonment
Be lighten'd of its chains! For all the ills
That chance or nature lays upon our heads,
In chance or nature there is found a cure:
But self-abasement is beyond all cure!
The brand is there burn'd in the living flesh,
That bears its mark to the grave.—That dagger's
Into the central pulses of the heart; [plunged
The act is the *mind's suicide*; for which
There is no after health—no hope—no pardon!

EFFECT OF ORATORY UPON A MULTITUDE.

HIS words seem'd oracles [turn.
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper
touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.
The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

LOVE AN EVIL.

WHY, I could give you fact and argument,
Brought from all earth—all life—all history;—
O'erwhelm you with sad tales, convictions strong,
Till you could hate it; tell of gentle lives,
Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,
Struck down at once by the keen shaft of love;
Of maiden beauty, wasting all away,
Like a departing vision into air;
Finding no occupation for her eyes,
But to bedew her couch with midnight tears,
Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her;
Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscured;
High hopes turn'd blank; nay, of the kingly crown
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne;—
And all by love. We paint him as a child,
When he should sit, a giant on his clouds,
The great, disturbing spirit of the world!

JEWELS.

You shall have all that ever sparkled yet,
And of the rarest. Not an Afric king
Shall wear one that you love. The Persian's brow,
And the swart emperor's by the Indian stream
Shall wane beside you; you shall be a blaze
Of rubies, your lips rivals; topazes,
Like solid sunbeams; moony opals; pearls,
Fit to be Ocean's lamps; brown hyacinths,
Lost only in your tresses; chrysolites,
Transparent gold; diamonds, like new-shot stars,
Or brighter,—like those eyes! You shall have all
That ever lurk'd in Eastern mines, or paved
With light the treasure-chambers of the sea.

MOUNTAINEERS.

THE mountain-horn shall ring,
And every Alp shall answer; and the caves,
And forest depths and valleys, and the beds
Of the eternal snows, shall pour out tribes
That know no Roman tyrants,—daring hearts,
Swift feet, strong hands, that neither hunger, thirst,
Nor winter cataracts, nor the tempest's roar,
When the hills shake with thunderbolts,—can tire.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THIS poet was a native of Ayrshire, and was several years editor of a newspaper in Glasgow. He was an antiquary, and particularly delighted in the study of the early ballads and other poetry of Scotland and England, of which he published a selection in 1827, entitled *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern*, with an Historical Introduction and Notes. In this volume he published his own spirited lyric, *The Cavalier's Song*, professing an ignorance of its authorship. His *Poems Narrative and*

Lyrical appeared in 1832. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful. Jeannie Morrison and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," are scarcely surpassed for simplicity and tenderness in the whole range of Scottish poetry. MOTHERWELL, like BURNS, was poor, and, like him, toward the close of his life, he sought excitement and forgetfulness in intemperance. He died in Glasgow on the fifteenth of October, 1835, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break,—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my brierst-bane,—
O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun hae its will,—
But let me rest upon your brierst,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst its silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair!

O wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
O wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie,
That gart me luve thee sae!

O! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But O! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world's shame!

Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,—
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart,—
O! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lightly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That liltis far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,—
And O! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE WATER! THE WATER!

THE water! the water!

The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth, through the quiet night,
Its ever-living glee.

The water! the water!

That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart

To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water! the water!

The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
Beside the alder tree.

The water! the water!

That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water! the water!

The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine own shepherd crook.

The water! the water!

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The water! the water!

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The water! the water!

That murmur'd in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear;
And whisper, in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The water! the water!

Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The water! the water!

Where I have happy been,
And shower'd upon its bosom flowers
Cull'd from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crown'd by love's idolatry.

The water! the water!

My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.

The water! the water!

Of mine own native gen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The water! the water!

The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've long'd
To find my silent grave.

The water! the water!

Oh bless'd to me thou art;
Thou sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The water! the water!

The mournful, pensive tone,
That whisper'd to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.

The water! the water!

That roll'd so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on it sought its grave.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;

But never, never can forget

The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn at Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,

'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;

And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sittin' on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
We cleek'd thegither hame!

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luvè!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnie hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
'The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear it's water's croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears tinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

LINES GIVEN TO A FRIEND

A DAY OR TWO BEFORE THE DECEASE OF THE WRITER.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rush—
Sad music make; [ing,
When the swollen streams o'er crag and gully gush—
Like full hearts break, [ing,
Will there then one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms
Burst through that clay; [twining,
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crown'd;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swell—
Let no tear start; [ing,
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knell—
Sad one, depart! [ing—

O AGONY! KEEN AGONY!

O AGONY! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassion'd look.

O agony! deep agony,
For heart, that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O agony! sharp agony
To find how loth to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months
 Of beauty, song, and flowers;
 They come! the glad some months that bring
 Thick leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up my heart! and walk abroad,
 Flung cark and care aside,
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
 Where peaceful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast
 Of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
 In rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
 Is grateful to the hand,
 And, like the kiss of maiden love,
 The breeze is sweet and bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup
 Are nodding courteously,
 It stirs their blood with kindest love
 To bless and welcome thee:
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—
 They now are silver gray—
 That blissful breeze is wantoning,
 And whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along
 The ocean of yon sky
 But hath its own wing'd mariners
 To give it melody:
 Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread
 All gleaming like red gold,
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical,
 Their merry course they hold.
 God bless them all, these little ones,
 Who far above this earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
 And vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,
 From yonder wood it came;
 The spirit of the dim, green glade
 Did breathe his own glad name;—
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird,
 That apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous
 To the soft western wind;
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! he singa again—
 His notes are void of art,
 But simplest strains do soonest sound
 The deep founts of the heart!

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon
 For thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers
 Beneath this summer tree!
 To suck once more in every breath
 Their little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams
 Of youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt,
 The reckless truant boy
 Wander'd through green woods all day long,
 A mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause;
 But oh! I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
 I yet delight to drink;—
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
 The calm, unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams,
 As in the days gone by.
 When summer's loveliness and light
 Fall round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—
 A heart that hath wax'd old.

I AM NOT SAD.

I AM not sad, though sadness seem
 At times to cloud my brow;
 I cherish'd once a foolish dream,—
 Thank Heaven 'tis not so now.
 Truth's sunshine broke,
 And I awoke
 To feel 'twas right to how
 To fate's decree, and this my doom,
 The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
 This glazed and vacant eye;
 Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
 But soon again they die;
 An idle gush,
 And all is hush,
 The fount is soon run dry:
 And cheerly now I meet my doom,
 The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I am not mad, although I see
 Things of no better mould
 Than I myself am, greedily
 In fame's bright page enroll'd,
 That they may tell
 The story well,
 What shines may not be gold.
 No, no! content I court my doom,
 The darkness of a nameless tomb.

The luck is theirs—the loss is mine,
 And yet no loss at all;
 The mighty ones of eldest time,
 I ask where they did fall?
 Tell me the one
 Who e'er could shun
 Touch with oblivion's pall?
 All bear with me an equal doom,
 The darkness of a nameless tomb.

Brave temple and huge pyramid,
 Hill sepulchred by art,
 The barrow acre-vast where hid
 Moulders some Nimrod's heart;
 Each monstrous birth
 Cumbers old earth,
 But acts a voiceless part,
 Resolving all to mine own doom,
 The darkness of a nameless tomb.

Tradition with her palsied hand,
 And purblind history, may

Grope and guess well that in this land

Some great one lived his day;

And what is this,

Blind hit or miss,

But labour thrown away,

For counterparts to mine own doom,

The darkness of a nameless tomb?

I do not peak and pine away,

Lo! this deep bowl I quaff;

If sigh I do, you still must say

It sounds more like a laugh.

'Tis not too late

To separate

The good seed from the chaff;

And scoff at those who scorn my doom,

The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I spend no sigh, I shed no tear,

Though life's first dream is gone;

And its bright picturings now appear

Cold images of stone;

I've learn'd to see

The vanity

Of lusting to be known,

And gladly hail my changeless doom,

The darkness of a nameless tomb!

BENEATH A PLACID BROW.

BENEATH a placid brow,

And tear-unstained cheek,

To bear as I do now

A heart that well could break;

To simulate a smile

Amid the wrecks of grief,—

To herd among the vile,

And therein seek relief,—

For the bitterness of thought

Were joyance dearly bought.

When will man learn to bear

His heart nail'd on his breast,

With all its lines of care

In nakedness confess'd?—

Why, in this solemn mask

Of passion-wasted life,

Will no one dare the task

To speak his sorrows rife?—

Will no one bravely tell

His bosom is a hell!

I scorn this hated scene

Of masking and disguise,

Where men on men still gleam,

With falseness in their eyes;

Where all is counterfeit,

And truth hath never say;

Where hearts themselves do cheat,

Concealing hope's decay,

And writhing at the stake,

Themselves do liars make.

Go, search thy heart, poor fool!

And mark its passions well;

'Twere time to go to school,—

'Twere time the truth to tell,—

'Twere time this world should cast

Its infant slough away,

And hearts burst forth at last

Into the light of day;—

'Twere time all learn'd to be

Fit for eternity!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!

A sword of metal keene!

All else to noble heartes is drosse,

All else on earth is meane.

The neighyng of the war-horse prowde,

The rowlings of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,

Be soundes from heaven that come;

And O! the thundering presse of knightes

Whenas their war-cryes swell,

May tole from heaven an angel bright,

And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,

And don your helmes amaine:

Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call

Us to the field againe.

No shrewish teares shall fill our eye

When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—

Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe

For the fayrest of the land;

Let piping swaine, and craven wight

Thus weepe and puling crye,

Our business is like men to fight,

And hero-like to die!

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

WHAT is glory? What is fame?

The echo of a long lost name;

A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;

The shadow of an arrant naught;

A flower that blossoms for a day,

Dying next morrow:

A stream that hurries on its way,

Singing of sorrow;—

The last drop of a bootless shower,

Shed on a sere and leafless bower;

A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast,—

This is the world's fame at the best!

What is fame? and what is glory?

A dream,—a jester's lying story,

To tickle fools withal, or be

A theme for second infancy;

A joke scrawled on an epitaph;

A grin at death's own ghastly laugh.

A visioning that tempts the eye,

But mocks the touch—nonentity;

A rainbow, substanceless as bright,

Flitting for ever

O'er hill-top to more distant height,

Nearing us never;

A bubble, blown by fond conceit,

In very sooth itself to cheat;

The witch-fire of a frenzied brain;

A fortune that to lose were gain;

A word of praise, perchance of blame;

The wreck of a time-banded name,—

Ay, this is glory!—this is fame!

THOMAS HOOD.

THIS poet was born in London, in 1798. His father, a native of Scotland, was a bookseller and publisher. The subject of our biography was educated at an academy in Camberwell, and after taking a sea-voyage for the benefit of his health, was apprenticed to an uncle to learn the art of engraving. Some verses which he published meantime in the "London Magazine," attracted so much attention as to induce him to abandon the graver for the pen, and he has been since known as a man of letters. He is the author of "Whims and Oddities," "The Comic Annual," and other humorous productions, some of which have had an unparalleled popularity; and he is deserving of great reputation for his admirable compositions of a more serious description, of which we give liberal specimens. His longest poem, "The Plea of the Mid-

summer Fairies," was published in 1828, and is designed to celebrate by an allegory that immortality which SHAKESPEARE has conferred on the fairy mythology by his "Midsummer Night's Dream." "The Sylvan Fay," and "Ariel and the Suicide," in the following pages, are from this poem, and will give the reader an idea of its style. He soon after wrote "Tylney Hall," a novel, and on the death of THEODORE HOOK became editor of Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine," which he conducted until the beginning of the present year, when he established "Hood's Comic Miscellany," a monthly periodical of which the character is sufficiently indicated by its title. The striking lyric entitled "The Song of a Shirt," appeared but a few weeks ago, and is the latest of Mr. Hood's compositions which we have seen.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.*

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest was apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:

* The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.

So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
'That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy tale?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—

Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why! Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;

My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"O heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep;
For sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up,—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing:

But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

"O God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !" —
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE SYLVAN FAIRY.

THEX next a merry woodsman, clad in green,
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
Each at his proper ease, as they had been
Nursed in the liberty of old Sherwood,
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
Who went in forest shades to dine and sup,—
So came this chief right frankly, and made good
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup :—

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees, and all their furniture of green,

Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between :—
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
Birds' crafty dwellings as may hide them best,
But most the timid blackbird's—she, that seen,
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryad's halls,
Or deep recesses where the echo calls ;—
We shape all plummy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

"Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,
That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta,—Gentle Rosalind,—
Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call'd to mind
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—
And sometimes we enrich gray stems, with twined
And fragrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

"And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
Careful that mistletoe may never cease ;—
Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
Of sombre forests, or to see light break
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,
Spare us our lives for the green Dryad's sake."

ARIEL AND THE SUICIDE.

LET me remember how I saved a man,
Whose fatal noose was fasten'd on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span ;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways.

Through brake and tangled copse, for much he
loath'd

All populous haunts, and roam'd in forests rude,
To hide himself from man. But I had clothed
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued,
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
Till we were come beside an ancient tree
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark ;

A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
 Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
 Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
 Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
 With many blasted oaks moss-grown and gray.

But here upon his final desperate clause
 Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
 Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
 Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
 The sad remainder oozing from his brain
 In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
 Which through his ardent eyes began to drain ;—
 Meanwhile the deadly fates unclosed their shears ;—
 So pity me and all my fated peers.

FAIR INES.

Oh, saw ye not fair Ines ?
 She's gone into the west,
 To dazzle when the sun is down,
 And rob the world of rest :
 She took our daylight with her,
 The smiles that we love best,
 With morning blushes on her cheek,
 And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
 Before the fall of night,
 For fear the moon should shine alone,
 And stars unrivall'd bright ;
 And blessed will the lover be
 That walks beneath their light,
 And breathes the love against thy cheek
 I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
 That gallant cavalier
 Who rode so gayly by thy side,
 And whisper'd thee so near !—
 Were there no bonny dames at home,
 Or no true lovers here,
 That he should cross the seas to win
 The dearest of the dear !

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
 Descend along the shore,
 With bands of noble gentlemen,
 And banners waved before ;
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore ;
 It would have been a beauteous dream,
 —If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng ;
 But some were sad and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before,—
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore !
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more !

SIGH ON, SAD HEART !

Sigh on, sad heart, for love's eclipse,
 And beauty's fairest queen,
 Though 't is not for my peasant lips
 To soil her name between :
 A king might lay his sceptre down,
 But I am poor and nought,
 The brow should wear a golden crown,
 That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
 Whose sudden beams surprise,
 Might bid such humble hopes beware
 The glancing of her eyes :
 Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
 And if my love is sin,
 Death follows on the heels of wrong,
 And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves
 It was so pure and fine,
 Oh lofty weaves, and lowly weaves,
 But hoddan gray is mine ;
 And homely hose must step apart,
 Where garter'd princes stand,
 But may he wear my love at heart
 That wins her lily hand !

Alas ! there's far from russet frize
 To silks and satin gowns,
 But I doubt if God made like degrees,
 In courtly hearts and clowns.
 My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
 And brought her cheeks to blame,
 And all that's lordly of my birth,
 Is my reproach and shame !

'T is vain to weep—'t is vain to sigh,
 'T is vain this idle speech,
 For where her happy pearls do lie,
 My tears may never reach ;
 Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
 May say of what has been,
 His love was nobly born and died,
 Though all the rest was mean !

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
 Such love as mine to tell,
 Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
 So, lady, fare thee well ;
 I will not wish thy better state
 Was one of low degree,
 But I must weep that partial fate
 Made such a churl of me.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,—
 If this is Christian work!"

"Work—work—work!
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band;
 Band, and gusset, and seam;
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in my dream!"

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
 Oh! men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!"

"But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone;
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own!
 It seems so like my own—
 Because of the fast I keep;
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"Work—work—work!
 My labour never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags:
 A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!"

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime;
 Work—work—work,
 As prisoners work, for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam;
 Seam, and gusset, and band;
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
 As well as the weary hand!"

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright:

While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal!"

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope;
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart—
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread;
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found, [found];
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep pro-
 No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground:
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where man hath been,
 Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
 There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

DEATH.

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright
 Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
 It is not death to know this,—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

A RUSTIC ODE.

On! well may poets make a fuss
 In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
 Of London pleasures sick:
 My heart is all at pant to rest
 In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
 My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn;
 I scent no flowery gust:
 But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
 With dry Macadam on its wings,
 And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
 Due east, but with no eastern dew;
 The path is dry and hot!
 His setting shows more tamely still,
 He sinks behind no purple hill,
 But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milk-maid blithe,
 Or early mower whet his scythe
 The dewy meads among!
 My grass is of that sort,—alas!
 That makes no hay, call'd sparrow-grass
 By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
 I think of cowslip-cups,—but meet
 With very vile rebuffs!
 For meadow buds, I get a whiff
 Of Cheshire cheese, or only sniff
 The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
 His periwinkles! mine are stewn!
 My rose blooms on a gown!
 I hunt in vain for eglantine,
 And find my blue-bell on the sign
 That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
 From tree to tree, and gayly sing
 Or mourn in thickets deep?
 My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
 The watchmen is my Philomel,
 My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
 That perch on leafy bough and bush,
 And tune the various song?
 Two hurdy-gurdies, and a poor
 Street-Handel grinding at my door,
 Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
 Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
 And colours of the skies?
 My rills are only puddle-drains
 From shambles, or reflect the stains
 Of calimanco-dyes.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
 O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
 Singing in soothing tones:
 Not thus the city streamlets flow;
 They make no music as they go,
 Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral, pretty sheep,
 That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
 Beside your woolly dams?
 Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
 My Corydons use iron-hooks,
 And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
 The Arcadian herdsmen used to play
 Sweetly, here soundeth not;
 But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
 Meanwhile the city boor consumes
 The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
 On every hand the sense is shock'd
 With objects hard to bear:
 Shades—vernal shades! where wine is sold!
 And for a turfy bank, behold
 An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
 And gardens redolent of flowers,
 Wherein the zephyr wons?
 Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
 See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
 And that bare wood,—St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
 I hold no leasowes in my lease,
 No cot set round with trees:
 No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
 And omnium furnishes my banks
 With brokers, not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
 In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
 Of city pleasures sick:
 My heart is all at pant to rest
 In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
 This endless meal of brick.

FROM AN ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

On! clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
 And do not take my tears amiss;
 For tears must flow to wash away
 A thought that shows so stern as this:
 Forgive, if somewhere I forget,
 In wo to come, the present bliss.
 As frighted Proserpine let fall
 Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
 Even so the dark and bright will kiss.
 The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
 And there is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
 The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
 Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
 Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
 All pale and dim, as if from rest
 The ghost of the late buried sun
 Had crept into the skies.
 The moon! she is the source of sighs,

The very face to make us sad ;
 If but to think in other times
 The same calm quiet look she had,
 As if the world held nothing base,
 Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad ;
 The same fair light that shone in streams,
 The fairy lamp that charn'd the lad ;
 For so it is, with spent delights
 She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad
 All things are touch'd with melancholy,
 Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
 To feel her fair ethereal wings
 Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust ;
 Even the bright extremes of joy
 Bring on conclusions of disgust,
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
 Whose fragrance ends in must.
 Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
 Her sighs and tears, and musings holy !
 There is no music in the life
 That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;
 There's not a string attuned to mirth,
 But has its chord in melancholy.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn :
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
 The roses—red and white ;
 The violets and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light !
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing ;
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing :
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
 The fir trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be,
 To winter's cold and cruel part ?
 When he sets the rivers free,
 Thou dost still lock up thy heart ;—
 Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
 But in the whiteness of thy brow ?

Scorn and cold neglect are made
 For winter gloom and winter wind,
 But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
 Breathing it to words unkind,—
 Breath which only should belong
 To love, to sunlight, and to song !

When the little buds uncloze,
 Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
 And that virgin flower, the rose,
 Opens her heart to hold the dew,
 Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
 With no jewel in its cup ?

Let not cold December sit
 Thus in love's peculiar throne ;—
 Brooklets are not prison'd now,
 But crystal frosts are all agone,
 And that which hangs upon the spray,
 It is no snow, but flower of May !

LOVE.

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
 Lives not within the humour of the eye ;—
 Not being but an outward phantasy,
 That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
 Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
 As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
 Amongst the perishable things that die,
 Unlike the love which I would give and seek :
 Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
 With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
 Love is its own great loveliness alway,
 And takes new lustre from the touch of time ;
 Its bough owns no December and no May,
 But bears its blossom into winter's clime.

BY A LOVER.

By every sweet tradition of true hearts,
 Graven by time, in love with his own lore ;
 By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
 Wherein love died to be alive the more ;
 Yea, by the sad impression on the shore,
 Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear
 That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
 Moaneth for pity in the poet's ear ;
 By Hero's faith, and the forboding tear
 That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall ;
 By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
 That sigh'd around her flight ; I swear by all,
 The world shall find such pattern in my act,
 As if love's great examples still were lack'd.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THIS poet was born of parents in humble circumstances at Eaglesham, in Ayrshire, in 1799. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and in 1827 took orders in the Scottish Secession Church. In the same year he published *The Course of Time*, and, on account of impaired health, left Scotland with an intention to proceed to Italy, but died, on his way, at Southampton, on the fifteenth of September.

The Course of Time was written during his student life, and when, unfriended and unknown, he offered it to the publishers of Edinburgh, none of them were willing to bring it out. The manuscript was fortunately seen by Professor WILSON, who quickly perceived its merits, and effected an arrangement between the poet and Messrs. Blackwood, which resulted in its publication. The plot of the poem is very simple: The events of time are finished, and a being from some remote world arrives in Paradise, where he inquires the meaning of the hell he has seen on his way

heavenward; a bard, once of our earth, sings the story of humanity, from the beginning until time is finished,

— the righteous saved, the wicked damned,
And God's eternal government approved.

The subject is a noble one, and in the poem there are graphic conceptions and passages of beauty and tenderness; but it is disfigured by amplifications and a redundancy of moral pictures; it has no continuous interest, and in parts of it which should have been and which the author endeavoured to make the most impressive, particularly those in which he subjects himself to a comparison with DANTE and MILTON, he utterly failed.

The Course of Time has been almost universally read. I have been informed that not less than twenty editions of it have been sold in the United States, and it has been frequently reprinted in Scotland. For its popularity, however, both here and in Great Britain, it is more indebted to its theology than to its merits as a poem.

BYRON.

ADMIRE the goodness of Almighty God!
He riches gave, he intellectual strength,
To few, and therefore none commands to be
Or rich, or learn'd; nor promises reward
Of peace to these. On all, He moral worth
Bestow'd, and moral tribute ask'd from all.
And who that could not pay? who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seem'd the best; and, knowing, might not do?
As not to know what God and conscience bade,
And what they bade not able to obey?
And he, who acted thus, fulfill'd the law
Eternal, and its promise reaped of peace;
Found peace this way alone: who sought it else,
Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death,
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.

Take one example, to our purpose quite,
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart

To take another step. Above him seem'd,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye. [read;
No cost was spared. What books he wish'd, he
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur fill'd, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wish'd.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And pluck'd the vine that first-born prophets pluck'd,
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touch'd his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,

And open'd new fountains in the human heart.
 Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
 And soar'd untrodden heights, and seem'd at home
 Where angels bashful look'd. Others, though great,
 Beneath their argument seem'd struggling whiles;
 He from above descending stoop'd to touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly stoop'd, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
 He seem'd an old acquaintance, free to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
 And play'd familiar with his hoary locks;
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
 And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seem'd;
 Then turn'd, and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas and winds and storms
 His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
 As equals deem'd. All passions of all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
 All that was hated, and all that was dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man;
 He toss'd about, as tempest, wither'd leaves,
 Then, smiling, look'd upon the wreck he made.
 With terror now he froze the covering blood,
 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
 But back into his soul retired, alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So ocean from the plains his waves had late
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,
 Exulting in the glory of his might,
 And seem'd to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
 To which the stars did reverence, as it pass'd,
 So he through learning and through fancy took
 His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top
 Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soil'd and worn,
 As if he from the earth had labour'd up;
 But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
 He look'd, which down from higher regions came,
 And perch'd it there, to see what lay beneath.
 The nations gazed, and wonder'd much, and prais'd.
 Critics before him fell in humble plight,
 Confounded fell, and made debasing signs [selves
 To catch his eye, and stretch'd, and swell'd them-
 To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
 Of admiration vast: and many, too,
 Many that ain'd to imitate his flight,
 With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
 And gave abundant sport to after days. [much.

Great man! the nations gazed, and wonder'd
 And praised; and many call'd his evil good.
 Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness,
 And kings to do him honour took delight.
 Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,

Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
 He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness;—
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
 Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
 That common millions might have quench'd; then
 Of thirst, because there was no more to drink. [died
 His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoy'd,
 Fell from his arms, abhor'd; his passions died,
 Died, all but dreary, solitary pride;
 And all his sympathies in being died.
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
 Scorch'd, and desolate, and blasted soul,
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
 Repined, and groan'd, and wither'd from the earth.
 His groanings fill'd the land, his numbers fill'd;
 And yet he seem'd ashamed to groan: Poor man!—
 Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
 That not with natural or mental wealth
 Was God delighted, or his peace secured;
 That not in natural or mental wealth
 Was human happiness or grandeur found.
 Attempt, how monstrous, and how surely vain!
 With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
 With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love
 To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!
 Attempt, vain inconceivably! attempt,
 To satisfy the ocean with a drop,
 To marry immortality to death,
 And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
 To fill the embrace of all eternity!

THE MILLENNIUM.

THE animals, as once in Eden, lived
 In peace. The wolf dwelt with the lamb, the bear
 And leopard with the ox. With looks of love,
 The tiger and the scaly crocodile
 Together met, at Gambia's palmy wave.
 Perch'd on the eagle's wing, the bird of song,
 Singing, arose, and visited the sun;
 And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
 The little child leap'd from his mother's arms
 And stroked the crested snake, and roll'd unhurt
 Among his speckled waves, and wish'd him home;
 And sauntering school-boys, slow returning, play'd
 At eve about the lion's den, and wove,
 Into his shaggy mane, fantastic flowers.
 To meet the husbandman, early abroad,
 Hasted the deer, and waved its woody head;
 And round his dewy steps, the hare, unscared,
 Sported, and toy'd familiar with his dog.
 The flocks and herds, o'er hill and valley spread,
 Exulting, cropp'd the ever-budding herb,
 The desert blossom'd, and the barren sung.
 Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love,
 Among the people walk'd. Messiah reign'd,
 And earth kept jubilee a thousand years.

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

In humble dwelling born, retired, remote;
 In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
 And melancholy deserts, where the sun
 Saw, as he pass'd, a shepherd only, here
 And there, watching his little flock, or heard
 The ploughman talking to his steers; his hopes,
 His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
 Among the dews and holy mountain airs;
 And fancy colour'd them with every hue
 Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
 Of childhood fled away, those rainbow dreams,
 So innocent and fair, that wither'd age,
 Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,
 And passing all between, look'd fondly back
 To see them once again, ere he departed:
 These fled away, and anxious thought, that wish'd
 To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
 Possess'd his soul, and held it still awhile.
 He listen'd, and heard from far the voice of fame,
 Heard and was charm'd; and deep and sudden vow
 Of resolution made to be renown'd;
 And deeper vow'd again to keep his vow.
 His parents saw, his parents whom God made
 Of kindest heart, saw, and indulg'd his hope.
 The ancient page he turn'd, read much, thought
 much,

And with old bards of honourable name
 Measured his soul severely; and look'd up
 To fame, ambitious of no second place.
 Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.
 And out before him open'd many a path
 Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
 Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring;
 But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
 The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
 The harp which utter'd deepest notes, and held
 The ear of thought a captive to its song.
 He search'd and meditated much, and whiles,
 With rapturous hand, in secret touch'd the lyre,
 Aiming at glorious strains; and search'd again
 For theme deserving of immortal verse;
 Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied;
 Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a
 cloud,

Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
 Of ills we mention not: enough to say,
 'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
 He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
 One after one, put out, as nearer still
 It drew his soul; but fainted not at first,
 Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
 Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst;
 Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
 Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
 The bitterest cup that time could measure out;
 And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He call'd philosophy, and with his heart
 Reason'd. He call'd religion, too, but call'd
 Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
 Ashamed to be o'ermatch'd by earthly woes,
 He sought, and sought with eye that dimm'd apace,

To find some avenue to light, some place
 On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain.
 Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
 At length he sunk, and disappointment stood
 His only comforter, and mournfully
 Told all was past. His interest in life,
 In being, ceased: and now he seem'd to feel,
 And shudder'd as he felt, his powers of mind
 Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
 The vigorous, weak became; the clear, obscure;
 Memory gave up her charge; Decision reel'd;
 And from her flight, Fancy return'd, return'd
 Because she found no nourishment abroad.
 The blue heavens wither'd, and the moon, and sun,
 And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
 And evening, wither'd; and the eyes, and smiles,
 And faces of all men and women, wither'd,
 Wither'd to him; and all the universe,
 Like something which had been, appear'd, but now
 Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried
 No more to hope, wish'd to forget his vow,
 Wish'd to forget his harp; then ceased to wish
 That was his last: enjoyment now was done.
 He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
 Of being sensible, and sensible
 Of loss, he as some atom seem'd, which God
 Had made superfluously, and needed not
 To build creation with; but back again
 To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
 With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
 Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless wo!
 And who can tell how many, glorious once,
 To others and themselves of promise full,
 Conducted to this pass of human thought,
 This wilderness of intellectual death,
 Wasted and pined, and vanish'd from the earth,
 Leaving no vestige of memorial there!

It was not so with him. When thus he lay,
 Forlorn of heart, wither'd and desolate,
 As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
 Selecting from its falling sisters, chase,
 Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
 And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
 Eternally, God pass'd in mercy by—
 His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed,
 And bade him live, and put into his hands
 A holy harp, into his lips a song,
 That roll'd its numbers down the tide of time:
 Ambitions now, but little to be praised
 Of men alone; ambitious most, to be
 Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
 His name recorded in the book of life.

Such things were disappointment and remorse;
 And oft united both, as friends severe,
 To teach men wisdom; but the fool, untaught,
 Was foolish still. His ear he stopp'd, his eyes
 He shut, and blindly, deafly obstinate,
 Forced desperately his way from wo to wo.

One place, one only place, there was on earth,
 Where no man e'er was fool, however mad.
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."
 Ah! 'twas a truth most true; and sung in time,
 And to the sons of men, by one well known
 On earth for lofty verse and lofty sense.

REPUTATION.

Good name was dear to all. Without it, none
 Could soundly sleep, even on a royal bed,
 Or drink with relish from a cup of gold;
 And with it, on his borrow'd straw, or by
 The leafless hedge, beneath the open heavens,
 The weary beggar took untroubled rest.
 It was a music of most heavenly tone,
 To which the heart leap'd joyfully, and all
 The spirits danced. For honest fame, men laid
 Their heads upon the block, and, while the axe
 Descended, look'd and smiled. It was of price
 Invaluable. Riches, health, repose,
 Whole kingdoms, life, were given for it, and he
 Who got it was the winner still; and he
 Who sold it durst not open his ear, nor look
 On human face, he knew himself so vile.

RUMOUR AND SLANDER.

RUMOUR was the messenger
 Of defamation, and so swift that none
 Could be the first to tell an evil tale;
 And was, withal, so infamous for lies,
 That he who of her sayings, on his creed,
 The fewest enter'd, was deem'd wisest man.
 The fool, and many who had credit, too,
 For wisdom, grossly swallow'd all she said,
 Unsifted; and although, at every word,
 They heard her contradict herself, and saw
 Hourly they were imposed upon and mock'd,
 Yet still they ran to hear her speak, and stared,
 And wonder'd much, and stood aghast, and said
 It could not be; and, while they blush'd for shame
 At their own faith, and seem'd to doubt, believed,
 And whom they met, with many sanctions, told.
 So did experience fail to teach;—so hard
 It was to learn this simple truth,—confirm'd
 At every corner by a thousand proofs,—
 That common fame most impudently lied.

'Twas slander fill'd her mouth with lying words,
 Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. The man
 In whom this spirit enter'd was undone.
 His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart
 Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
 To propagate the lie his soul had framed,
 His pillow was the peace of families
 Destroy'd, the sigh of innocence reproach'd,
 Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods,
 Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
 Number the midnight watches, on his bed,
 Devising mischief more; and early rose,
 And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

From door to door you might have seen him speed,
 Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
 And whispering in their ears with his foul lips.
 Peace fled the neighbourhood in which he made
 His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence,
 Before his breath the healthy shoots and blooms
 Of social joy and happiness decay'd.

Fools only in his company were seen,
 And those forsaken of God, and to themselves
 Given up. The prudent shunn'd him and his house
 As one who had a deadly moral plague.
 And fain would all have shunn'd him at the day
 Of judgment; but in vain. All who gave ear
 With greediness, or wittingly their tongues
 Made herald to his lies, around him wall'd;
 While on his face, thrown back by injured men,
 In characters of ever-blushing shame,
 Appear'd ten thousand slanders, all his own.

WISDOM.

WISDOM is humble, said the voice of God.
 'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
 Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
 Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said
 The world, is quick and deadly of resentment,
 Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
 And hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.
 Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,
 Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied
 The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,
 Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.
 Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on heaven,
 Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
 The world replied. Wisdom retires, said God,
 And counts it bravery to bear reproach,
 And shame, and lowly poverty, upright;
 And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.
 Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze,
 Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot,
 Attracts all praises, counts it bravery
 Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;
 And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.
 Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops
 Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down
 Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,
 And breathes adoring praise. There wisdom stoops,
 Indeed, the world replied, there stoops, because
 It must, but stoops with dignity; and thinks
 And meditates the while of inward worth.

Thus did Almighty God, and thus the world,
 Wisdom define: and most the world believed,
 And boldly call'd the truth of God a lie.
 Hence, he that to the worldly wisdom shaped
 His character, became the favourite
 Of men, was honourable term'd, a man
 Of spirit, noble, glorious, lofty soul!
 And as he cross'd the earth in chase of dreams,
 Received prodigious shouts of warm applause.
 Hence, who to godly wisdom framed his life,
 Was counted mean, and spiritless, and vile;
 And as he walk'd obscurely in the path [tongue,
 Which led to heaven, fools hiss'd with serpent
 And pour'd contempt upon his holy head,
 And pour'd contempt on all who praised his name.

But false as this account of wisdom was,
 The world's I mean, it was his best, the creed
 Of sober, grave, and philosophic men,
 With much research and cogitation framed,
 Of men who with the vulgar scorn'd to sit.

T. B. MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is the son of ZACHARY MACAULAY, principally distinguished as a philanthropist, and as the coadjutor of CLARKSON in the cause of Anti-slavery. He was educated at CAMBRIDGE, and graduated with the highest honours. While at college he was a contributor to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and many of his best ballads were first published in that periodical. He chose the law for his profession. In 1825 his celebrated article on MILTON appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and excited much attention and panegyric. This was the first of a series of papers which have been continued at intervals to the present day, all displaying strong peculiarities of character, analytical acuteness, a vast range of knowledge, considerable dialectical skill, great independence and affluence of thought, and much splendour, energy, and eloquence of diction. He soon after entered political life, was elected to parliament, and became one of the sturdiest, most eloquent, and most efficient of the supporters of the Reform Bill in the House of Commons. His various speeches, from 1831 to 1844, as reported in "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," are characterized by

nearly the same qualities of manner which distinguish his written compositions, though pervaded often by even more directness, intensity, fire, and intellectual hardihood. They are not included in the collection of his miscellaneous writings. On the triumph of his party he was sent on a lucrative commission to India. He was Secretary at War under Lord MELBOURNE's administration, but, of course, shared in the defeat of the Whigs. He is said to be now engaged on an historical work, which will try the whole power and resources of his mind.

As a poet, MACAULAY displays the same vehemence and energy, the same *rush* of style, which have conferred such popularity on his prose. His earliest efforts in the ballad-style are probably his best, though his "Lays of Ancient Rome" are thought to exhibit more true imagination than he has shown in any of his preceding works. The sparkle and glow of his verse always take strong hold upon the sensibility and fancy, and of all writers, he is the last who could be accused of tediousness. The extracts we give will better illustrate his manner than the most laboured analysis.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen

Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Appennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold-
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pise,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's trimmes
Heavy with fair-hair'd slaves;

From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that clamp the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatch'd along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
'This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
Whose sires have march'd to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banish'd Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopp'd up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creak'd beneath their weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote,
In Crustumium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath storm'd Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis in all the senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spoke the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward
The consul fix'd his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spate towards him and hiss'd;
No child but scream'd out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopp'd by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portion'd;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mix'd with commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
 And look'd upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that mighty mass ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow pass ;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequium lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurl'd down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth :
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clash'd in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rush'd on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urge,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Corsa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughter'd men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Ocnus low :
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard amongst the foes.

A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' length from the entrance
 Halted that mighty mass,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow pass.

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the finching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay :
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rush'd against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turn'd the blow.
 The blow, though turn'd, came yet too nigh ;
 It miss'd his helm, but gash'd his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

He reel'd, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far, o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly press'd his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugg'd amain
 Ere he wrench'd out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here !
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer !"

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.

There lack'd not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who could be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice look'd he on the city;
Thrice look'd he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turn'd back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowl'd at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turn'd their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:

And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splash'd the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And toss'd his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turn'd he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,

And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;

"Will not the villain drown?"

But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sack'd the town!"

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,

"And bring him safe to shore;

For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;

Now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the fathers

To press his gory hands;

And now with shouts and clapping,

And noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the river-gate,

Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,

That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen

Could plough from morn till night;

And they made a molten image,

And set it up on high,

And there it stands unto this day

To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,

Plain for all folk to see;

Horatius in his harness,

Halting upon one knee:

And underneath is written,

In letters all of gold,

How valiantly he kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring

Unto the men of Rome,

As the trumpet blast that cries to them

To charge the Volscian home;

And wives still pray to Juno

For boys with hearts as bold

As his who kept the bridge so well

In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,

When the cold north winds blow,

And the long howling of the wolves

Is heard amidst the snow;

When round the lonely cottage

Roars loud the tempest's din,

And the good logs of Algidus

Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,

And the largest lamp is lit,

When the chestnuts glow in the embers,

And the kid turns on the spit;

When young and old in circle

Around the firebrands close;

When the girls are weaving baskets,

And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,

And trims his helmet's plume;

When the goodwife's shuttle merrily

Goes flashing through the loom;

With weeping and with laughter

Still is the story told,

How well Horatius kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts,

From whom all glories are!

And glory to our sovereign liege,

King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound

Of music and the dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines,

Oh pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,

Proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes

Of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills,

Be joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they

Who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field

Hath turn'd the chance of war,

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry,

And King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating,

When, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the league

Drawn out in long array;

With all its priest-led citizens,

And all its rebel peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry,

And Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine,

The curses of our land!

And dark Mayenne was in the midst,

A truncheon in his hand;

And, as we look'd on them, we thought

Of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair

All dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God,

Who rules the fate of war,

To fight for his own holy name,

And Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us,

In all his armour drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume

Upon his gallant crest.

He look'd upon his people,

And a tear was in his eye;

He look'd upon the traitors,

And his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us,

As roll'd from wing to wing,

Down all our line, in deafening shout,

"God save our lord, the king."

"And if my standard-bearer fall,

As fall full well he may—

For never saw I promise yet

Of such a bloody fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day,
The helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving!

Hark to the mingled din

Of life, and steel, and trump, and drum,
And roaring culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast
Across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry
Of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love,

Fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies now,
Upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep,

A thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close
Behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd,

While, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed

The helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!

Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter,—

The Flemish Count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds

Before a Biscay gale;

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds,

And flags, and cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance,

And all along our van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew,"

Was pass'd from man to man;

But out spake gentle Henry,

"No Frenchman is my foe;

Down, down with every foreigner;

But let your brethren go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight,

In friendship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry,

The soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienne!

Ho! matrons of Lucerne!

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those

Who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity,

Thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass

For thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League

Look that your arms be bright!

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve,

Keep watch and ward to-night!

For our God hath crush'd thy tyrant,

Our God hath raised the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise

And the valour of the brave.

Then glory to his holy name

From whom all glories are;

And glory to our sovereign lord,

King Henry of Navarre.

THE CAVALIER'S MARCH TO LONDON.

To horse! to horse! brave cavaliers!

To horse for church and crown!

Strike, strike your tents! snatch up your spears!

And ho for London town!

The imperial harlot, doom'd a prey

To our avenging fires,

Sends up the voice of her dismay

From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maiden's shrieks,

The 'Change with merchants' sighs,

And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,

And tears in iron eyes;

And, pale with fasting and with fright,

Each Puritan committee

Hath summon'd forth to prayer and fight

The Roundheads of the city.

And soon shall London's sentries hear

The thunder of our drum,

And London's dames, in wilder fear,

Shall cry, Alack! They come!

Fling the fascines;—tear up the spikes;

And forward, one and all.

Down, down with all their train-band pikes,

Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter?—Foul fall your whining noise,

Ye recreant spawn of fraud!

No quarter! Think on Strafford, boys.

No quarter! Think on Laud.

What ho! The craven slaves retire.

On! Trample them to mud,

No quarter! Charge.—No quarter! Fire.

No quarter! Blood! blood! blood!—

Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,

Brave lads, to tell us where,

Sure London's sons be passing rich,

Her daughters wondrous fair:

And let that dastard be the theme

Of many a board's derision,

Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream

Of any sweet precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,

Sworn foes to throne and steeple,

From an unwonted pulpit now

Shall edify the people:

Till the tired hangman, in despair,

Shall curse his blunted shears,

And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,

Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,

The city's grave Recorder,

And on the den of thieves we'll fall,

Though Pym should speak to order.

In vain the lank-hair'd gang shall try

To cheat our martial law;

In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry

That strangers must withdraw.

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,
 We'll build a glorious pyre,
 And tons of rebel parchment there
 Shall crackle in the fire.
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
 Petition, psalm, and libel,
 The colonel's canting muster-roll,
 The chaplain's dog-ear'd Bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze
 Where England's pest expires,
 And lead along the dance's maze
 The beauties of the friars:
 Then smiles in every face shall shine,
 And joy in every soul.
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
 And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip
 The goblet's rich carnation,
 Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
 The wink of invitation;
 Drink to those names,—those glorious names,—
 Those names no time shall sever,—
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
 Our church and king for ever!

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear
 Our noble England's praise!
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds
 She wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible
 Against her bore in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico,
 The stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close
 Of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship
 Full sail to Plymouth Bay;
 Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet
 Beyond Aurigny's Isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves,
 Lie heaving many a mile;
 At sunrise she escaped their van,
 By God's especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon,
 Had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun
 Was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof
 Of Edgecombe's lofty hall,
 And many a fishing-bark put out,
 To pry along the coast,
 And with loose rein and bloody spur,
 Rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted,
 The stout old Sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers,
 Before him sound the drums;

His yeomen round the market-cross
 Make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up
 The standard of her grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal,
 And gayly dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind
 The royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the seas
 Lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw
 Treads the gay lilies down!
 So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight,
 On that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, Genoa's bow,
 And Cæsar's eagle shield;
 So glared he when at Agincourt
 In wrath he turn'd to bay,
 And crush'd and torn beneath his claws
 The princely hunters lay.
 Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight,—
 Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids—
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute—
 Ho! gallants, draw your blades;
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously;
 Ye breezes, waft her wide;
 Our glorious *Semper eadem*—
 The banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd
 That banner's massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd
 That haughty scroll of gold;
 Night sank upon the dusky beach,
 And on the purple sea—
 Such night in England ne'er had been,
 Nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
 From Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright
 And busy as the day;
 For swift to east and swift to west,
 The warning radiance spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—
 It shone on Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw,
 Along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
 Those twinkling points of fire;
 The fisher left his skiff to rock
 On Tamar's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners pour'd to war
 From Mendip's sunless caves.
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,
 The fiery herald flew;
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge,
 The rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night
 Rang out from Bristol town,
 And ere the day three hundred horse
 Had met on Clifton down;
 The sentinel on Whitehall Gate
 Look'd forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill
 The streak of blood-red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar
 The death-like silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry,
 The royal city woke.
 At once on all her stately gates
 Arose the answering fires;
 At once the wild alarm clash'd
 From all her reeling spires;
 From all the batteries of the Tower,
 Peal'd loud the voice of fear;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames
 Sent back a louder cheer;
 And from the farthest wards was heard
 The rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes
 Dash'd down each roaring street;
 And broader still became the blaze,
 And louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round
 The horse came spurring in:
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath,
 The warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall,
 The gallant 'squires of Kent.
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills,
 Flew those bright couriers forth;
 High on bleak Hempstead's swarthy moor,
 They started for the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause,
 Untired they bounded still;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang—
 They sprang from hill to hill,
 Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag
 O'er Darwin's rocky dales—
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven,
 The stormy hills of Wales—
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
 On Malvern's lonely height,
 Till stream'd in crimson on the wind
 The Wrekin's crest of light—
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth
 On Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms
 O'er all the boundless plain—
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces
 The sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on,
 O'er the wide vale of Trent—
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd
 On Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
 The burghers of Carlisle!

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Oh! weep for Moncontour.
 Oh! weep for the hour
 When the children of darkness
 And evil had power;
 When the horsemen of Valois
 Triumphantly trod
 On the bosoms that bled
 For their rights and their God.
 Oh! weep for Moncontour.
 Oh weep for the slain
 Who for faith and for freedom
 Lay slaughter'd in vain.
 Oh! weep for the living,
 Who linger to bear
 The renegade's shame,
 Or the exile's despair.
 One look, one last look,
 To the cots and the towers,
 To the rows of our vines,
 And the beds of our flowers,
 To the church where the bones
 Of our fathers decay'd,
 Where we fondly had deem'd
 That our own should be laid.
 Alas! we must leave thee,
 Dear desolate home,
 To the spearmen of Uri,
 The shavelings of Rome,
 To the serpent of Florence,
 The vulture of Spain,
 To the pride of Anjou,
 And the guile of Lorraine.
 Farewell to thy fountain,
 Farewell to thy shades,
 To the song of thy youths,
 And the dance of thy maids.
 To the breath of thy garden,
 The hum of thy bees,
 And the long waving line
 Of the blue Pyrenees.
 Farewell, and for ever.
 The priest and the slave
 May rule in the halls
 Of the free and the brave;—
 Our hearths we abandon;—
 Our lands we resign;
 But, Father, we kneel
 To no altar but thine.

D. M. MOIR.

MR. MOIR was born about the beginning of the present century. He is a physician, and resides at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. Under the signature of DELTA, he has been for many years one of the principal poetical contributors to Blackwood's Magazine; and he has published, besides one or two volumes of poems, Outlines of the Ancient History of

Medicine, The Autobiography of Mansie Waugh, A Memoir of John Galt, and other works in prose. In his poems he alludes to frequent domestic misfortunes. Casa's Dirge, Wee Willie, and other pieces, breathe a pure and simple pathos, and his writings, generally, are characterized by much delicacy and grace.

A LOVER TO HIS BETROTHED.

SUMMER was on the hills when last we parted,
Flowers in the vale, and beauty on the sky;
Our hearts were true, although our hopes were thwarted;

Forward, with wistful eye, [sweet
Scarce half-resign'd we look'd, yet thought how
'Twould be again in after months to meet.
And months have pass'd: now the bright moon is shining

O'er the gray mountains and the stilly sea,
As, by the streamlet's willowy bend reclining,
I pause remembering thee,
Who to the moonlight lent a softer charm
As through these wilds we wandered arm in arm.

Yes! as we roam'd the sylvan earth seem'd glowing
With many a beauty unremark'd before:

The soul was like a deep urn overflowing
With thoughts, a treasured store;
The very flowers seem'd born but to exhale,
As breath'd the West, their fragrance to the gale.
Methinks I see thee yet—thy form of lightness,
An angel phantom gliding through the trees,
Thine alabaster brow, thy cheek of brightness,
Thy tresses in the breeze
Floating their auburn, and thine eyes that made,
So rich their blue, heaven's azure like a shade.

Methinks even yet I feel thy timid fingers,
With their bland pressure thrilling bliss to mine;
Methinks yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers
As, fondly leant to thine,
I told how life all pleasureless would be,
Green palm-tree of earth's desert! wanting thee.
Not yet, not yet had disappointment shrouded
Youth's summer calm with storms of wintry strife;
The star of Hope shone o'er our path unclouded,
And Fancy colour'd life
With those elysian rainbow-hues, which Truth
Melts with his rod, when disenchanting youth.

Where art thou now? I look around, but see not
The features and the form that haunt my dreams!
Where art thou now? I listen, but for me, not
The deep rich music streams

Of that entrancing voice, which could bestow
A zest to pleasure, and a balm to woe:—
I miss thy smile, when morn's first light is bursting
Through the green branches of the casement tree;
To list thy voice my lonely ear is thirsting,
Beside the moonlit sea:
Vain are my longings, my repinings vain;
Sleep only gives thee to my arms again.

Yet should it cheer me, that nor wo hath shatter'd
The ties that link our hearts, nor Hate, nor Wrath,
And soon the day may dawn, when shall be scatter'd
All shadows from our path;
And visions be fulfill'd, by Hope adored,
In thee, the long-lost, to mine arms restored.
Ah! could I see thee!—see thee, were it only
But for a moment looking bliss to me!
Ah! could I hear thee!—desolate and lonely
Is life deprived of thee:
I start from out my reverie, to know
That hills between us rise, and rivers flow!

Let Fortune change—be fickle Fate preparing
To shower her arrows, or to shed her balm,
All that I ask for, pray for, is the sharing
With thee life's storm or calm;
For, ah! with others' wealth and mirth would be
Less sweet by far than sorrow shared with thee!
Yes! vainly, foolishly, the vulgar reckon
That happiness resides in outward showa:
Contentment from the lowliest cot may beckon
True Love to sweet repose:
For genuine bliss can ne'er be far apart,
When soul meets soul, and heart responds to heart.

Farewell! let tyrannous Time roll on, estranging
The eyes and heart from each familiar spot:
Be fickle friendships with the seasons changing,
So that thou changest not!
I would not that the love which owes its birth
To heaven, should perish, like the things of earth!
Adieu! as falls the flooding moonlight round me,
Fall Heaven's best joys on thy beloved head!
May cares that harass, and may griefs that wound me,
Flee from thy path and bed!
Be every thought that stirs and hour that flies,
Sweet as thy smile, and radiant as thine eyes!

WEE WILLIE.

FARE-THÉE-WELL, our last and fairest,

Dear wee Willie, fare-thee-well!
He, who lent thee, hath recall'd thee
Back with him and his to dwell.
Fifteen moons their silver lustre
Only o'er thy brow had shed,
When thy spirit join'd the seraphs,
And thy dust the dead.

Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
Shone thy presence bright and calm!
Thou didst add a zest of pleasure;
To our sorrows thou wert balm;—
Brighter beam'd thine eyes than summer;
And thy first attempt at speech
Thrill'd our heart-strings with a rapture
Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,
With thy fine fair locks outspread,
Thou didst seem a little angel,
Who from heaven to earth had stray'd;
And, entranced, we watch'd the vision,
Half in hope and half affright,
Lest what we deem'd ours, and earthly,
Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'er-mantled hill and valley,
Sullen clouds begim'd the sky,
When the first, drear doubt oppress'd us,
That our child was doom'd to die!
Through each long night-watch, the taper
Show'd the hectic of thy cheek;
And each anxious dawn beheld thee
More worn out, and weak.

'Twas even then Destruction's angel
Shook his pinions o'er our path,
Seized the rosiest of our household,
And struck Charlie down in death—
Fearful, awful, Desolation
On our lintel set his sign;
And we turn'd from his sad death-bed
Willie, round to thine!

As the beams of Spring's first morning
Through the silent chamber play'd,
Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee,
And in thy small coffin laid;
Ere the day-star with the darkness
Nine times had triumphant striven,
In one grave had met your ashes,
And your souls in Heaven!

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms
Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth;
Two asleep lie buried under—
Three for us yet gladden earth:
Thee, our hyacinth, gay Charlie,
Willie, thee our snow-drop pure,
Back to us shall second spring-time
Never more allure!

Yet while thinking, oh! our lost ones!
Of how dear ye were to us,

Why should dreams of doubt and darkness
Haunt our troubled spirits thus?
Why, across the cold dim churchyard
Flit our visions of despair?
Seated on the tomb, Faith's angel
Says, "Ye are not there!"

Where then are ye? . . . With the Saviour
Blest, for ever blest, are ye,
Mid the sinless, little children,
Who have heard his "Come to me!"
'Yond the shades of death's dark valley,
Now ye lean upon his breast,
Where the wicked dare not enter,
And the weary rest!

We are wicked—we are weary—
For us pray, and for us plead;
God, who ever hears the sinless,
May through you the sinful heed;
Pray that, through Christ's mediation,
All our faults may be forgiven;
Plead that ye be sent to greet us
At the gates of Heaven!

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night, and in darkness;—the visions of youth
Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind;
The hopes that excited have perish'd;—and truth
Laments o'er the wreck they are leaving behind.
'Tis midnight;—and wide o'er the regions of riot
Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose;
And man, sooth'd from revel and lull'd into quiet,
Forgets in his slumber the weight of his woes.
How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,
Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest:
Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,
To omen a something like hope in the breast.
Hark! how the lone night-wind up-tosses the forest;
A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals;
But ah! 'tis the tempests of Fortune, that sorest
The desolate heart in its loneliness feels.
Where, where are the spirits in whom was my trust;
Whose bosoms with mutual affection would burn?
Alas! they are gone to their homes in the dust;
The grass rustles drearily over their urn:
Whilst I, in a populous solitude languish,
Mid foes who beset me, and friends who are cold:
Yes,—the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his anguish
That the heart may be widow'd before it be old!
Affection can soothe but its vot'ries an hour,—
Doom'd soon in the flames that it raised to de-
part;
But oh! Disappointment has poison and power
To ruffle and fret the most patient of heart!
How oft 'neath the dark-pointed arrows of malice
Hath merit been destined to bear and to bleed;
And they who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,
Can tell that the dregs are full bitter indeed!
Let the storms of adversity lower,—'tis in vain,
Though friends should forsake me and foes should
condemn;

These may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,

They only can teach resignation to mine :
For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,
The spirit beholds a less perishing span ;
And bright through the tempest the rainbow is streaming,—

The sign of forgiveness from MAKER to Man !

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

Weep not for her ! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,

Like long link'd shadeless months of polar light,
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues,
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.

Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,
Her wine of life was not run to the lees :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark.
Translated by her God with spirit shriven,
She pass'd, as 'twere on smiles, from earth to heaven :

Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry wold alone to be :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes ;
Victorious over death, to her appears
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! There is no cause of woe,
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back ;
So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on :
Weep not for her !

FLODDEN FIELD.

'T WAS on a sultry summer noon,
The sky was blue, the breeze was still,
And Nature with the robes of June
Had clothed the slopes of Flodden Hill,—
As rode we slowly o'er the plain,
Mid wayside flowers and sprouting grain ;
The leaves on every bough seem'd sleeping,
And wild bees murmur'd in their mirth,
So pleasantly, it seem'd as earth
A jubilee was keeping !

And canst thou be, unto my soul
I said, that dread Northumbrian field,
Where war's terrific thunder roll
Above two banded kingdoms peal'd ?
From out the forest of his spears
Ardent imagination hears
The crash of Surrey's onward charging ;
While curtel-axe and broad-sword gleam
Opposed, a bright, wide, coming stream,
Like Solway's tide enlarging.

Hark to the turmoil and the shout,
The war-cry, and the cannon's boom !
Behold the struggle and the rout,
The broken lance and draggled plume !
Borne to the earth, with deadly force,
Comes down the horseman and his horse ;
Round boils the battle like an ocean,
While stripling blithe and veteran stern
Pour forth their life-blood on the fern,
Amid its fierce commotion !

Mown down like swatches of summer flowers,
Yes ! on the cold earth there they lie,
The lords of Scotland's banner'd towers,
The chosen of her chivalry !
Commingled with the vulgar dead,
Perhaps lies many a mitred head ;
And thou, the vanguard onwards leading,
Who left the sceptre for the sword,
For battle-field the festal board,
Liest low amid the bleeding !

Yes ! here thy life-star knew decline,
Though hope, that strove to be deceived,
Shaped thy lone course to Palestine,
And what it wish'd full oft believed :—
An unhewn pillar on the plain
Marks out the spot where thou wast slain ;
There pondering as I stood, and gazing
On its gray top, the linnet sang,
And, o'er the slopes where conflict rang,
The quiet sheep were grazing.

And were the nameless dead unsung,
The patriot and the peasant train,
Who like a phalanx round thee clung,
To find but death on Flodden Plain !
No ! many a mother's melting lay
Mourn'd o'er the bright flowers *wede* away ;
And many a maid, with tears of sorrow,
Whose locks no more were seen to wave,
Wept for the beautiful and the brave,
Who came not on the morrow !

EDWARD MOXON.

THIS modern classic bookseller is a worthy St. Peter, holding the keys to the Heaven of Poetry. By his enterprise and liberality he has brought BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, BEN JONSON, MASSINGER and WYCHERLEY to the table and shelf of the poor scholar, a benevolent work for which the lovers of wit, sentiment, and verse, the friends of all true humanities, "rise up and call him blessed." Mr. MOXON is the publisher of ROGERS, WORDSWORTH, CAMPBELL, TALFOURD, TENNYSON, HUNT, and BROWNING. He was the friend of LAMB when living,—“closer than a brother,”—and death has not ended the sweet labours of friendship. The numerous editions

of “*Elia*” are frankincense laid on the tomb of a noble spirit. Mr. MOXON, too, has suffered a prosecution for the publication of *SHELLEY*, and been vindicated in England by the eloquence of *TALFOURD*; though he has needed no vindication, for his motives are here above the reach of his assailant. If pure sentiment and the cultivation of the heart’s best affections needed any introduction to the soul of the reader, they would have it here in Mr. MOXON, the friend of the Muses and their sons. But Mr. MOXON on the score of his own merits may stand “unbonnetted” among his brethren. We quote from the edition of his poems published in 1843.

TO THE MUSE.

FAIREST of virgins, daughter of a God,
That dwellest where man never trod,
Yet unto him such joy dost give,
That through thy aid he still in paradise may live!
Immortal Muse, thy glorious praise to sing,
Could I a thousand voices bring,
They were too few. Who like to thee
Can captivate the heart whose soul is melody?
Early thou lead’st me to some gentle hill,
And wakest for me the holy thrill
Of birds that greet the welcome morn,
Rejoicing on wild wing, through fields of ether borne.
Thou paint’st the landscape which I then survey,
Perfumest with odours sweet my way,
Till I forget this world of wo,
And journey through a land where peerless pleasures flow.
At noon thou bid’st descend a golden shower;
To dream of thee I seek the bower,
And, like a prince of Inde, the shade
Enjoy, by thy blest presence more voluptuous made.
At eve, when twilight like a nun is seen,
Pacing the grove with pensive mien,
’Tis then thou comest with most delight;
No hour can be compared with thine ’twixt day
and night.
’Tis, as it fadeth, like the farewell smile,
Which settles on the lips awhile
Of those we love, ere they in death
Resign to heaven their souls, to us their latest breath.

Thou makest the lone Philomel to sing,
Createst a perpetual spring;
Bid’st Memory wake ’neath yonder walls,
O’er which the tint of eve in solemn grandeur falls.

The heavens thou makest cloudless and serene,
And of the moon a huntress queen;
To every star thou givest a spirit,—
In yonder Shakspeare dwells, *that* Milton doth inherit.

The goodly of old time thou bring’st to view,
And with ancestral pomp caust strew
The unromantic smooth-paced ways
Of these our philosophic but degenerate days.

The flower of chivalry before me stand,
Clad in bright steel, a warlike band;
Among them some who served the Muse,
And at their head the man whom she could naught refuse.*

Old bards are there! mine eyes in reverence fall
Before their presence, ’neath whose thrall
My young life one sweet dream hath been,
Dwelling on earth in joys ideal and unseen.

Thou makest the precious tear to gush from eyes,
Strangers to nature’s sympathies;
Tyrant and slave alike to thee
Have knelt, and solace found in dire adversity.

Through thee the lover sees with frantic pride
His mistress fairer than Troy’s bride;
Through the sweet magic of thy art
He glories in his wounds, and hugs the envenom’d dart.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

Her face thou makest a heaven, and her eyes
The glory of those cloudless skies;
They are the planets 'neath whose sway
The willing lover bends on his celestial way.

Thou cheer'st the prisoner in his lonely cell,
The broken spirit knows thee well;
A troop of angels come with thee,
Wisdom, and Hope, calm Thought, and blest Tran-
quillity.

Ambition blighted seeks thee, and the shade;
Remembrance thee her voice hath made,
At whose sweet call, as to some tale, [to sail.
We, listening, turn our bark 'mong pleasures past

Thou spread'st the canvass, and with gentlest winds
Impell'st the vessel, till she finds
Some genial spot, where bends the yew,
Or cypress waves o'er friends who long have bid
adieu.

Thou sooth'st the weary and uplift'st the low;
The voice of God thou wert below:
The holy prophets spake through thee, [tree.
And wept to see their harps hang mute on willow-

Where now had been the warlike of old Troy,
Whom Time nor tyrants can destroy,
If the bold Muse had never lent
Her aid to sing her chiefs brave, wise, or eloquent?

Who, when the patriot falls 'neath ruthless power,
Revives for aye the genial shower;
Whose moisture, like the morning's dews,
Keeps fresh the flower of fame—Who but the
heavenly Muse?

Thou art the eye of pity, that surveys
Man wandering through life's mystic ways;
His various changes are thy theme,
His loves, his laughs, his tears: like him, thou art
a dream.

Forgive, blest Muse, my want of skill to sing
Thy wondrous praise. Oh round me fling
The mantle of sweet thought; and strêw,
As erst, with flowers, the path I pensive still pursue.

LOVE.

THERE is a flower that never changeth hue;
In vain the angry winds its leaves assail;
Triumphant over time, in every vale
It lifts its hopeful head, glistening with dew.
The maiden rears it in her own sweet looks;
The youth conjures it in the summer shade,
Pictures its image, as by murmuring brooks
He flies from scenes that his chaste dreams invade.
The very fields its presence own in spring;
The hills re-echo with a song of gladness;
The heavens themselves their store of tribute bring,
And in this flower all things renounce their
sadness.

O Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?
Thou only bloomest everlastingly!

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT my love was dead. Oh, 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter wo!
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seem'd henceforth the haven of my bliss;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas! o'er it my vows had no control.
The lone star set: I woke full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

LIFE.

AN! what is life! a dream within a dream;
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;
A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon,
A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won the grave appears.

WALTON.

WALTON! when, weary of the world, I turn
My pensive soul to thee, I soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathize with nature, nor repine
At fortune, who, though lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favourites richly poor,
Wanting both health and energy divine
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks even now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays,—while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

AND do I then behold again the scene,
Where once I sported when a wanton child;
The mead, the church, the streamlet running wild,
With here and there a fairy spot between,
Smiling, as there rude storm had never been?
Alas! how changed are we who once did rove,
Calder, thy then enchanted banks along;
Retiring now to the sequester'd grove,
Now cheerful hearkening to the acustom'd song
That rose at eventide these vales among! [wear;
The charm and hope of youth the green leaves
'Tis only man that blossoms and decays,
To know no second spring. I thoughtful gaze
With dream of years long past, and drop a tear.

SIDNEY.

SIDNEY, thou star of beaming chivalry,
 That rose and set 'mid valour's peerless day;
 Rich ornament of knighthood's milky-way;
 How much our youth of England owe to thee,
 Thou model of high learning and meek grace,
 That realized an image which did find
 No place before, save in the inventive mind
 Of hoping man. In thee we proudly trace
 All that revered Antiquity can show
 Of acts heroic that adorn her page,
 Blending with virtues of a purer age.
 Upon thy tomb engrafted spirits grow,
 Where sit the warbling sisters who attend
 The shade made sacred to the Muses' friend.

SOLACE DERIVED FROM BOOKS.

HENCE care, and let me steep my drooping spirit
 In streams of poesy, or let me steer
 Imagination's bark 'mong bright scenes, where
 Mortals immortal fairy-land inherit.
 Ah me! that there should be so few to merit
 The realized hope of him, who deems
 In his youth's spring that life is what it seems,
 Till sorrows pierce his soul, and storms deter it
 From resting there as erst! Ye visions fair,
 Of Genius born, to you I turn, and flee
 Far from this world's ungenial apathy;
 Too blest, if but awhile I captive share
 The presence of such beings as engage [less page.
 The heart, and burn through Shakspeare's match-

TO A BIRD.

SWEET captive, thou a lesson me hast taught
 Excelling any which the schools convey;
 Example before precept men obey.
 Methinks already I have haply caught
 A portion of thy joy. Contentment rare,
 For one in dull abode like thine, I trace,
 Blended with warblings of such cheerful grace;
 And yet without a listening ear to share,
 Save mine, thy melody. Thus all day long,
 Even as the youthful bard that meditates
 In scenes the visionary mind creates,
 Thou to some woodland image tune'st thy song;
 A prisoner too to hope, like him, sweet bird,
 In lonely cell thou sing'st, and sing'st unheard.

A MOTHER SINGING.

HARK, 'tis a mother singing to her child
 Those madrigals that used her ears to greet,
 When she, an infant like that spring-flower sweet,
 Lent her charm'd ears to nurse, or mother mild,
 That sang those nursery stories strange and wild—
 Of knights, of robbers, and of Fairy queens
 Dwelling in castles mid enchanted scenes—
 The songs which plain antiquity beguiled.
 Or is her theme of him, her lord, whose bark
 Is ploughing, 'neath his guidance, Indian seas;
 Or far detain'd by polar skies, that freeze
 His glad return? She, tuneful, as the lark [smile,
 That warbling soars, though Phœbus cease to
 Lifts her soft voice, and sings, though sad the while.

POESY.

DIVINEST Poesy! without thy wings
 Life were a burden, and not worth receiving;
 Youth fadeth like a dream, care keeps us grieving,
 Early we sicken at all pleasure brings.
 Thou only art the ever genial maid,
 That strew'st with flowers the winter of our way;
 Companion meet in city or in shade,
 Magician sweet whose wand all things obey;
 Thou peoplest with divinities the grove,
 Picturest old times, and with creative skill,
 Mould'st men and manners to thy heavenly will.
 Mistress of sympathy and winning love,
 Oh be thou ever with me, with me—wholly,
 To smile when I am gay, to sigh when melancholy.

TO —

AND what was Stella but a haughty dame?
 Or Geraldine, whom noble Surrey sought?
 Or Sacharissa, she who proudly taught
 The courtly Waller statelier verse to frame?
 Or Beatrice, whom Dante deified?
 Or she of whom all Italy once rung,
 Compared with thee, who art our age's pride,
 And the sweet theme of many a poet's tongue?
 There is a nobleness that dwells within,
 Fairer by far than any outward feature;
 A grace, a wit to gentleness akin,
 That would subdue the most unloving creature.
 These beauties rare are thine, most matchless maid,
 Compared with which, theirs were but beauty's shade.

ROUEN.

BRIGHT was the moon as from thy gates I went,
 Majestic Rouen! and the silver Seine
 Dimpled with joy, as murmuring to the main,
 A pilgrim like myself, her course she bent.
 Thou art a city beautiful to see,
 Surpassing in magnificence that seat
 Of kings, the capital, the gay retreat
 Of which "all Europe rings!" Full oft of thee
 Will be my future dreams; when far away,
 I still shall mingle with thy ancient throng;
 Shall pace thy marble halls, and gaze among
 The Gothic splendours of thy once bright day,
 When the first Francis was thy guest, and thou
 Thyself didst wear a crown upon thy brow!

PIETY.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice upon me call,
 As listless in desponding mood I lay,
 Whiling the melancholy hour away,
 Mid fears that did my fondest hopes enthrall.
 'Twas not the trumpet voice of fame I heard,
 Nor fortune's, nurse of impotence and care;
 Nor yet the moanings deep of fell despair.
 But oh! it was the voice of one that stirr'd
 In every leaf! Sweet, sweet the accents came,
 And stole in pure affection to my heart,
 Healing within wounds bleeding 'neath the smart
 Of bitterest wo. Up sprang my gladden'd frame
 Restored, as henceforth brighter days to see;—
 Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

MRS. NORTON.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON is a granddaughter of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, and the inheritor of his genius. While she was an infant, her father, THOMAS SHERIDAN, sought the renovation of a shattered constitution in the tropical seas, but unsuccessfully, for four years after leaving England he died at the Cape of Good Hope, whence his widow returned home, and, living in seclusion, devoted herself with untiring assiduity to the education of her children, the author of *The Dream*, another daughter, now the Hon. Mrs. BLACKWOOD, author of the *Irish Emigrant's Lament*, etc., and a third, now Lady SEYMOUR.

The eldest two of these sisters exhibited remarkable precocity. They rivalled the celebrated Misses DAVIDSON of this country in the earliness and perfection of their mental development. At twelve CAROLINE SHERIDAN wrote verses which even now she would not be ashamed to see in print, and at seventeen she finished *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, which gave abundant promise of the reputation she has since acquired.

Two years afterward she was married to the Hon. GEORGE CHAPPLE NORTON, a brother to Lord GRANTLEY. MR. NORTON proposed for Miss SHERIDAN when she was sixteen; but her mother postponed the contract three years, that the daughter might herself be better qualified to fix her choice. In this period she became acquainted with one whose early death alone prevented a union more consonant to her feelings; and when Mr. NORTON renewed his proposal he was accepted. The unhappiness of this union is too well known to be passed over in silence. Ingenuous and earnest as the poetical nature invariably is, trustful, ardent, and reliant upon its own intrinsic worthiness, it is too often regardless of those conventional forms which become both a barrier and a screen to the less pure in heart. Occupying the most enviable position in society, surpassing most of her sex as much in personal beauty as in genius, it were a wonder had she escaped the attacks of envy and malevolence. While Lord MELBOURNE was prime minister, urged on by the political ene-

mies of that nobleman, Mr. NORTON instituted a prosecution on a charge involving her fidelity. All the low arts which well-feed attorneys and a malignant prosecutor could devise were put in requisition. Forgery, perjury, the searching scrutiny of private papers, the exhibition of the most thoughtless and trivial incidents and conversations in her history, were resorted to. But all were unavailing. She passed the ordeal with her white robes unsullied by the slightest stain. An acquittal by the jury and the people, however, poorly atoned the injustice of the accusation.

Mrs. NORTON has been styled the BYRON of her sex. Though she resembles that great poet in the energy and mournfulness so often pervading her pages, it would be erroneous to confound her sorrowful craving for sympathy, womanly endurance, resignation, and religious trust, with the refined misanthropy of Childe Harold. She feels intensely, and utters her thoughts with an impassioned energy; but they are not the vapourings of a sickly fancy, nor the morbid workings of undue self-love; they are the strong and healthful action of a noble nature abounding in the wealth of its affections, outraged and trampled upon, and turning from its idols to God when the altar at which it worshipped has been taken away.

Mrs. NORTON now lives in comparative retirement, admired by the world, and idolized by the few admitted to her friendship. Besides the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, *The Undying One*, and *The Dream*, (the last and best of her productions,) she has written many shorter poems of much beauty, which have probably been more widely read than the works of any poetess except Mrs. HEMANS.

The poetry of Mrs. NORTON is often distinguished for a masculine energy, and always for grace and harmony. She has taste, an affluent fancy, and an unusual ease of expression. Her principal fault is diffuseness; she writes herself through, giving us all the progress of her mind and the byplay of her thought. Her recent works are, however, more compressed and carefully finished than those of an earlier date.

DEDICATION OF THE DREAM,
TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

ONCE more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A soothing dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly fur'd;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embitter'd
youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starr'd,
Cheer'd by some castle's chief, and harbour'd long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of
praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent,
But thou gav'st *me*, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slander'd and malign'd, I stood apart,
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not
crush'd, my heart.

Then, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoff'd to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who *might* have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn "the world"
would take—

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn, [years,
And blunted slander's dart with their indignant
scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their *own* hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Mem'ry, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which
steal

O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have *themselves* deceived.

But, like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide;

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink, of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;

To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its
mercy drew.

And, though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet *hopes* that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay,
And I would fain one gentle deed record
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.
So, when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly open'd to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face,
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

EXTRACT FROM THE DREAM.

On, Twilight! Spirit that does render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, tho' such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws;
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And those poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fond sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!

TO MY BOOKS.

SILENT companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for incessant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought;
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings told so well.

TWILIGHT.

It is the twilight hour,
 The daylight toil is done,
 And the last rays are departing
 Of the cold and wintry sun.
 It is the time when friendship
 Holds converse fair and free.
 It is the time when children
 Dance round the mother's knee.
 But my soul is faint and heavy,
 With a yearning sad and deep,
 By the fireside lone and dreary
 I sit me down and weep !
 Where are ye, merry voices,
 Whose clear and bird-like tone,
 Some other ear now blesses,
 Less anxious than my own ?
 Where are ye, steps of lightness,
 Which fell like blossom-showers ?
 Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
 That cheer'd the pleasant hours ?
 Through the dim light slow declining,
 Where my wistful glances fall,
 I can see your pictures hanging
 Against the silent wall ;—
 They gleam athwart the darkness,
 With their sweet and changeless eyes,
 But mute are ye, my children !
 No voice to mine replies.
 Where are ye ? Are ye playing
 By the stranger's blazing hearth ;
 Forgetting, in your gladness,
 Your old home's former mirth ?
 Are ye dancing ? Are ye singing ?
 Are ye full of childish glee ?
 Or do your light hearts sadden
 With the memory of me ?
 Round whom, oh ! gentle darlings,
 Do your young arms fondly twine,
 Does she press you to her bosom
 Who hath taken you from mine ?
 Oh ! boys, the twilight hour
 Such a heavy time hath grown,—
 It recalls with such deep anguish
 All I used to call my own,—
 That the harshest word that ever
 Was spoken to me there,
 Would be trivial—would be *welcome*—
 In this depth of my despair !
 Yet no ! Despair shall sink not,
 While life and love remain,—
 Though the weary struggle haunt me,
 And my prayer be made in vain :
 Though at times my spirit fail me,
 And the bitter tear-drops fall,
 Though my lot be hard and lonely,
 Yet I hope—I hope through all !
 When the mournful Jewish mother
 Laid her infant down to rest,
 In doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
 On the water's changeful breast ;
 She knew not what the future
 Should bring the sorely tried :

That the high priest of her nation
 Was the babe she sought to hide.
 No ! in terror wildly flying,
 She hurried on her path :
 Her swoln heart full to bursting
 Of woman's helpless wrath ;
 Of that wrath so blent with anguish,
 When we seek to shield from ill
 Those feeble little creatures
 Who *seem* more helpless still !
 Ah ! no doubt in such an hour
 Her thoughts were harsh and wild ;
 The fiercer burn'd her spirit
 The more she loved her child ;
 No doubt, a frenzied anger
 Was mingled with her fear,
 When that prayer arose for justice
 Which God hath sworn to hear.
 He heard it ! From His heaven,
 In its blue and boundless scope,
 He saw that task of anguish,
 And that fragile ark of hope ;
 When she turn'd from that lost infant
 Her weeping eyes of love,
 And the cold reeds bent beneath it—
 His angels watch'd above !
 She was spared the bitter sorrow
 Of her young child's early death,
 Or the doubt where he was carried
 To draw his distant breath ;
 She was call'd his life to nourish
 From the well-springs of her heart,
 God's mercy re-uniting
 Those whom man had forced apart !

Nor was *thy* wo forgotten,
 Whose worn and weary feet
 Were driven from thy homestead,
 Through the red sand's parching heat ;
 Poor Hagar ! scorn'd and banish'd,
 That another's son might be
 Sole claimant on that father,
 Who felt no more for thee.
 Ah ! when thy dark eye wander'd,
 Forlorn Egyptian slave !
 Across that lurid desert,
 And saw no fountain wave,—
 When thy southern heart, despairing,
 In the passion of its grief,
 Foresaw no ray of comfort,
 No shadow of relief ;
 But to cast the young child from thee,
 That thou might'st not *see* him die,
 How sank thy broken spirit—
 But the Lord of Hosts was nigh !
 He (He, too oft forgotten,
 In sorrow as in joy)
 Had will'd they should not perish—
 The outcast and her boy :
 The cool breeze swept across them
 From the angel's waving wing,—
 The fresh tide gush'd in brightness
 From the fountain's living spring,—
 And they stood—those two—forsaken
 By all earthly love or aid,

Upheld by God's firm promise,
 Serene and undismay'd !
 And thou, Nain's grieving widow !
 Whose task of life seem'd done,
 When the pale corse lay before thee
 Of thy dear and only son ;
 Though death, that fearful shadow,
 Had veil'd his fair young eyes,
 There was mercy for thy weeping,
 There was pity for thy sighs !
 The gentle voice of Jesus,
 (Who the touch of sorrow knew)
 The grave's cold claim arrested
 E'er it hid him from thy view ;
 And those loving orbs re-open'd
 And knew thy mournful face,—
 And the stiff limbs warm'd and bent them
 With all life's moving grace,—
 And his senses dawn'd and waken'd
 From the dark and frozen spell,
 Which death had cast around him
 Whom thou didst love so well ;
 Till, like one return'd from exile
 To his former home of rest,
 Who speaks not while his mother
 Falls sobbing on his breast ;
 But with strange bewilder'd glances
 Looks round on objects near,
 To recognise and welcome
 All that memory held dear,—
 Thy young son stood before thee
 All living and restored,
 And they who saw the wonder
 Knelt down to praise the Lord !

The twilight hour is over !
 In busier homes than mine,
 I can see the shadows crossing
 Athwart the taper's shine ;
 I hear the roll of chariots
 And the tread of homeward feet,
 And the lamps' long rows of splendour
 Gleam through the misty street.
 No more I mark the objects
 In my cold and cheerless room ;
 The fire's unheeded embers
 Have sunk—and all is gloom ;
 But I know where hang your pictures
 Against the silent wall,
 And my eyes turn sadly towards them,
 Though I hope—I hope through all.
 By the summons to that mother,
 Whose fondness fate beguiled,
 When the tyrant's gentle daughter
 Saved her river-floating child ;—
 By the sudden joy which bounded
 In the banish'd Hagar's heart,
 When she saw the gushing fountain
 From the sandy desert start ;—
 By the living smile which greeted
 The lonely one of Nain,
 When her long last watch was over,
 And her hope seem'd wild and vain ;—
 By all the tender mercy
 God hath shown to human grief,

When fate or man's perverseness
 Denied and barr'd relief,—
 By the helpless wo which taught me
 To look to Him alone,
 From the vain appeals for justice
 And wild efforts of my own,—
 By thy light—thou unseen future,
 And thy tears—thou bitter past,
 I will hope—though all forsake me—
 In His mercy to the last !

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS BRIDE.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanish'd hours
 The blind man sought thy love to gain,
 They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
 New freshen'd by the summer rain :
 They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
 Were such as make the winged dove
 Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
 The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
 Of wooers praised thy beauty rare ;
 But that thy heart was all too proud
 A common love to meet or share.
 Ah ! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
 But in thy coy and virgin breast
 Dwelt preference, not of passion born,
 The love that hath a holier zest !

Days came and went ;—thy step I heard
 Pause frequent, as it pass'd me by :—
 Days came and went ;—thy heart was stirr'd,
 And answer'd to my stifled sigh !
 And thou didst make an humble choice,
 Content to be the blind man's bride,
 Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
 And own'd no joy on earth beside.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
 (Without the happiness of sight)
 Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,—
 Thy smile, most innocently bright :
 I knew how full of love's own grace
 The beauty of thy form must be ;
 And fancy idolized the face
 Whose loveliness I might not see !

Oh ! happy were those days, beloved !
 I almost ceased for light to pine
 When through the summer vales we roved,
 Thy fond hand gently link'd in mine.
 Thy soft " Good night " still sweetly cheer'd
 The unbroken darkness of my doom ;
 And thy " Good morrow, love," endear'd
 Each sunrise that return'd in gloom !

At length, as years roll'd swiftly on,
 They spoke to me of Time's decay—
 Of roses from thy smooth cheek gone,
 And ebon ringlets turn'd to gray.
 Ah ! then I bless'd the sightless eyes
 Which could not feel the deepening shade,
 Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
 Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

I saw no paleness on thy cheek,
 No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—
 But still the blind man heard thee *speak*
 In accents made to bless and soothe.
 Still he could feel thy guiding hand
 As through the woodlands wild we ranged,—
 Still in the summer light could stand,
 And know thy heart and voice unchanged.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
 "We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
 And only know that we are old
 By counting happy years gone by :
 For thou to me art still as fair
 As when those happy years began,—
 When first thou camest to sooth and share
 The sorrows of a sightless man !

Old Time, who changes all below,
 To wean men gently for the grave,
 Hath brought us no increase of wo,
 And leaves us all he ever gave :
 For I am still a helpless thing,
 Whose darken'd world is cheer'd by thee—
 And thou art she whose beauty's spring
 The blind man vainly yearn'd to see !

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

SPRIT ! who over this our mortal earth,
 Where naught hath birth
 Which imperfection doth not some way dim
 Since earth offended Him—
 Thou who unseen, from out thy radiant wings
 Dost shower down light o'er mean and common
 things ;

And, wandering to and fro,
 Through the condemn'd and sinful world dost go,
 Haunting that wilderness, the human heart,
 With gleams of glory that too soon depart,
 Gilding both weed and flower ;— [power ?
 What is thy birth divine ? and whence thy mighty

The sculptor owns thee ! On his high pale brow
 Bewildering images are pressing now ;
 Groups whose immortal grace
 His chisel ne'er shall trace,
 Though in his mind the fresh creation glows ;
 High forms of godlike strength,
 Or limbs whose languid length
 The marble fixes in a sweet repose !
 At thy command,
 His true and patient hand
 Moulds the dull clay to beauty's richest line,
 Or with more tedious skill,
 Obedient to thy will,
 By touches imperceptible and fine,
 Works slowly day by day
 The rough-hewn block away,
 Till the soft shadow of the bust's pale smile
 Wakes into *statue-life* and pays the assiduous toil !

Thce the young painter knows,—whose fervent
 eyes,
 O'er the blank waste of canvass fondly bending,

See fast within its magic circle rise
 Some pictured scene, with colours softly blending,—
 Green bowers and leafy glades,
 The old Arcadian shades,
 Where thwarting glimpses of the sun are thrown,
 And dancing nymphs and shepherds one by one
 Appear to bless his sight
 Upon the glowing light,
 Peopling that spot of green earth's flowery breast
 With every attitude of joy and rest.

Lo ! at his pencil's touch steals faintly forth
 (Like an uprising star in the cold north)
 Some face which soon shall glow with beauty's fire :
 Dim seems the sketch to those who stand around,
 Dim and uncertain as an echo'd sound, [inspire !
 But oh ! how bright to him, whose hand *thou* dost

Thee, also, doth the dreaming poet hail,
 Fond comforter of many a weary day—
 When through the clouds his fancy's ear can sail
 To worlds of radiance far, *how* far, away !
 At thy clear touch, (as at the burst of light
 Which morning shoots along the purple hills,
 Chasing the shadows of the vanish'd night,
 And silvering all the darkly gushing rills,
 Giving each waking blossom, gemm'd with dew,
 Its bright and proper hue,)—
 He suddenly beholds the checker'd face
 Of this old world in its young Eden grace !
 Disease, and want, and sin, and pain, are not—
 Nor homely and familiar things :—man's lot
 Is like aspirations—bright and high ; [die,
 And even in the haunting thought that man must
 His dream so changes from its fearful strife,
 Death seems but fainting into purer life !

Nor only these thy presence woo,
 The less inspired own thee too !
 Thou hast thy tranquil source
 In the deep well-springs of the human heart,
 And gusheth with sweet force
 When most imprison'd ; causing tears to start
 In the worn citizen's o'erwearied eye,
 As, with a sigh,
 At the bright close of some rare holiday,
 He sees the branches wave, the waters play—
 And hears the clock's far distant mellow chime
 Warn him a busier world reclaims his time !

Thee, childhood's heart confesses,—when he sees
 The heavy rose-bud crimson in the breeze,
 When the red coral wins his eager gaze,
 Or the warm sunbeam dazzles with its rays,
 Thee, through his varied hours of rapid joy,
 The eager boy,—
 Who wild across the grassy meadow springs,
 And still with sparkling eyes
 Pursues the uncertain prize,
 Lured by the velvet glory of its wings !

And so from youth to age—yea, till the end—
 An unforsaking, unforgetting friend,
 Thou hoverest round us ! And when all is o'er,
 And earth's most loved illusions please no more,
 Thou stealest gently to the couch of death ;
 There, while the lagging breath

Comes faint and fitfully, to usher nigh
 Consoling visions from thy native sky,
 Making it sweet to die !
 The sick man's ears are faint—his eyes are dim—
 But his heart listens to the heavenward hymn,
 And his soul sees—in lieu of that sad band,
 Who come with mournful tread
 To kneel about his bed,—
 God's white-robed angels, who around him stand,
 And waive his spirit to "the Better Land !"

So, living,—dying,—still our hearts pursue
 That loveliness which never met our view ;
 Still to the last the ruling thought will reign,
 Nor deem one feeling given—was given *in vain* !
 For it may be, our banish'd souls recall
 In this, their earthly thrall,
 (With the sick dreams of exiles,) that far world
 Whence angels once were hurl'd ;
 Or it may be, a faint and trembling sense,
 Vague, as permitted by Omnipotence,
 Foreshows the immortal radiance round us shed,
 When the imperfect shall be perfected !
 Like the chain'd eagle in his fetter'd might,
 Straining upon the heavens his wistful sight,
 Who toward the upward glory fondly springs,
 With all the vain strength of his shivering wings,—
 So chain'd to earth; and baffled—yet so fond
 Of the pure sky which lies so far beyond,
 We make the attempt to soar in many a thought
 Of beauty born, and into beauty wrought ;
 Dimly we struggle onwards :—who shall say
 Which glimmering light leads nearest to the day ?

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
 My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;
 Nor thought that *any* love again might be
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
 And natural piety that lean'd to heaven ;
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly given—
 Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
 And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child !
 Not willing to be left ; still by my side [dying ;—
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was
 Nor leaving in thy turn ; but pleased to glide
 Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
 Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy ! of such as thou are oftenest made
 Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,
 No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
 Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
 And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !
 Then thou, my merry love ;—bold in thy glee,
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,

With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth !

Thine was the shout ! the song ! the burst of joy !
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resound-
 eth :

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
 And the glad heart from which all grief re-
 boundeth ;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
 Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye !

And thine was many an art to win and bless,—
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming ;
 The coaxing smile ;—the frequent soft caress ;—

The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming !
 Again my heart a new affection found, [bound.
 But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its

At length thou camest : thou, the last and least ;
 Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing
 brothers,

Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others ;
 Mingling with every playful infant wile
 A mimic majesty that made us smile :

And oh ! most like a regal child wert thou !
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming !
 Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming :
 And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both ! Yet each succeeding claim,
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;
 Nor injured either, by this love's comparing ;
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
 But in the mother's heart, found room for all !

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 " I am content to die, but, oh ! not now !"
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
 wreath.

Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow !
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

The spring hath ripen'd into summer-time,
 The season's viewless boundary is past ;
 The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime ;
 Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?
 " Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
 With silent steps the lord of light moves on ;
 Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
 Greet's my dull ear with music in its tone !
 Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow ;
 I am content to die—but, oh ! not now !"

Summer is gone, and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles, snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound.
Yet still that pray'r ascends:—Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices glad and loud;
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing—
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all readily through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow;
Why didst thou linger!—thou art happier now!"

ATARAXIA.

Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea!—
The boundless sea that washeth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,
Lie brightly scatter'd on the gleaming sands,
There, midst the hush of slumbering ocean's roar,
We'll sit and watch the silver-tissued waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
And kiss thy gentle feet, like eastern slaves.

And we will take some volume of our choice,
Full of a quiet poetry of thought;
And thou shalt read me, with thy plaintive voice,
Lines which some gifted mind hath sweetly
wrought.
And I will listen, gazing on thy face—
Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell—
Or looking out across the far blue space
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

Come forth! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast
The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noonday rest,
And floating sea-birds leave the stressless air.
Against the sky, in outlines clear and rude,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant
between;
And lulling winds are murmuring through the wood
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green.

Come forth! All motion is so gentle now,
It seems *thy* step alone should walk the earth—
Thy voice alone, the "ever soft and low,"
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of
hope—
Unmeet the influence of his changeful power;
Ours be companionship, whose gentle scope
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

In *that*, no jealousy—no wild regret
Lies like deep poison in a flower's bright cup,
Which thirsty lips for ever seek, and yet
For ever murmur as they drink it up.
The memory of *thy* beauty ne'er can rise
With haunting bitterness in days to come;
Thy name can never choke my heart with sighs,
Nor leave the vex'd tongue faltering, faint, and
dumb.

Therefore come forth, oh gentle friend! and roam
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade,
And see how glassy lie the waves, whose foam
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.
Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair—
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still and fair
As though earth ne'er could know another storm.

Come! Let not listless sadness make delay—
Beneath heaven's light that sadness will depart;
And as we wander on our shoreward way,
A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thine heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanish'd years,
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was
riven;
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears—
Those who have injured us shall be forgiven.

Few have my summers been, and fewer thine;
Youth ruin'd is the weary lot of both;
To both, all lonely shows our life's decline—
Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.
But yet we will not weep! The breathless calm
Which lulls the golden earth, and wide blue sea,
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,
And fill us with its own tranquillity.

We will not mar the scene—we will not look
To the veil'd future, or the shadowy past;
Seal'd up shall be sad Memory's open book,
And childhood's idleness return at last!
Joy, with his restless, ever-fluttering wings,
And Hope, his gentle brother—all shall cease;
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs,
Our one sole feeling shall be peace—deep peace!

Then come! Come o'er the green hills to the sea—
The boundless sea that washeth many lands;
And with thy plaintive voice, oh! read to me,
As we two sit upon the golden sands.
And I will listen, gazing on that face—
Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell—
Or looking out across the far blue space
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell!

THE WIDOW TO HER SON'S BE- TROTHED.

AN, cease to plead with that sweet cheerful voice,
Nor bid me struggle with a weight of wo,
Lest from the very tone that says "rejoice,"
A double bitterness of grief should grow;
Those words from THEE convey no gladdening
thought,
No sound of comfort lingers in their tone,
But by their means a haunting shade is brought
Of love and happiness for ever gone!

My son!—alas, hast thou forgotten *him*,
That thou art full of hopeful plans again?
His heart is cold—his joyous eyes are dim,—
For him the *future* is a word in vain!
He never more the welcome hours may share,
Nor bid love's sunshine cheer our lonely home,—
How hast thou conquer'd all the long despair
Born of that sentence—*He is in the tomb?*

How can thy hand with cheerful fondness press
The hands of friends who still on earth may stay—
Remembering his most passionate caress
When the long parting summon'd him away?
How canst thou keep from bitter weeping, while
Strange voices tell thee thou art brightly fair—
Remembering how he loved thy playful smile,
Kiss'd thy smooth cheek, and praised thy bur-
nish'd hair?"

How canst thou laugh? How canst thou warble
songs?
How canst thou lightly tread the meadow-fields,
Praising the freshness which to spring belongs,
And the sweet incense which the hedge-flower
yields?
Does not the many-blossom'd spring recall,
Our pleasant walks through cowslip-spangled
meads,—
The violet-scented lanes—the warm south-wall,
Where early flow'rets rear'd their welcome heads?

Does not remembrance darken on thy brow
When the wild rose a richer fragrance flings—
When the caressing breezes lift the bough,
And the sweet thrush more passionately sings;—
Dost thou not, then, lament for him whose form
Was ever near thee, full of earnest grace?
Does not the sudden darkness of the storm
Seem luridly to fall on nature's face?

It does to ME! The murmuring summer breeze,
Which thou dost turn thy glowing cheek to meet,
For me sweeps desolately through the trees,
And moans a dying requiem at my feet!
The glistening river which in beauty glides,
Sparkling and blue with morn's triumphant light,
All lonely flows, or in its bosom hides
A broken image lost to human sight!

But THOU!—Ah! turn thee not in grief away;
I do not wish thy soul as sadly wrung—
I know the freedom of thy spirit's play,
I know thy bounding heart is fresh and young:

I know corroding Time will slowly break
The links which bound most fondly and most fast,
And Hope will be youth's comforter, and make
The long bright future outweigh the past.

Only, when full of tears I raise mine eyes
And meet thine ever full of smiling light,
I feel as though thy vanish'd sympathies
Were buried in his grave, where all is night;
And when beside our lonely hearth I sit,
And thy light laugh comes echoing to my ear,
I wonder how the waste of mirth and wit
Hath still the power thy widow'd heart to cheer!

Bear with me yet! Mine is a harsh complaint!
And thy youth's innocent light-heartedness
Should rather soothe me when my spirit's faint
Than seek to mock my age's lone distress.
But oh! the tide of grief is swelling high,
And if so soon forgetfulness must be—
If, for the dead, thou hast no further sigh, [me!
Weep for his mother!—Weep, young bride, for

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.*

WEEP not for him that dieth—
For he sleeps, and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast:
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,
Who wearily declineth
Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead;
But weep for him that liveth
Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it fieth
Is a world of misery;
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain:
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he has ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years;
But weep for him who weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,—
Weep for the dead no more!

* "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."—*Jeremiah* xxii. 10.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful!
 That standest meekly by
 With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,
 And dark and fiery eye;
 Fret not to roam the desert now,
 With all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—
 Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
 Fret not with that impatient hoof—
 Snuff not the breezy wind—
 The further that thou fliest now,
 So far am I behind;
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—
 Thy master hath *his* gold—
 Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell!—
 Thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs
 Full many a mile must roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky,
 Which clouds the stranger's home;
 Some other hand, less fond, must now
 Thy corn and bread prepare:
 The silky mane I braided once,
 Must be another's care!
 The morning sun shall dawn again,
 But never more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths,
 Where we were wont to be;
 Evening shall darken on the earth;
 And o'er the sandy plain
 Some other steed, with slower step,
 Shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze,
 The brilliant sun and sky,
 Thy master's home—from all of these,
 My exiled one must fly.
 Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud,
 Thy step become less fleet,
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck,
 Thy master's hand to meet.
 Only in sleep shall I behold
 That dark eye, glancing bright—
 Only in sleep shall hear again
 That step so firm and light:
 And when I raise my dreaming arm
 To check or cheer thy speed,
 Then must I starting wake, to feel—
 Thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me,
 Some cruel hand may chide,
 Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves,
 Along thy panting side:
 And the rich blood that's in thee swells,
 In thy indignant pain,
 Till careless eyes, which rest on thee,
 May count each started vein.
 Will they ill use thee? If I thought—
 But no, it cannot be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd;
 So gentle, yet so free.

And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone,
 My lonely heart should yearn—
 Can the hand which casts thee from it now,
 Command thee to return?

Return!—alas! my Arab steed!
 What shall thy master do,
 When thou, who wert his all of joy,
 Hast vanish'd from his view?
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye,
 And through the gathering tears
 Thy bright form, for a moment,
 Like the false mirage appears.
 Slow and unmounted will I roam,
 With weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet step and joyous bound
 Thou oft has borne me on;
 And sitting down by that green well,
 I'll pause and sadly think,
 "It was here he bow'd his glossy neck,
 When last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—away!
 The fever'd dream is o'er—
 I could not live a day, and *know*
 That we should meet no more!
 They tempted me, my beautiful!
 For hunger's power is strong—
 They tempted me, my beautiful!
 But I have loved too long.
 Who said that I had given thee up?—
 Who said that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false,—'tis false, my Arab steed!
 I fling them back their gold!
 Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back,
 And scour the distant plains;
 Away! who overtakes us now,
 Shall claim *thee* for his pains.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade;
 Since first beneath the chestnut trees
 In infancy we play'd.
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow;
 We have been friends together—
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
 We have laugh'd at little jests;
 For the fount of hope was gushing
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow;
 We have been gay together—
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
 We have wept with bitter tears,
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
 The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;
 We have been *sad* together—
 Oh! what shall part us now?

RECOLLECTIONS.

Do you remember all the sunny places, [gether?

Where in bright days, long past, we play'd to—
Do you remember all the old home faces

That gather'd round the hearth in wintry weather?

Do you remember all the happy meetings,

In Summer evenings round the open door—

Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender
greetings,

And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more?

Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter;

The voices round the swing in our old garden:

The dog that, when we ran, still follow'd after;

The teasing frolic sure of speedy pardon:

We were but children *then*, young happy creatures,

And hardly knew how much we had to lose—

But *now* the dreamlike memory of those features

Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit muse.

Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed

From all the old companions who were round us,

How very soon again we grew light-hearted,

And talk'd with smiles of all the links which
bound us?

And after, when our footsteps were returning,

With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain;

How our young hearts kept boiling up, and burning,

To think how soon we'd be at home again,

Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory

Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;

How we thought less of being famed in story,

And more of those to whom our fame gave plea-
sure.

Do you remember in far countries, weeping,

When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind

Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were
sleeping,

And made us yearn for those we left behind?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,

But desolate echoes through our home were
ringing,

How for a while we talk'd—then paused full sadly,

Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing!

Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my
brother,

Sit down, and let us talk of all our wo,

For we have nothing left but one another;—

Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we* shall go—

Let us remember this.

SONNET.

BE frank with me, and I accept my lot;

But deal not with me as a grieving child,

Who for the loss of that which he hath not

Is by a show of kindness thus beguiled.

Raise not for me, from its enshrouded tomb,

The ghostly likeness of a hope deceased;

Nor think to cheat the darkness of my doom

By wavering doubts how far thou art released:

This dressing pity in the garb of love,—

This effort of the heart to *seem* the same,—

These sighs and lingerings, (which nothing prove

But that thou leavest me with a kind of shame,)—

Remind me more, by their most vain deceit,

Of the dear loss of all which thou dost counterfeit.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

WE stand among the fallen leaves,

Young children at our play,

And laugh to see the yellow things

Go rustling on their way:

Right merrily we hunt them down,

The autumn winds and we,

Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,

Or sunbeams gild the tree:

With dancing feet we leap along

Where wither'd boughs are strown;

Nor past nor future checks our song—

The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves

In youth's enchanted spring—

When hope (who wearies at the last)

First spreads her eagle wing.

We tread with steps of conscious strength

Beneath the leafless trees,

And the colour kindles in our cheek

As blows the winter breeze;

While, gazing towards the cold gray sky,

Clouded with snow and rain,

We wish the old year all past by,

And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves

In manhood's haughty prime—

When first our pausing hearts begin

To love "the olden time;"

And, as we gaze, we sigh to think

How many a year hath pass'd

Since neath those cold and faded trees

Our footsteps wander'd last;

And old companions—now perchance

Estranged, forgot, or dead—

Come round us, as those autumn leaves

Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves

In our *own* autumn day—

And, tottering on with feeble steps,

Pursue our cheerless way.

We look not back—too long ago

Hath all we loved been lost;

Nor forward—for we may not live

To see our new hope cross'd:

But on we go—the sun's faint beam

A feeble warmth imparts—

Childhood without its joy returns—

The present fills our hearts!

THE CARELESS WORD.

A word is ringing through my brain:
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had pass'd away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall:
It was when *first* the sound I heard
A lightly-utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of wo;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard
So deeply fix'd as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
Lo! freshly as when first 't was heard,
Returns that lightly-utter'd word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear
That little word I seem to hear:
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep?—'t was but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they *were*
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly-utter'd, careless word!

It was the first, the only one
Of these which lips forever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee:
And if those lips were heard to say,
“Beloved, let it pass away,”
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word!

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

THE MOURNERS.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not rise—
The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep—
She is *there*, of whom our souls were fond—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seem'd made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow—
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touch'd the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone;
There is silence still and deep:
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all—
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep,
She is gone were young hearts do not break—
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of wo:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God—
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

SONNET.

LIKE an enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamour'd heart, so long thine own,
At length from love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty:
But like that helpless bird, (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more,)
So, from its former bonds released in vain, [chain.
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd





VIOLE.

JOHN STERLING.

DURING the last five or six years the readers of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine have been from time to time delighted by the appearance in that popular miscellany of various papers under the signature of ARCHÆUS. Among them has been a series in prose, entitled "Legendary Lore," from which "The Onyx Ring," a story of thrilling interest, and several other essays and tales, have been reprinted in this country. But superior to the prose articles—beautiful and highly wrought as these are—are the author's poetical writings, distinguished alike for purity of thought, delicacy of fancy, and depth and tenderness of feeling. "They have the pleasing tone of

WORDSWORTH, without the mannerism of phrase and imagery by which the imitators of that poet are distinguished."

A collection of these poems, with one much longer than any that had appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "The Sexton's Daughter," was published in London, in 1839, and it was then discovered that they were written by JOHN STERLING, in early life a clergyman, and latterly a student in philosophy and man of letters. Since 1839 he has written his "Hymns of a Hermit," and several other poems, which are included in the American edition of his works, and "Strafford, a Tragedy," published in London in 1843.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves,
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day,
And brow so calm, a home for thought,
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind,
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail the childhood's very lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade:
Thou art a flash that lights the whole;
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within not loud but clear
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

PROSE AND SONG.

I LOOK'D upon a plain of green,
That some one call'd the land of prose,
Where many living things were seen,
In movement or repose.

I look'd upon a stately hill
That well was named the mount of song,
Where golden shadows dwelt at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,—
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

APHRODITE.

I.

A SPRING-TIME eve illumined wide
 A sunny Grecian land,
 Where peace was guarded valiantly
 By many a spearman's hand;
 From field and vineyard home return'd
 The weary peasant crew,
 And children laugh'd and leap'd to see
 Their fathers come in view.

II.

The closing twilight dimly fell
 Above the smoking roofs;
 The labourers' eyes dropp'd heavily;
 The housewives left their woofs;
 While softly flew the western breeze
 Above the woods and streams,
 But breathed too low to sound amid
 The slumberers' easy dreams.

III.

As on each lonely silent hearth
 The blaze was flickering low,
 The shaggy wolf-dog stretch'd himself
 Before the crimson glow;
 And shy nocturnal visitants,
 And horny-footed Pan,
 Through all the village wander'd slow
 To guard the rest of man.

IV.

The mourners felt it comfort now
 That they were free to weep,
 And in their musing youthful minds
 Went smilingly to sleep;
 And some in joyous vision sought
 The dance in flowery glades,
 And some a tenderer delight,
 Unseen in forest shades.

V.

Yet one of all the loveliest,
 Young Myrto, sought not rest,
 By crowding fancies kept awake
 That flutter'd in her breast,
 While mid the pillar'd porch she sat
 Of her old sire's abode,
 Unheeding that beneath the stars
 Her zoneless bosom glow'd.

VI.

She stoop'd her head, whose tresses hid
 Her clench'd and trembling hand;
 She felt her heart swell prouder
 Than in its purple band;
 And such the rippling stir of life
 Upon her earnest face,
 It seem'd a stormy spirit fill'd
 A form of marble grace.

VII.

"And let," she thought, "the poet bear
 His sounding lyre and song,
 And still through temple, field, and mart
 My tuneful fame prolong;
 For if I but repay the strain
 With word or look of praise,
 'Tis then the last of love and verse,
 The first of slavery's days.

VIII.

"Then with the boisterous wedding comes
 The dark, unhonour'd life;
 The worshipp'd goddess, fading then,
 Is known an earthly wife;
 And all the longing sighs that now
 In all its utterance play,
 But like a tedious burden round
 An old-remember'd lay.

IX.

"And if at last from long disdain,
 And cold, averted eyes,
 To other lands and cities now
 The bard in anguish flies,
 To other springs, and hills, and woods,
 And other ears than these,
 My name in melody will sound,
 And sail on distant seas.

X.

"And if in cave, or desert path,
 Or at triumphal feast,
 The journeying minstrel sinks in death,
 From hopeless toil released;
 Upon his tomb be this inscribed,—
 That he for Myrto died;
 And let his last lament record
 Her beauty and her pride."

XI.

So flow'd the un pitying virgin's thought,
 When pierced the laurel shade
 A voice, that struck with dread and joy
 The bosom of the maid.
 Unseen the man, but known how well!
 And while he breathed a song,
 His harp-string help'd with sweeter grief
 His overburden'd tongue.

XII.

"Once more, beloved maid! I strive
 To touch thy frozen ear,
 And wake the hopes so often'd chill'd
 Upon the lap of fear.
 Once more, alas! I seek to stir
 A heart of human mould
 With throbs of nature's pulse, that has
 Sweet throbblings manifold.

XIII.

"And oh! bethink thee, icy breast!
 How vain the thought of pride
 Which bids thee from my pleading turn
 In sullenness aside;
 How weak and cheap a thing it is,
 But oh! how rich in good
 The joy of hearts, when each to each
 Reveals its fondest mood.

XIV.

"E'en hadst thou given some rival's head
 The flowery wreath of love,
 Thy scorn of me men would not hate,
 Nor would the gods reprove.
 In words of bitter wrathfulness
 My grief might urge its way,
 But every curse invoked on thee
 Would make my soul its prey.

XV.

"Oh! give me but one whisper'd word,
Or gently wave thy hand:
Bestow but this on him whose life
Thy very looks command.
The light of youth that gilds thee now
Will not be always thine,
But thou may'st bid in deathless song
Thy beauty's radiance shine.

XVI.

"Thou speak'st no mild relenting word!
So part we, I and thou,
To whom so oft in misery
Has bent my laurel'd brow.
The gods that favour song and love
Will not be mock'd in vain,
And higher they, proud Rock! than thou!
To them I lift my strain."

XVII.

The minstrel turn'd his steps away,
And moved with hurrying feet,
Till past the slumberous gloom that fill'd
The lonely village street;
And through the vale beyond he fled,
And near the rocky shore,
And climb'd the winding wooded path
That up the mountain bore.

XVIII.

The silent stars were gazing all,
The moon was up the sky,
And from below the tranquil sea
Sent measured sounds on high;
It broke beneath a steep ascent,
Where Aphrodite's fane
Appear'd a home of steadfast calm
For wanderers o'er the main.

XIX.

And thither bent the bard his course,
Until the rugged way
Subdued his desperate recklessness
To an abhor'd delay;
And, pausing mid his haste, the thought
Of her he left behind
Brought tears into his burning eyes,
And check'd his fiercer mind.

XX.

Yet soon he reach'd the terraced height,
The spot the goddess chose,
Where channell'd pillars round and strong
At equal spaces rose;
Above were graven tablets fair,
With gaps of dark between,
And o'er the deep receding porch
Celestial forms were seen.

XXI.

And soon he gain'd the marble steps,
Before the abode divine,
And soon he oped the brazen doors,
And sank within the shrine;
'T was dusk, and chill, and noiseless all,
And scarce amid the shade
He saw the form of her whose might
Can give the hopeless aid.

XXII.

"And why," he cried, "O Goddess dread!
Must worshippers of thee,
Mid all on earth the most despised,
Most miserable be?
Oh! hast thou not the strength to save,
Or art thou then indeed
Too cold and too averse a power
To succour mortal need?"

XXIII.

"And is it false what oft was said
In days of old renown,
What hymn and lay so loud proclaim
In camp, and field, and town,
That thou, a bounteous arbitress,
Wilt hear when mourners call,
Delightest most in man's delight,
And sendest bliss to all?"

XXIV.

"By thee, as tale and history tell,
And sculptured marble gray,
And oracle and festal rite,
Surviving men's decay;
By thee all things are beautiful,
And peaceable, and strong,
And joy from every throe is born,
And mercy conquers wrong.

XXV.

"Thy birth, O Goddess kind and smooth,
Was from the sunny sea,
The crystal blue and milky foam
In brightness cradled thee;
From thee all fairest things have light,
Which they to men impart;
Then whence arise the pangs and storms
That rend the lover's heart?"

XXVI.

'T was thus the sorrowing bard address'd
That presence blind and dim,
Startling the visionary space,
That had no help for him;
But then he raised in haste his eyes,
For lo! a sudden ray
Around the goddess cast a light,
Her own peculiar day.

XXVII.

A living form behold she stood,
Of more than sculptured grace!
The high immortal queen from heaven,
The calm Olympian face!
Eyes pure from human tear or smile,
Yet ruling all on earth,
And limbs whose garb of golden air
Was dawn's primeval birth!

XXVIII.

With tones like music of a lyre,
Continuous, piercing, low,
The sovran lips began to speak,
Spoke on in liquid flow;
It seem'd the distant ocean's voice,
Brought near and shaped to speech,
But breathing with a sense beyond
What words of man may reach.

XXIX.

"Weak child! Not I the puny power
Thy wish would have me be,
A rose-leaf floating with the wind
Upon a summer sea.
If such thou need'st, go range the fields,
And hunt the gilded fly,
And when it mounts above thy head,
'Then lay thee down and die.

XXX.

The spells which rule in earth and stars
Each mightiest thought that lives,
Are stronger than the kiss a child
In sudden fancy gives.
They cannot change, or fail, or fade,
Nor deign o'er ought to sway
Too weak to suffer and to strive,
And tired while still 'tis day.

XXXI.

"And thou with better wisdom learn
The ancient lore to scan,
Which tells that first in ocean's breast
My rule o'er all began;
And know that not in breathless noon
Upon the glassy main
The power was born that taught the world
To hail her endless reign.

XXXII.

"The winds were loud, the waves were high,
In drear eclipse the sun
Was crouch'd within the caves of heaven,
And light had scarce begun.
The earth's green front lay drown'd below
And Death and Chaos fought
O'er all the tumult vast of things
Not yet to severance brought.

XXXIII.

"'Twas then that spoke the fateful voice,
And mid the huge uproar,
Above the dark I sprang to life,
A good unhop'd before.
My tresses waved along the sky,
And stars leap'd out around,
And earth beneath my feet arose,
And hid the pale profound.

XXXIV.

"A lamp amid the night, a feast
That ends the strife of war;
To wearied mariners a port,
To fainting limbs a car;
To exiled men the friendly roof,
To mourning hearts the lay;
To him who long has roam'd by night
The sudden dawn of day;

XXXV.

"All these are mine, and mine the bliss
That visits breasts in wo,
And fills with wine the cup that once
With tears was made to flow.
Nor question thou the help that comes
From Aphrodite's hand;
For madness dogs the bard who doubts
Whate'er the gods command."

XXXVI.

With lull'd and peaceful sense the youth
Upon the marble floor
Reclined his head, nor wist he how
His bosom's pangs were o'er.
Before the statue's graven base
He sank in happy rest,
But visions plain as noonday truth
Came swiftly o'er his breast.

XXXVII.

For in the unmoving body's trance,
When ear and eye are still,
The mind prophetic wakes and yearns,
And moulds the unconscious will;
The silent sleeper's heart is near
The steadfast heart of all,
And sights to outward view denied
Obey the spirit's call.

XXXVIII.

The radiant goddess changed her look
Of clear and mild control:
A gloomy fury seem'd she now,
A tyrant o'er the soul.
With furew'd face and deadly glance
Like storm she swept away,
And still the minstrel saw the fiend
Pursuing swift her prey.

XXXIX.

And now she reach'd the chamber fair,
The ancient home's recess,
Where wearied Myrto lay asleep
In dreamy restlessness.
The lover saw the grisly sprite
Beside her couch appear,
And but for power that held him fast
He would have shriek'd in fear.

XL.

The thoughts within the virgin heart
Took shapes that he could spell,
Like pictures visible and clear,
The maiden's tale they tell;
And doubt is there, and pride, and love
In fluctuating stir,
And many a memory of him,
And songs he framed for her.

XLI.

The fair brow quivers fast and oft,
The smooth lips work and wane,
And hand, and cheek, and bosom thrill,
And writhe as if in pain;
And then in wan dismay she wakes,
And sees beside her bed
The spectral ghastliness whose gaze
Fills all the air with dread.

XLII.

She starts, and screams—Oh! spare me, spare!
I know thy torments well,
To punish fierce insatiate pride
Thou comest to me from hell.
Forgive, beloved! return from death!
And soon thou shalt avow,
That she whose scorn was once so cold
Can love no less than thou.

XLIII.

"But, oh! dark demon, if in vain
I pray the gods for aid,
Swift let me join my vanish'd love
In thy domain of shade;
And take these horrid eyes away,
So pitiless and hard,
I cannot bear the looks that oft
I bent upon the bard."

XLIV.

She turn'd and hid her tearful face,
And sighs convulsive rose,
And broke the charm that chain'd the youth
In motionless repose.
But still with waking ear he caught
The groans of Myrto's pain,
For she herself before him lay
Within the sacred fane.

XLV.

He clasp'd her quick, and held her close
Upon his bounding breast,
With tears and kisses warm'd her cheek,
And knew that he was blest.
And now the maid forgiveness ask'd,
Now upward look'd and smiled,
And, firmler knit by sorrow past,
Their hearts were reconciled.

XLVI.

The golden sun sublime arose,
And fill'd the shrine with day,
The earth in gladness open'd wide,
And green the valley lay;
Serenely bright the goddess glow'd
Amid the purpled air,
And look'd with gracious eyes benign
On those adoring there.

HYMNS OF A HERMIT.

HYMN I.

SWEET morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love
Thine airs and odours moist ascend,
And, mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbours eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

On lands and seas, on fields and woods,
And cottage roofs, and ancient spires,
O morn! thy gaze creative broods,
While night retires.

Aloft the mountain ridges beam
Above their quiet steeps of gray;
The eastern clouds with glory stream,
And vital day.

By valleys dank, and river's brim,
Through corn-clad fields and wizard groves,
O'er dazzling tracks and hollows dim,
One spirit roves.

The broad-helm'd oak-tree's endless growth,
The mossy stone that crowns the hill,
The violet's breast, to gazers loath,
In sunshine thrill.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance,
Existence swells with teeming power,
And all illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

Not sands, and rocks, and seas immense,
And vapours thin, and halls of air;
Not these alone, with kindred glance,
The splendour share.

The fly his jocund round inweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves,
And naught is mute.

In man, O morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life, by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

With healthful pulse, and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,
His thoughts unchecked to heaven aspire,
Reveal'd in him.

To thousands tasks of fruitful hope
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Such grace from thee, O God! be ours,
Renew'd with every morning's ray,
And freshening still, with added flowers,
Each future day.

To man is given one primal star;
One day-spring's beam has dawn'd below.
From thine our inmost glories are,
With thine we glow.

Like earth, awake, and warm, and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to thee, O Fount of Light!
Our light returns.

HYMN II.

O Thou who strength and wisdom sheddest
O'er all thy countless works below,
And harmony and beauty spreadest
On lands unmoved, and seas that flow!

From grains and motes to spheres uncounted,
 From deep beneath to suns above,
 My gaze with awe and joy has mounted,
 And found in all thy ordering love.

The fly around me smoothly sitting,
 The lark that hymns the morning star,
 The swan on crystal water sitting,
 The eagle hung in skies afar—
 To all their cleaving wings thou givest,
 Like those that bear the seraph's flight;
 In all, O perfect Will! thou livest,
 For all hast oped thy world of light.

The grass that springs beside the fountain,
 The silver waves that sparkle there,
 The trees that robe the shadowing mountain,
 And, high o'er all, the limpid air—
 Amid the vale each lowly dwelling,
 Whose hearths with sweet religion shine,
 In measure all things round are swelling
 With tranquil being's force divine.

And deep and vast beyond our wonder,
 The links of power that bind the whole,
 While day, and dusk, and breeze, and thunder,
 And life and death unceasing roll.
 While all is wheel'd in endless motion,
 Thou changest not, upholding all;
 And, lifting man in pure devotion,
 On Thee thou teachest him to call.

To him, thy child, thyself revealing,
 He sees what all is meant to be;
 From him thy secret not concealing,
 Thou bidd'st his will aspire to Thee.
 And so we own in thy creation
 An image painting all thou art;
 And, crowning all the revelation,
 Thy loftiest work, a human heart.

The will, the love, the sunlike reason,
 Which thou hast made the strength of man,
 May ebb and flow through day and season,
 And oft may mar their seeming plan;
 But Thou art here to nerve and fashion
 With better hopes our world of care,
 To calm each base and lawless passion,
 And so the heavenly life repair.

In all the track of earth-born ages,
 Each day displays thy guidance clear,
 And, best divined by holiest sages,
 Makes every child in part a seer.
 Thy laws are bright with purest glory,
 To us thou givest congenial eyes,
 And so, in earth's unfolding story,
 We read thy truth that fills the skies.

But mid thy countless forms of being
 One shines supreme o'er all beside,
 And man, in all thy wisdom seeing,
 In Him reveres a sinless guide.
 In Him alone, no longer shrouded
 By mist that dims all meaner things,
 Thou dwell'st, O God! unveil'd, unclouded,
 And fearless peace thy presence brings.

Then teach my heart, celestial Brightness!
 To know that Thou art hid no more,
 To sun my spirit's dear-bought whiteness
 Beneath thy rays, and upward soar.
 In all that is, a law unchanging
 Of Truth and Love may I behold,
 And own, mid thought's unbounded ranging,
 The timeless One proclaim'd of old!

HYMN III.

TIME more than earthly o'er this hour prevails,
 While thus I stand beside the newly dead;
 My heart is raised in awe, in terror quails
 Before these relics, whence the life is fled.

That face, so well beloved, is senseless now,
 And lies a shrunken mask of common clay;
 No more shall thought inspire the pulseless brow,
 Or laughter round the mouth keep holiday.

In vain affection yearns to own as man
 This clod turn'd over by the plough of death—
 The sharpen'd nose, the frozen eyes we scan,
 And wondering think the heap had human breath.

An hour ago its lightest looks or throbs
 Impell'd in me the bosom's ample tide;
 Its farewell words awaken'd sighs and sobs,
 To me more vivid seem'd than all beside.

Now not a worm is crawling o'er the earth,
 But shows than this an impulse more divine;
 And, wandering lost in stunn'd reflection's dearth,
 I only feel what total loss is mine.

Cold hand, I touch thee! Perish'd friend! I know
 What years of mutual joy are gone with thee;
 And yet from these benumb'd remains there flow
 Calm thoughts that first with chasten'd hopes
 agree.

How strange is death to life! and yet how sure
 The law which dooms each living thing to die!
 Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
 And all that lasts eludes the subtlest eye.

Because the eye is only made to spell
 The grosser garb and failing husk of things;
 The vital strengths and streams that inlier dwell,
 Our faith divines amid their secret springs.

The stars will sink as fade the lamps of earth,
 The earth be lost as vapour seen no more,
 And all around that seems of oldest birth,
 Abides one destined day—and all is o'er.

Himalah's piles, like heaps of autumn leaves,
 Will one day spread along the winds of space,
 And each strong stamp of man the world receives
 Will flit like steps in sand, without a trace.

Yet something still will somewhere needs abide
 Of all whose being o'er has fill'd our thought;
 In different shapes to other worlds may glide,
 But still must live as more than empty naught.

The trees decay'd, their parent soil will feed, [first:
 Whence trees may grow more fair than grew the
 To worlds destroy'd, so worlds may still succeed,
 And still the earliest may have been the worst.

Thus, never desperate, muse believing men;
But what, O Power divine! shall men become?
This pale memorial meets my gaze again,
And grief a moment bids my hopes be dumb.

Not thus, O God! desert us! Rather I
Should sink at once to unremembering clay,
And close my sight on thy translucent sky,
Than yield my soul to death a helpless prey;

Oh! rather bear beyond the date of stars
All torments heap'd that nerve and soul can feel,
Than but one hour believe destruction mars
Without a hope the life our breasts reveal.

Bold is the life and deep and vast in man,
A flood of being pour'd uncheck'd from Thee;
To Thee return'd by thine eternal plan,
When tried and train'd thy will unveil'd to see.

The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill;
The nobler inmate new abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.

Although from darkness born, to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole;
The man survives, though the weird-corps be dead,
And He who dooms the flesh, redeems the soul.

HYMN IV.

The stream of life from fountains flows,
Conceal'd by sacred woods and caves:
From crag to dell uncheck'd it goes,
And, hurrying fast from where it rose,
In foam and flash exulting raves.

But straight below the torrent's leap,
Serenely bright its effluence lies,
And waves that thunder'd down the steep
Are hush'd in quiet, mute and deep,
Reflecting rock, and trees, and skies.

And mid the pool, disturb'd yet clear,
The noisy gush that feeds it still
Is seen again descending sheer,
A cataract within the mere,
As bright as down the hill.

A living picture, smooth and true,
Of headlong fight and restless power,
Whose burst for ever feeds anew
The lake of fresh and silver dew
That paints and drinks the stormy shower.

So Thought, with crystal mirror, shows
Our human joy, and strife, and pain;
And ghostly dreams, and passion's woes,
The tide of failures, hates, and foes,
Are softly figured there again.

Do Thou, who pourest forth our days,
With all their floods of life divine,
Bestow thy Spirit's peaceful gaze,
To still the surge those tumults raise,
And make thy calm of being mine!

HYMN V.

ETERNAL Mind! Creation's Light and Lord!
Thou trainest man to love thy perfect will,
By love to know thy truth's obscurest word,
And so his years with hallow'd life to fill;

To own in all things round thy law's accord,
Which bids all hope be strong to vanquish ill;
Illumed thus by thy diffusive ray,
The darken'd world and soul are bright with day.

In storm, and flood, and all decays of time,
In hunger, plagues, and man-devouring war;
In all the boundless tracts of inward crime—
In selfish hates, and lusts that deepest mar,
In lazy dreams that clog each task sublime,
In loveless doubts of truth's unsetting star;
In all—thy Spirit will not cease to brood
With vital strength, unfolding all to good.

The headlong cataract and tempest's roar,
The rage of seas, and earthquake's hoarse dismay,
The crush of empire, sapp'd by tears and gore,
And shrieks of hearts their own corruption's prey;
All sounds of death enforce thy righteous lore,
In smoothest flow thy being's truth obey,
And, heard in ears from passion's witchery free,
One endless music make—a hymn to Thee!

But most, O God! the inward eyes of thought
Discern thy laws in all that works within;
The conscious will, by hard experience taught,
Divines thy mercy shown by hate of sin:
And hearts whose peace by shame and grief was
bought,

Thy blessings praise, that first in wo begin,
For still on earthly pain's tormented ground
Thy love's immortal flowers and fruits abound.

Fair sight it is, and medicinal for man,
To see thy guidance lead the human breast;
In life's unopen'd germs behold thy plan,
Till mid the ripen'd soul it stands content;
From impulse too minute for us to scan,
Awakening sense with love and purpose blest;
And through confusion, error, trial, grief,
Maturing reason, conscience, calm belief.

This to have known, my soul, be thankful thou!—
This clear, ideal form of endless good,
Which casts around the adoring learner's brow
The ray that marks man's holiest brotherhood;
Thus e'en from guilt's deep curse and slavish vow,
And dreams whereby the light was long withstood,
Thee, Lord! whose mind is rule supreme to all,
Unveil'd we see, and hail thy wisdom's call.

HYMN VI.

CAN man, O God! the tale of man repeat,
Nor feel his bosom heave with livelier bound?
Through all we are the swelling pulse must beat
At thought of all we are, of all things round:
Our inmost selves the straining vision meet,
And memory wakes from slumber's cave pro-
And, like a rock upon a sunny plain, [found:
The past amid thy light is seen again.

Ah! little sphere of rosy childhood's hour,
Itself so weak, and yet foreshowing all!
Unopen'd world of self-evolving power,
That now but hears the instant's tiny call!
Within its dewdrop life, its folded flower,
Distress and strife the thoughtless heart enthrall;
And stirrings big with man's unmeasured hope
Have scarcely strength against one pang to cope.

Bewildering, cloudy dawn ! then pass from view
 The first faint lines of mortal being's course ;
 Then wakes the will, and fiercely grasps a clue,
 And wondering feels it snapp'd by headlong force,
 And sad and weeping grows a child anew,

Till joy comes back from life's unfailing source—
 New aims, new thoughts, new passions take their
 turn,

And still the extinguish'd flame again will burn.

What gropings blind to leave the common way !

What yearnings vain that find no end reveal'd !

What hopeless war, and feeling's idle play !

What wounds that pierce through pride's phan-
 tasimal play !

A thousand objects woo'd and thrown away !

And idols dear that no response will yield !

And so within one bosom's living cell

A fiendish foe and helpless victim dwell.

Oh, gorgeous dreams, and wing-borne flight of youth !

That thinks by scorning earth to win the skies ;

Forebodings dim of visionary truth,

That like a beast pursued before us flies ;

Insane delight in monstrous forms uncouth, [rise ;

That thence perchance some prophet ghost may

Blind love of light, and craving hate of rest !—

How far our strangest world is in the breast !

Abounding pictures, bright with morn and joy,

Of all the endless beings round us known,

Bewilder, vex, intoxicate, and cloy,—

A land of bliss how near, yet not our own !

All things so fair, each sense they needs employ,

Yet mid them all the spirit wastes alone ;

So many, lovely, large, and sweet they seem.

As if to prove the whole is only dream.

Fair visions all ! and, mid the train of things,

How strange the sway the fairest shapes have won !

From them distraction, folly, rapture springs,

And life's true rapture seems but now begun,

For mad we seek the joy that passion brings

To hearts by inmost treacheries all undone,

Though love's concealing veil is dark and stern,

Nor e'er did eyes profane its mystery learn.

So forward roll the years with wo and bliss,

Mid act, and deed, and thought, and lone despair ;

And 'twixt the arduous That and easy This,

We fain the trial more than man can bear.

Still Conscience stabs and bleeds ; Temptation's kiss

Still sucks our purest life, and taints the air ;

His feet with blood, his own and others', red,

Ambition climbs the unstable mountain-head.

But sickening hours and weariness of breath,

And eyes that cannot brook to see the day,

And dreams that shuddering hail the name of death,

And fancies thin subdued by dull decay,—

All these, O God ! thy servant Conscience saith,

Are surely sent by Thee—thy word obey ;

The world of man so bright, and soul so strong,

To man are shown defaced by human wrong.

And thus, by inward act and outward led,

We know the things we are if loosed from thee ;

How blind as rocks, and weak as branches dead,

And vain and fierce, to show us nobly free,

To leave thy paths in desert wilds we fled,

And hoped no longer thine—our own to be ;

So sinking down from fancied all to naught,

One grain of dust was left by misery taught.

That speck, O Father ! still to thee was dear—

A living relic capable of good ; [fear,

And bruised and crush'd by wo, and shame, and

Arose again from earth, and upright stood.

Thy spirit still was there, not now severe,

And fed the yearning heart with loving food,

Till brave and clear, discerning all the past,

It knew that peace and hope were gain'd at last.

Now all confusion spent, and battles o'er,

Are seen as leading on to endless rest,

The world obscure and distant now no more,

With sights of truthful gladness fills the breast ;

And love, so false and foul a name before,

With countless joys the wounded heart has blest :

And thus, O God ! thy child serene and bold

Goes forth to toils heroic manifold !

THE DEAREST.

Oh ! that from far-away mountains

Over the restless waves,

Where bubble-enchanted fountains,

Rising from jewell'd caves,

I could call a fairy bird,

Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,

Should come to thee, dearest !

He should have violet pinions,

And a beak of silver white,

And should bring from the sun's dominions

Eyes that would give thee light.

Thou should'st see that he was born

In a land of gold and morn,

To be thy servant, dearest !

Oft should he drop on thy tresses

A pearl, or diamond stone,

And would yield to thy light caresses

Blossoms in Eden grown.

Round thy path his wings would shower

Now a gem, and now a flower,

And dewy odours, dearest !

He should fetch from his eastern island

The songs that the Peris sing,

And when evening is clear and silent,

Spells to thy ear would bring,

And with his mysterious strain

Would entrance thy weary brain,

Love's own music, dearest !

No Phoenix, alas ! will hover,

Sent from the morning star ;

And thou must take of thy lover

A gift not brought so far :

Wanting bird, and gem, and song,

Ah ! receive and treasure long

A heart that loves thee, dearest !

JÔAN D'ARC.

I.

MANY a lucid star sublime
 In the vault of earthly time;
 Many a deed, and name, and face,
 Is a lamp of heavenly grace,
 And, to us that walk below,
 Cheers with hope the vale of wo.
 Lo! the great aerial host,
 Whom our bodily eyes have lost,
 To the spirit reappear
 With their glory shining here;
 Bearded saints from holy cell;
 Warriors who for duty fell;
 Thoughtful devotees, in youth
 Spell-bound by a glance of Truth.
 And to whom all else has been
 But a thin and changeful scene;
 All to whom the many shows
 That the years of earth disclose,
 Are but gleams, for moments given,
 Of an ever-present heaven.

II.

High amid the dead who give
 Better life to those that live,
 See where shines the peasant Maid,
 In her hallow'd mail array'd,
 Whom the lord of peace and war
 Sent as on a flaming car,
 From her father's fold afar.
 Her's the calm supernal faith,
 Braving ghastliest looks of death;
 For, O loveliest woodland flower
 Ever bruised in stormiest hour!
 Guardian saints have nerved thy soul
 Battling nations to control;
 And the vision-gifted eye,
 That, communing with the sky,
 Sank when human steps were nigh,
 Now, in face of fiend and man,
 Must the camp and city scan,
 And outspeed the rushing van.

III.

Pause not, gentle maiden, now!
 Awful hands have mark'd thy brow;
 And, in lonely hours of prayer,
 Mid the leafy forest air,
 Boundless powers, eternal eyes,
 Looks that made old prophets wise,
 Have inspired thy solitude
 With a rapt, heroic mood,
 And have taught thy humble weakness
 All the strength that dwells in meekness;
 And with how devouring sway,
 Right, oppress'd by long delay,
 Bursts out in a judgment-day.
 Thus thy heart is high and strong,
 Swelling like cherubic song,
 For thou art so low and small,
 It must be the Lord of All
 Who can thus a world appal.
 Race and country, daily speech,
 That makes each man dear to each,

Friends and home, and love of mother,
 Grandsire's grave, and slaughter'd brother
 Fields familiar, native sky,
 Voices these that on thee cry
 Winds pursue with vocal might,
 Stars will not be dumb by night,
 And the dry leaf on the ground
 Has a tongue of pealing sound,
 Loud from God commanding thee,
 Go, and set thy nation free!

IV.

Battle's blast is fiercely blowing,
 Clarions sounding, coursers bounding,
 Pennons o'er the tumult flowing,
 Host on host the eye astounding
 Wave on wave that sea confounding,
 And in headlong fury going,
 Mounted kingdoms wildly dashing,
 Lance to lance, and steed to steed;
 Now must haughtiest champions bleed,
 And a myriad swords are flashing,
 Loud on shield and helmet clashing;
 Ne'er had ruin nobler spoil
 On this broad and bloody soil.
 As the storms a forest crushing,
 Oaks of thousand winters grind,
 So the iron whirl is rushing,
 Shouts before and groans behind.
 Still amid the dead and dying,
 All in shatter'd ridges lying,
 Pride, revenge, and youthful daring,
 And their cause and country's name,
 Drive them on with sweep unsparing,—
 Naught for life, and all for fame!
 Still above the surge of battle
 Breathes the trump its fatal gale,
 And the hollow tambours rattle
 Chorus to the deadly tale.
 Still is Joan the first in glory,
 Still she sways the maddening fight,
 Kindling all the flames of story,
 With an unimagined might.
 Squadrons furious close around her,
 Still her blade is waving free;
 Sword nor lance avails to wound her
 Terror of a host is she.
 Heavenly guardian, maiden wonder!
 Long shall France resound the day
 When thou camest clad in thunder,
 Blasting thy tremendous way.

V.

Yet, who closer mark'd the face
 That o'erruled the battle place,
 Much had marvell'd to discern
 Looks more calm and soft than stern.
 For no flush of hot ambition
 Stain'd her soul's unearthly mission.
 Raging hate, and stubborn pride,
 Warlike cunning, life-long tried,
 Low before that presence died,
 For within her sainted heart
 Naught of these had formed a part.
 God had will'd the land to free;
 Handmaiden of God was she.

Ne'er so smooth a brow before
 Battle's darkening ensign wore;
 And 'twas still the gentle eye
 Wont when evening veil'd the sky,
 In the whispering shade to see
 Angels haunt the lonely tree.

VI.

Loud o'er Orleans' rampart swells
 Music from her steeple bell,
 Loud to France the triumph tells;
 And the vehement trumpets blending,
 With the shouts to heaven ascending,
 Hail the maid whom seraphs bless,
 Consecrated Championess!
 Sound from heart to heart that tingles,
 Echoing on without a pause;
 While her name like sunshine mingles
 With each breath a nation draws.
 All the land, with joy on fire,
 Blazes round the festal march,
 Till they meet the priestly choir
 Under Rheims' cathedral arch.
 Ancient towers, and cloisters hoary,
 Gleam and thrill above the king;
 Beauteous rite and blazon'd story
 On his crown their lustre fling,
 With an old resurgent glory,
 Laws and freedom hallowing.
 Therefore, baron, count, and peer,
 Priest and dame no more in fear,
 All assemble wondering here;
 And a sea of common men,
 Feasting all with greedy ken,
 Now behold, in pomp appear,
 Smiling, not without a tear,
 Joan, the dearest sight to see,
 First of all the chivalry,
 Bearing low her banner'd spear.

VII.

Dizzy with their full delight,
 All disperse ere comes the night.
 Charles and all his train are met,
 Revelling in royal hall;
 Shield and pennon o'er them set,
 Many a doubtful fight recall;
 And the throng'd and clanging town
 For the rescued land's renown,
 Keeps a sudden carnival.
 Ask ye, where the while is Joan?
 She within the minster lone,
 To the silent altar steals,
 And before it trembling kneels;
 And amid the shadows dim,
 Faithfully she prays to Him
 Who his light in dark reveals.
 Now again her home she sees,
 Domremy with all its trees,
 Where the ancient beech is growing,
 And the haunted fount is flowing,
 And the Meuse with equal sound
 Breathes its quiet all around.
 Won again by weeping prayer,
 Lo! her loved protectors there,
 Catherine mild, and Margaret fair.

Over them a light is streaming,
 On their gracious foreheads beaming,
 Effluence from an orb unseen,
 To which heaven is but a screen;
 All our human sight above,
 Not beyond our human love:
 And from thence she hears a voice
 That can make the dead rejoice;
 —“Give not way to pride or fear,
 For the end of all is near!”

VIII.

End with many tears implored!
 'Tis the sound of home restored!
 And as mounts the angel show,
 Gliding with them she would go,
 But again to stoop below,
 And, return'd to green Lorraine,
 Be a shepherd child again.
 Now the crown of Charles is won,
 Now the work of God is done,
 Angel wings, away! away!
 Lift her home by close of day,
 And upon her mother's breast
 Give her weary spirit rest.
 Then, with vernal thickets nigh,
 And the waters glistening by,
 In smooth valleys let her keep
 Undescried her quiet sheep.
 This the promise to the maid
 By the heavenly voice convey'd:
 Oh! how differing far the doom;
 Oh! how close the bloody tomb;
 Thus men hear, but not discern,
 What Heaven wills that they should learn;
 And the time and deed alone
 Make the eternal meaning known.

IX.

Wail, ye fields and woods of France!
 Rivers, dim your sunny glance!
 All of strong, and fair, and old
 That the eyes of men behold,
 Mountain gray, and hermit dell,
 Sun and stars unquenchable,
 Founts whose kisses woo the lea,
 Endless, many-flooded sea,
 All that witnesses a power
 To o'erawe the importunate hour,
 Human works devoutly wrought
 To unfold enduring thought,
 Shrines that seem the reverend birth
 Of an elder, holier earth,
 Mourn above your altars dear,
 Quaking with no godless fear!
 And, thou deepest heart of man,
 Home of love ere sin began,
 Faith prophetic, Mercy mild,
 Patriot passion undefiled,
 Mourn with righteous grief the day
 When was hush'd your choral lay
 When the hovering guardian band
 Of the liberated land,
 Radiant kings, were seen to wane,
 And were eyeless cloud again;
 When the foe, who far recoil'd,
 By a maiden's presence foil'd,

Rush'd again in grim despair
From his burning, bloody lair,
And made prey of her whose word
Was so oft a living sword.

X.

Woful end, and conflict long!
Stress of agonizing wrong!
In the black and stifling cell,
Watch'd by many a sentinel,
Not a saint is with her now,
Beaming light from locks and brow;
No melodious angel calls
Through the huge unshaken walls;
But the brutal sworder jeers,
Making merry at her tears,
And the priests her faith assail
Till it fears, but cannot fail.
So the hopeful cheer she wore
Like a robe of state before—
Branch, and leaf, and summer flower,
Perish from her hour by hour.
But the firm sustaining root
Dies not with the feathery shoot.
So survives her soul—but oh!
Fierce the closing gust of wo,
When beneath the eyes of day
Thousands gather round her way,
And a host in steel array;
When the captive, wan and lowly,
Walks beside her jailer slowly,
Till before the expectant pile
Weak she stands, with saddest smile;
And her steady tones reply
To the cowl'd tormentor's lie—
"God commanded me to go,
And I went, as well ye know,
To destroy my country's foe!"
While she clasps the saving rod
Fiercer swells the murderers' mood.
Till, through rising smoke and flame
Comes no sound but Jesu's name
Jesu—Jesu—oft renew'd,
Oft by stifling pain subdued.
Soon that cry is heard no more,
And the people, mute before,
Groan to heaven, for all is o'er.

XI.

Word untrue! That All can ne'er
Have its close and destiny here.
All that can be o'er on earth
Is the shifting cloudland's birth;
Dream and shadow, mist and error,
Joy unblest, and nightmare terror—
Passions blent in ghostly play,
Twinkling of a gusty day—
Glittering sights that vaguely roll,
Catch the eye, but mock the soul—
Griefs and hopes ill understood,
Tyrants of man's weaker mood,
Folly's loved, portentous brood—
These, and all the aims they cherish,
In their native tomb may perish.
Phantoms shapeless, huge, and wild,
That beset the greybeard child—

Loud usurpers, fierce and mean,
Ruling an unstable scene;
Blinding hate, and gnawing lust,
Lies that cheat our wiser trust,
These may cleave to formless dust;
But the earth, oppress'd so long
By the heavy steps of wrong,
Sends an awful voice on high
With a keen accusing cry,
And appeals to him whose lore
Tells—the All can ne'er be o'er.

XII.

Faithful maiden, gentle heart!
Thus our thoughts of grief depart;
Vanishes the place of death;
Sounds no more thy painful breath;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dews,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the arm'd destroyer.
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech crown'd meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Join'd with fame's selected few,
Those whom rumor never knew,
But no less to conscience true:
Each grave prophet, soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder time;
Bards with hidden fire possess'd,
Flashing from a wo-worn breast;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain.
Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled;
And with them the champion maid
Dwells in that serenest glade;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Fret her life's unearthly shore;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;
While above the immortal trees,
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies;
And more near, in tenderer light,
Honoured Catherine, Margart bright,
Agnes whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
 The host was idly spread,
 The dames around their watchfires met,
 Caroused, and fiercely fed.
 They feasted all on English food,
 And quaff'd the English ale,
 Their hearts leapt up with burning blood
 At each old Norseman tale.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
 And Guthrum, king of all,
 Devour'd the flesh of England's bees,
 And laugh'd at England's fall.
 Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
 In mail and wolf-skin clad,
 Their bracelets white with plunder'd pearl,
 Their eyes with triumph mad.

A mace beside each king and lord
 Was seen, with blood bestain'd;
 From golden cups upon the board
 Their kindling wine they drain'd.
 Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
 Sea-kings so hot for gore;
 Mid Selwood's oaks so dreadful host
 Ne'er burnt a track before.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
 And on to Tamar stream,
 Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
 Where Medway's waters gleam,—
 With hands of steel and mouths of flame
 They rag'd the kingdom through;
 And where the Norseman sickle came,
 No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
 With wealth of cities fair;
 They dragg'd from many a father's corse
 The daughter by her hair.
 And English slaves, and gems and gold,
 Were gather'd round the feast;
 Till midnight in their woodland hold,
 Oh! never that riot ceased.

In stalk'd a warrior tall and rude
 Before the strong sea-kings;
 "Ye lords and earls of Odin's brood,
 Without a harper sings.

He seems a simple man and poor,
 But well he sounds the lay,
 And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
 Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen, cold look,
 And glanced along the board,
 That with the shout and war-cry shook,
 Of many a Danish lord.

But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
 Soon bent on him their gaze,
 While calm he gaz'd, as if to learn
 Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake,—“Nay, gaze not thus
 Thou harper weak and poor!
 By Thor! who bandy looks with us,
 Must worse than looks endure.

Sing high the praise of Denmark's host,
 High praise each dauntless earl;
 The brave who stun this English coast
 With war's unceasing whirl."

The harper sat upon a block,
 Heap'd up with wealthy spoil,
 The wool of England's helpless flock,
 Whose blood had stain'd the soil.
 He sat and slowly bent his head,
 And touch'd aloud the string;
 Then raised his face, and boldly said,
 "Hear thou my lay, O king!

"High praise from all whose gift is song
 To him in slaughter tried,
 Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
 As if to meet his bride.
 High praise from every mouth of man
 To all who boldly strive,
 Who fall where first the fight began,
 And ne'er go back alive.

"But chief his fame be quick as fire,
 Be wide as is the sea,
 Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
 To keep his country free.
 To such, great earls, and mighty king!
 Shall praise in heaven belong;
 The starry harps their praise shall ring,
 And chime to mortal song.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,
 At famous Regnar's name!
 Who sank his host in bloody rout,
 When he to Humber came.
 His men were chased, his sons were slain,
 And he was left alone.
 They bound him in an iron chain
 Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him fast;
 With snakes they fill'd the hole,
 That made his flesh their long repast,
 And bit into his soul.
 The brood with many a poisonous fang
 The warrior's heart beset;
 While still he curs'd his foes, and sang
 His fierce but hopeless threat.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes?
 Why champ your teeth in pain?
 Still lives the song though Regnar dies!
 Fill high your cups again.
 Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen lords!
 Who fought and sway'd so long,
 Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
 And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands more
 Than that were Regnar lies.
 When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
 The sod must close your eyes.
 How soon, who knows? Not chief, nor bard;
 And yet to me 'tis given,
 To see your foreheads deeply scarr'd
 And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when, or how,
But earls and kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain!
When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful hall.

"Like God's own voice, in after years
Resounds the warrior's fame,
Whose deed his hopeless country cheers,
Who is its noblest name.
Drain down, O chiefs! the gladdening bowl!
The present hour is yours;
Let death to-morrow take the soul,
If joy to-day endures."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a groan,
And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.
And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no more
We hear thy boding lay;
Make drunk the song with spoil and gore;
Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song—
"To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
Earth cries my thirst is sore.—
More blithely twang the strings of bows
Than strings of harps in glee;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
Or rosy lips to me.

"Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshall'd powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair;
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl!
I would that I were there!

"'Tis sweet to live in honour'd might,
With true and fearless hand;
'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
Nor shrink before the brand.
But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
Unmoved to meet their frown,
And count with cheerful thought the woes
'That soon shall dash them down.'

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Roll'd fiercely round the throng;
It seem'd two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the song.
A golden cup king Guthrum gave
To him who strongly play'd;
And said, "I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England sway'd."
King Guthrum cried, "'T was Alfred's own;
Thy song befits the brave;
The king who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."

The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him your lord, oh shout ye all!
His meed be deathless praise!
The king who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days.
The king who dares not guard his throne,
May curses heap his head;
But hope and strength, be all his own
Whose blood is bravely shed."

"The praise thou speakest," Guthrum said,
"With sweetness fills mine ear;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the king,—
"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again,
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's power
Till I demand it then."

The harper turn'd and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;
And one who mark'd his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.
The Danes ne'er saw that harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp king Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

THE POET'S HOME.

In the cavern's lonely hall,
By the mighty waterfall,
Lives a spirit shy and still,
Whom the soften'd murmurs thrill,
Heard within the twilight nook,
Like the music of a brook.

Poet! thus sequester'd dwell,
In thy fancy's haunted cell,
That the floods abroad may be
Like a voice of peace to thee,
While thou giv'st to nature's tone
Soul and sweetness all thy own.

Hear, but, ah! intrust thee not
To the waves beyond thy grot,
Lest thy low and wizard strain
Warble through the storm in vain,
And thy dying songs deplore
Thou must see thy cave no more.

MIRABEAU.

Nor oft has peopled earth sent up
 So deep and wide a groan before,
 As when the word astounded France
 —“The life of Mirabeau is o’er!”
 From its one heart a nation wait’d,
 For well the startled sense divin’d
 A greater power had fled away
 Than aught that now remained behind.

The scathed and haggard face of will,
 And look so strong with weapon’d thought,
 Had been to many million hearts
 The All between themselves and naught;
 And so they stood aghast and pale,
 As if to see the azure sky
 Come shattering down, and show beyond
 The black and bare Infinity.

For he, while all men trembling peer’d
 Upon the Future’s empty space,
 Had strength to bid above the void
 The oracle unveil its face;
 And when his voice could rule no more,
 A thicker weight of darkness fell,
 And tomb’d in its sepulchral vault
 The wearied master of the spell.

A myriad hands like shadows weak,
 Or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
 Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass
 That bore his country’s life and laws;
 The rudder felt his giant hand,
 And quailed beneath the living grasp
 That now must drop the helm of fate,
 Nor pleasure’s cup can madly clasp.

France did not reck how fierce a storm
 Of rending passion, blind and grim,
 Had ceased its audible uproar
 When death sank heavily on him;
 Nor heeded they the countless days
 Of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
 That now by this one fatal hour
 Were summ’d for him as guilt and shame.

The wondrous life that flow’d so long
 A stream of all commixtures vile,
 Had seem’d for them in morning light
 With gold and crystal waves to smile.
 It roll’d with mighty breadth and sound
 A new creation through the land,
 Then sudden vanish’d into earth,
 And left a barren waste of sand.

To them at first the world appear’d
 Aground, and lying shipwreck’d there,
 And freedom’s folded flag no more
 With dazzling sun-burst filled the air;
 But ’tis in after years for men
 A sadder and a greater thing,
 To muse upon the inward heart
 Of him who lived the people’s king.

Oh! wasted strength! Oh! light and calm,
 And better hopes so vainly given!
 Like rain upon the herbless sea
 Poured down by too benignant heaven—

We see not stars unfix’d by winds,
 Or lost in aimless thunder-peals,
 But man’s large soul, the star supreme,
 In guideless whirl how oft it reels!

The mountain hears the torrent dash,
 But rocks will not in billows run;
 No eagle’s talons rend away
 Those eyes that joyous drink the sun;
 Yet man, by choice and purpose weak,
 Upon his own devoted head
 Calls down the flash, as if its fires
 A crown of peaceful glory shed.

Alas!—yet wherefore mourn? The law
 Is holier than a sage’s prayer;
 The godlike power bestow’d on men
 Demands of them a godlike care;
 And noblest gifts, if basely used,
 Will sternliest avenge the wrong,
 And grind with slavish pangs the slave
 Whom once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, mid the sacred cell,
 On heavenly forms its glory sheds,
 Untended dies, and in the gloom
 A poisonous vapor glimmering spreads.
 It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts
 Enormous through the twilight swell,
 Till o’er the wither’d world and heart
 Rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation’s shout
 Around the hero’s tread prevailing,
 No more I hear above his tomb
 A nation’s fierce bewilder’d wailing;
 I stand amid the silent night,
 And think of man and all his wo,
 With fear and pity, grief and awe,
 When I remember Mirabeau.

LOUIS XV.

THE king with all his kingly train
 Had left his Pompadour behind,
 And forth he rode in Senart’s wood,
 The royal beasts of chase to find.
 That day by chance the monarch mused,
 And turning suddenly away,
 He struck alone into a path
 That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
 Upon the brown untrodden earth;
 He saw the birds around him flit
 As if he were of peasant birth;
 He saw the trees that know no king
 But him who bears a woodland axe;
 He thought not, but he look’d about
 Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
 And glad of human sound was he,
 For truth to say he found himself
 A weight from which he fain would flee.

But that which he would ne'er have guess'd
Before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaim'd the king,
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a labourer in the wood,
And 't is a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The labourer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me friend, what accident
Can thus have kill'd our good Pierre?"
"Oh! nothing more than usual, sir,
He died of living upon air.
'T was hunger kill'd the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopp'd short, and then went on,—
"It is, you know, a common thing;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."
The king look'd hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurr'd to ask of Pompadour,
How came it that peasants died.

DÆDALUS.

WAIL for Dædalus all that is fairest!
All that is tuneful in air or wave!
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave!

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
Ye that glance mid ruins old,
That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
On many a moonlight Grecian wold!

By sculpture cave and speaking river,
Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs recall;
The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimm'd eye,
Though Dædalus thou no more commandest
New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base;
Their presence has made our nature glorious,
Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet;
Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere;
Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit;
In them their sire his beauty sees:
We too, a younger brood, inherit
The gifts and blessing bestow'd on these.

But ah! their wise and graceful seeming
Recalls the more that the sage is gone;
Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus thou from the twilight fleest,
Which thou with vision hast made so bright;
And when no more those shapes thou seest,
Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

E'en in the noblest of man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
When the seer is gone, the orphan'd nations
See but the tombs of perish'd powers.

Wail for Dædalus, earth and ocean!
Stars and sun, lament for him!
Ages quake, in strange commotion!
All ye realms of life, be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
From earth's deep centre mankind appal!
Seldom ye sound, and then death rejoices,
For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

THE AGES.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And lo! they all have flow'd away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pasture mix'd with rocks of gray;
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed
They crawl and tramp, and blend in strife.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,
A human form the prospect cheers,
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.
Half-clad in skins he builds the cell,
Where wife and child create a home;
To heaven he feels his spirit swell,
And owns a might beyond the dome.

How swiftly pass a thousand years!
And lo! a city and a realm;
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm:
Each man is lost amid a crowd;
Each power unknown now bears a name;
And laws, and feasts, and songs are loud,
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
 And now beside the rolling sea,
 Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
 The ready tribes are bold and free.
 The graceful shrine adorns the hill ;
 The square of council spreads below ;
 Their theatres a people fill,
 And list to thought's impassion'd flow.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
 We live amid a sterner land,
 Where laws ordain'd by ancient seers
 Have train'd the soul to self-command.
 There pride, and policy, and war,
 With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
 And bound at their triumphal car,
 O'er-master'd kings to darkness go.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
 And chivalry and faith are strong ;
 And through devotion's humble tears
 Is seen high help for earthly wrong :
 Fair gleams the cross with mystic light
 Beneath an arch of woven gloom,
 The burgher's pledge of civil right,
 The sign that marks the monarch's tomb.

How swift the years ! how great the chain
 That drags along our slight to-day !
 Before that sound returns again
 The present will have stream'd away ;
 And all our world of busy strength
 Will dwell in calmer halls of time ;
 And then with joy will own at length,
 Its course is fix'd, its end sublime.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
 Feeds him still with corn and wine ;
 He who best would aid a brother,
 Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;
 Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
 Golden ear and cluster'd wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
 Is the royal task of man ;
 Man's a king, his throne is duty,
 Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
 These, like man, are fruits of earth ;
 Stamp'd in clay, a heavenly mintage,
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
 Earthly goods for earthly lives,
 These are nature's ancient pleasures,
 These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
 If from earth we sought to flee !
 'T is our stored and ample dwelling
 'T is from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
 Land and water, sun and shade,
 Work with these, as bids thy reason,
 For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness !
 Man himself is all a seed ;
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

THE PENITENT.

WITHIN a dark monastic cell
 A monk's pale corpse was calmly laid,
 Peace on his lips was seen to dwell,
 And light above the forehead play'd.
 Upon the stone beneath his hand
 Was found a small and written scroll,
 And he whose eye the record scann'd
 From this dim part must guess the whole.

"There comes a thought at dead of night,
 And bids the shapes of sleep be gone,
 A thought that's more than thought, a sight
 On which the sun has never shone.

"A pale, stern face, and sterner far,
 Because it is a woman's face ;
 It gleams a waning worn-out star,
 That once was bright with morning grace.

"An icy vision, calm, and cold,
 The sprite of vanish'd hours it seems ;
 It brings to me the times of old,
 That look like, but that are not, dreams.

"It brings back sorrows long gone by,
 And folly stain'd not wash'd with tears ;
 Years fall away like leaves, and die—
 And life's bare bony stem appears.

"Dark face ! Thou art not all a shade
 That fancy bids beside me be ;
 The blood, that once in passion play'd
 Through my young veins, beat high for thee.

"Now changed and wither'd all ! My sighs
 Round thee have breathed a sicklier air,
 And sad before my saddening eyes
 Thou showest the hues of my despair.

"Still prayers are strong, and God is good ;
 Man is not made for endless ill,
 Dear sprite ! my soul's tormented mood
 Has yet a hope thou caust not kill.

"Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
 The grave in which the past is laid ;
 And close to faith's old minster towers,
 The cross lights up the ghostly shade.

"Around its foot the shapes of fear,
 Whose eyes my weaker heart appal,
 As sister suppliants thrill the ear
 With cries that loud for mercy call.

"Thou, God, wilt hear ! Thy pangs are meant
 To heal the spirit, not destroy ;
 And fiends from hell for vengeance sent,
 When thou commandest, work for joy."

THE MOSS ROSE.

Moss rose on mossy stone,
Flowering mid the ruins lone,
I have learnt, beholding thee,
Youth and age may well agree.

Baby germ of freshest hue,
Out of ruin issuing new;
Moss a long laborious growth
And one stalk supporting both:

Thus may still, while fades the past,
Life come forth again as fast;
Happy if the relics sere
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,
And the heart, unshelter'd, dies;
Kill within the nursing flower,
Scarce the green survives an hour.

Ever thus together live,
And to man a lesson give,
Moss, the work of vanished years,
Rose, that but to-day appears.

Moss, that covers dateless tombs;
Bud with early sweet that blooms;
Childhood thus, in happy rest,
Lies on ancient wisdom's breast.

Moss and rose, and age and youth,
Flush and verdure, hope and truth,
Yours be peace that knows not strife,
One the root and one the life.

THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN.

Oh! rest, my baby, rest!
The day
Is glowing down the west;
Now tired of sunny play
Upon thy mother's breast
Oh! rest, my darling, rest!

Thou first-born child of man,
In thee
New joy for us began,
Which seem'd all dead to be,
When that so needful ban
From Eden exiled man.

But more than Paradise
Was ours,
When thou with angel eyes,
Amid our blighted flowers
Wast born, a heavenly prize
Unknown in Paradise.

My happy garden, thou,
Where I
Make many a hopeful vow,
And every hour espy
New bloom on each young bough;
My sinless tree art thou.

I fearless reap thy fruit
Of bliss;
And I who am thy root,
Am to the air to kiss
The gleams that o'er thee shoot;
And fed, I feed thy fruit.

Thy father's form and pride
And thought,
In thee yet undescried,
Shall soon be fully wrought,
Grow tall, and bright, and wide,
In thee our hope and pride.

Nay, do not stir, my child,
Be still;
In thee is reconciled
To man heaven's righteous will.
To thee the curse is mild,
And smites not thee, my child.

To us our sin has borne
Its doom.
From light dethroned and torn,
'T was ours to dwell in gloom;
But thou, a better morn,
By that dark night art borne.

Thou shalt, my child, be free
From sin,
Nor taste the fatal tree,
For thou from us shalt win
A wisdom cheap to thee;
So thou from ill be free!

My bird, my flower, my star,
My boy!
My all things fair that are,
My spring of endless joy,
From thee is heaven not far,
From thee, its earthly star.

So, darling, shalt thou grow
A man,
While we shall downward go,
Descend each day a span,
And sink beneath the wo
Of deaths from sin that grow.

And thou, perhaps, shalt see
A race
Brought forth by us, like thee;
Thou strength like thine, and grace,
In none shall ever be
Of all whom earth can see.

And thou amid mankind
Shalt move
With glorious form and mind,
In holiness and love;
And all in thee shall find
The bliss of all mankind.

Then rest, my child, oh rest!
The day
Has darken'd down the west.
Thou dream the night away
Upon thy mother's breast;
Oh! rest, my darling, rest!

MRS. MACLEAN.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was born in London, on the fourteenth day of August, 1802. Her father, who was of a respectable Herefordshire family, died when she was very young, and his widow and children were left in a great degree dependent upon the exertions of LETITIA, whose habit of writing had commenced in childhood, and who now exhibited indications of that genius which soon made her initial signature of L. E. L. everywhere familiar.

Her first appearance as a poet was in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, to which she was long a frequent contributor; and her first volume was *The Fate of Adelaide*, a Swiss romantic tale, published in her eighteenth year. In the spring of 1824 it was followed by the *Improvisatrice* and other Poems, and about the same time began her permanent connection with periodical literature and criticism. The constant and exhausting drain of the press she bore with cheerfulness, and her duties were fulfilled carefully and earnestly. For fourteen years she was one of the most industrious and successful authors of England. In this period, besides her reviews, essays, and other contributions to literary journals, she wrote three novels, *Romance and Reality*, *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethel Churchill*; and *The Troubadour*, the *Venetian Bracelet*, the *Golden Violet*, the *Vow of the Peacock*, and several volumes of shorter poems. Mr. BLANCHARD, her biographer, remarks of her opinions of books and authors, that there may be seen in them the results of much miscellaneous reading, research in several foreign languages, and acuteness and brilliancy of remark, with hastiness of judgment and prejudiced and inconclusive views, but no ungenerous or vindictive sentiment or trace of an unkindly or interested feeling. She often went far out of her way, indeed, to recommend the productions of rivals who abused her; and towards those by whom she conceived herself obliged, though in the slightest degree, she was ever ready to act the friend where she should have been the critic only. Her failings as a reviewer leaned to virtue's side; and the

young writer, with but a spark of the poetic fire in his lines, was as sure of a gentle sentence, of appreciation and sympathy, as the established favourite of a grateful welcome, and an honouring tribute.

Many of her poems were in their nature ephemeral; but others, especially those of later years, were written with care, and are distinguished for true feeling and a delicate fancy. From the beginning she sung in songs of a sad tone of love; nearly all her works are pervaded by a gentle and touching melancholy; yet she is said to have been as gay as she was brilliant, delighting her friends by her apparent happiness as well as by her genial wit. But they who write most rapidly write oftenest from the heart, and the solitary musings of the study are more real than the manner or the opinions exhibited in society. Miss LANDON became, with what reason we cannot tell, the subject of harsh judgments by the world; her associates "began to wish her health and happiness in set terms;" and she gave expression to disappointment, impatience, and scorn, in writings of too genuine a stamp to be regarded as the issues of only imagination. Yet she had many intimate and unchanging friends, among whom were some of the most eminent of her contemporaries.

In June, 1833, Miss LANDON was married to Captain GEORGE MACLEAN, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and soon afterward left England for Africa. On arriving at her new home she wrote letters to her friends in London, which told of happiness and cheerful anticipations, but they were followed soon by intelligence of her death. A mystery hangs over her last days. There were rumours of suicide and of poisoning. According to the verdict of a coroner, her death was caused by prussic acid, taken in too large a quantity, to cure some slight disease.

The career of Mrs. MACLEAN commenced brilliantly, but the promise of her earlier efforts was scarcely fulfilled in her subsequent productions, which were generally written under circumstances that prevented study and elaboration. She had a deep feeling of affec-

tion, a lively fancy, a fine eye for the picturesque, and an unusual command of poetical language; and notwithstanding the haste and carelessness with which she wrote, she was improving in taste and execution, and would probably have gained a far higher reputation had she lived a few more years. With all

her faults she will be remembered as one of the sweetest poets of the age.

Many of the poems of Mrs. MACLEAN have been often reprinted in this country; but the most complete American edition of her works is that of Carey and Hart, in three large octavo volumes.

THE FACTORY.

'Tis an accursed thing.

THERE rests a shade above yon town,
A dark, funereal shroud:
'Tis not the tempest hurrying down,
'Tis not a summer cloud.

The smoke that rises on the air
Is as a type and sign;
A shadow flung by the despair
Within those streets of thine.

That smoke shuts out the cheerful day,
The sunset's purple hues,
The moonlight's pure and tranquil ray,
The morning's pearly dews.

Such is the moral atmosphere
Around thy daily life;
Heavy with care, and pale with fear,
With future tumult rife.

There rises on the morning wind
A low, appealing cry,
A thousand children are resign'd
To sicken and to die!

We read of Moloch's sacrifice,
We sicken at the name,
And seem to hear the infant cries—
And yet we do the same;—

And worse—'twas but a moment's pain
The heathen altar gave,
But we give years,—our idol, gain,
Demands a living grave!

How precious is the little one
Before his mother's sight,
With bright hair dancing in the sun,
And eyes of azure light!

He sleeps as rosy as the south,
For summer days are long;
A prayer upon his little mouth,
Lull'd by his nurse's song.

Love is around him, and his hours
Are innocent and free;
His mind essays its early powers
Beside his mother's knee.

When after-years of trouble come,
Such as await man's prime,
How will he think of that dear home,
And childhood's lovely time!

And such should childhood ever be,
The fairy well; to bring
To life's worn, weary memory
The freshness of its spring.

But here the order is reversed,
And infancy, like age,
Knows of existence, but its worst,
One dull and darken'd page;—

Written with tears and stamp'd with toil,
Crush'd from the earliest hour,
Weeds darkening on the bitter soil
That never knew a flower.

Look on yon child, it droops the head,
It's knees are bow'd with pain;
It mutters from its wretched bed,
"Oh, let me sleep again!"

Alas! 'tis time, the mother's eyes
Turn mournfully away;
Alas! 'tis time, the child must rise,
And yet it is not day.

The lantern's lit—she hurries forth,
The spare cloak's scanty fold
Scarce screens her from the snowy north,
The child is pale and cold.

And wearily the little hands
Their task accustom'd ply;
While daily, some 'mid those pale bands
Droop, sicken, pine, and die.

Good God! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No careless play, no frolics wild,
No words of prayer and praise!

Man from the cradle—'tis too soon
To earn their daily bread,
And heap the heat and toil of noon
Upon an infant's head.

To labour ere their strength be come,
Or starve,—is such the doom
That makes of many an English home
One long and living tomb?

Is there no pity from above,—
No mercy in those skies;
Hath then the heart of man no love,
To spare such sacrifice?

O England! though thy tribute waves
Proclaim thee great and free,
While those small children pine like slaves,
There is a curse on thee!

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,
 Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not
 to know,
 Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon
 quiver,
 Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,
 Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
 The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
 As though 'twere enamour'd itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like hope, in its noontide hour
 slumbers
 On the stream, as it loved the bright place of
 its rest;
 And its waves pass in song, as the sea-shell's soft
 numbers [best.
 Had given to those waters their sweetest and

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and
 sunny;
 There the first birth of violets' odour-showers
 weep—
 There the bee heaps his earliest treasures of honey,
 Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their
 prison,
 The waters fling gayly their spray to the sun;
 Who can tell me from whence that glad river has
 risen? [not one.
 Who can say whence it springs in its beauty!—

O my heart, and my song, which is as my heart's
 flowing, [own!
 Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine
 Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,
 Who cares for the lips from whence issue the
 tone?

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
 Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came:
 'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will in-
 herit
 The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

Bring thee to my mystic feast,
 Each one thou lovest is gather'd there;
 Yet put thou on a mourning robe
 And bind the cypress in thy hair.
 The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
 The board with fairest flowers is spread;
 Shadows of beauty flit around,
 But beauty from which bloom has fled;
 And music echoes from the walls,
 But music with a dirgelike sound;
 And pale and silent are the guests,
 And every eye is on the ground.
 Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
 And drink to human hopes and fears;
 'Tis from their native element,
 The cup is fill'd—it is of tears.

What, turn'st thou with averted brow?
 Thou scornest this poor feast of mine;
 And askest for a purple robe,
 Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.
 In vain—the veil has left thine eyes,
 Or such these would have seem'd to thee;
 Before thee is the Feast of Life,
 But life in its reality!

EXPERIENCE.

My very heart is fill'd with tears! I seem
 As I were struggling under some dark dream,
 Which roughly bore me down life's troubled stream.

The past weighs heavily upon my soul,
 A tyrant mastering me with stern control;
 The present has no rest—the future has no goal.

For what can be again but what has been?
 Soon the young leaf forgets its early green,
 And shadows with our sunshine intervene.

Quench'd is the spirit's morning wing of fire;
 We calculate where once we could aspire,
 And the high hope sets in some low desire.

Experience has rude lessons, and we grow
 Like what we have been taught too late to know,
 And yet we hate ourselves for being so.

Our early friends, where are they? rather, where
 The fond belief that actual friends there were,
 Not cold and false as all must find they are?

We love—may have been loved—but ah! how faint
 The love that withers of its earthly taint,
 To what our first sweet visions used to paint!

How have we been deceived, forgotten, flung
 Back on our trusting selves—the heart's core wrung
 By some fond faith to which we weakly clung.

Alas! our kindest feelings are the root
 Of all experience's most bitter fruit;
 They waste the life whose charm they constitute.

At length they harden, and we feel no more
 All that was felt so bitterly before,
 But with the softness is the sweetness o'er.

Of things we once enjoy'd how few remain!
 Youth's flowers are flung behind us, and in vain
 We would stoop down to gather them again.

Why do we think of this? bind the red wreath—
 Float down Time's water to the viol's breath,
 Wot not what those cold billows hide beneath.

We cannot do this: from the sparkling brink
 Drops the glad rose, and the bright waters shrink;
 While in the midst of mirth we pause to think;

And if we think—we sadden: thought and grief
 Are vow'd companions: while we turn the leaf
 It darkens, for the brilliant is the brief.

Ah! then, farewell, ye lovely things that brought
 Your own Elysium hither! overwrought
 The spirit wearies with the weight of thought.

Our better nature pineth—let it be!
 Thou human soul—earth is no home for thee;
 Thy starry rest is in eternity!

THE CARRIER-PIGEON RETURNED.

SUNSET has flung its glory o'er the floods,
 That wind amid Ionia's myrtle woods,
 Sunset that dies a conqueror in its splendour;
 But the warm crimson ray
 Has almost sunk away
 Beneath a purple twilight faint and tender.

Soft are the hues around the marble fanes,
 Whose marble shines amid the wooded planes;
 Fanés where a false but lovely creed was kneeling,
 A creed that held divine
 All that was but a sign,
 The outward to the inward world appealing.

Earth was a child, and child-like in those hours,
 Full of fresh feelings, and scarce conscious powers,
 Around its own impatient beauty flinging;
 These young believings were
 Types of the true and fair,
 The holy faith that time was calmly bringing.

Still to those woods, with ruins fill'd, belong
 The ancient immortality of song,
 Names and old words whose music is undying,
 Yet do they haunt the heart
 With its divinest part,
 The past that to the present is replying.

The purple ocean far beneath her feet,
 The wild thyme on the fragrant hill her seat,
 As in the days of old there leans a maiden,
 Many have watch'd before
 The breaking waves ashore,
 Faint with uncounted moments sorrow-laden.

With cold and trembling hand
 She has undone the band
 Around the carrier-pigeon just alighted,
 And instant dies away
 The transitory ray
 From the dark eye it had one instant lighted.

The sickness of a hope too long deferr'd
 Sinks on her heart, it is no longer stirr'd
 By the quick presence of the sweet emotion,
 Sweet even unto pain,
 With which she sees again
 Her bird come sweeping o'er the purple ocean.

Wo for the watcher, still it doth not bring
 A letter nestled fragrant 'neath its wing;
 There is no answer to her fond inquiring,
 Again, and yet again,
 No letter o'er the main
 Quiets the anxious spirit's fond desiring.

Down the ungather'd darkness of her hair
 Floats, like a pall that covers her despair,
 What woman's care hath she in her adorning;
 The noontide's sultry hours
 Have wither'd the white flowers,
 Binding its dark lengths in the early morning.

All day her seat hath been beside the shore,
 Watching for him who will return no more;
 He thinks not of her or her weary weeping.
 Absence, it is thy lot
 To be too soon forgot,
 Or to leave memory but to one sad keeping.

Oh, folly of a loving heart that clings
 With desperate faith, to which each moment brings
 Quick and faint gleams an instant's thought must
 smother;
 And yet finds mocking scope
 For some unreal hope,
 Which would appear despair to any other!

She knows the hopelessness of what she seeks,
 And yet as soon as rosy morning breaks,
 Doth she unloose her pigeon's silken fetter;
 But through the twilight air
 No more its pinions bear,
 What once so oft they brought, the false one's letter.

The harvest of the summer rose is spread,
 But lip and cheek with her have lost their red;
 There is the paleness of the soul's consuming—
 Fretfully day by day
 In sorrow worn away;
 Youth, joy, and bloom have no more sure entombing.

It is a common story which the air
 Has had around the weary world to bear,
 That of the trusting spirit's vain accusing;
 Yet once how firm and fond
 Seem'd the eternal bond
 That now a few brief parted days are loosing.

Close to her heart the weary pigeon lies,
 Gazing upon her with its earnest eyes,
 Which seem to ask—Why are we thus neglected?
 It is the still despair
 Of passion forced to bear
 Its deep and tender offering rejected.

Poor girl! her soul is heavy with the past;
 Around the shades of night are falling fast;
 Heavier still the shadow passing o'er her.
 The maiden will no more
 Watch on the sea-beat shore—
 The darkness of the grave is now before her.

SUCCESS ALONE SEEN.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold
 The goal achieved;—the warrior, when his sword
 Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;
 The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;
 The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
 And mould opinion, on his gifted tongue:
 They count not life's first steps, and never think
 Upon the many miserable hours
 When hope deferr'd was sickness to the heart.
 They reckon not the battle and the march,
 The long privations of a wasted youth;
 They never see the banner till unfurl'd.
 What are to them the solitary nights
 Past pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,
 Till the young poet wins the world at last
 To listen to the music long his own!
 The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
 That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
 Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
 Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
 Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
 Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

STANZAS.

On, no! my heart can never be
 Again in lightest hopes the same;
 The love that lingers there for thee
 Has more of ashes than of flame.

Still deem not but that I am yet
 As much as ever all thine own;
 Though now the soul of love be set
 On a heart chill'd almost to stone.

And can you marvel? only look
 On all that heart has had to bear—
 On all that it has yet to brook,
 And wonder then at its despair.

Oh, love is destiny, and mine
 Has long been struggled with in vain;
 Victim or votary, at thy shrine
 There I am vow'd—there must remain.

My first—my last—my only love,
 Oh blame me not for that I dwell
 On all that I have had to prove
 Of Love's despair, of Hope's farewell.

I think upon mine early dreams,
 When youth, hope, joy, together sprung;
 The gushing forth of mountain streams,
 On which no shadow had been flung.

When love seem'd only meant to make
 A sunshine on life's silver seas,—
 Alas, that we should ever wake,
 And wake to weep o'er dreams like these!

I loved, and love was like to me
 The spirit of a fairy tale,
 When we have but to wish, and be
 Whatever wild wish may prevail.

I deem'd that love had power to part
 The chains and blossoms of life's thrall,
 Make an Elysium of the heart,
 And shed its influence over all.

I link'd it with all lovely things,
 Beautiful pictures, tones of song,
 All those pure, high imaginings,
 That but in thought to earth belong.

And all that was unreal became
 Reality when blent with thee—
 It was but colouring that flame,
 More than a lava flood to me.

I was not happy—love forbade
 Peace by its feverish restlessness;
 But this was sweet, and then I had
 Hope, which relies on happiness.

I need not say how, one by one,
 Love's flowers have dropp'd from off love's chain;
 Enough to say that they are gone,
 And that they cannot bloom again.

I know not what the pangs may be
 That hearts betray'd or slighted prove—
 I speak but of the misery
 That waits on fond and mutual love.

The torture of an absent hour,
 When doubts mock reason's faint control;
 'Tis fearful thinking of the power
 Another holds upon our soul!

To think another has in thrall
 All of life's best and dearest part;
 Our hopes, affections, trusted all
 To that frail bark—the human heart.

To yield thus to another's reign;
 To live but in another's breath—
 To double all life's powers of pain—
 To die twice in another's death;

While these things present to me seem,
 And what can now the past restore,
 Love as I may, yet I can dream
 Of happiness in love no more.

NECESSITY.

Is the ancestral presence of the dead
 Sits a lone power—a veil upon the head,
 Stern with the terror of an unseen dread.

It sitteth cold, immutable, and still,
 Girt with eternal consciousness of ill,
 And strong and silent as its own dark will.

We are the victims of its iron rule,
 The warm and beating human heart its tool;
 And man, immortal, godlike, but its fool.

We know not of its presence, though its power
 Be on the gradnal round of every hour,
 Now flinging down an empire, now a flower.

And all things small and careless are its own,
 Unwittingly the seed minute is sown,
 The tree of evil out of it is grown.

At times we see and struggle with our chain,
 And dream that somewhat we are freed, in vain;
 The mighty fetters close on us again.

We mock our actual strength with lofty thought,
 And towers that look into the heavens are wrought,
 But after all our toil the task is naught.

Down comes the stately fabric, and the sands
 Are scatter'd with the work of myriad hands,
 High o'er whose pride the fragile wild-flower stands.

Such are the wreck of nations and of kings,
 Far in the desert, where the palm-tree springs;
 'Tis the same story in all meaner things.

The heart builds up its hopes, though not address'd
 To meet the sunset glories of the west,
 But garner'd in some still, sweet-singing nest.

But the dark power is on its noiseless way,
 The song is silent so sweet yesterday,
 And not a green leaf lingers on the spray.

We mock ourselves with freedom and with hope,
 The while our feet glide down life's faithless slope;
 One has no strength, the other has no scope.

So we are flung on time's tumultuous wave,
 Forced there to struggle, but denied to save,
 Till the stern tide ebbs—and there is the grave.

MEMORY.

I do not say bequeath unto my soul
 Thy memory, I rather ask forgetting;
 Withdraw, I pray, from me thy strong control,
 Leave something in the wide world worth regretting.

I need my thoughts for other things than thee,
 I dare not let thine image fill them only;
 The hurried happiness it wakes in me
 Will leave the hours that are to come more lonely.

I live not like the many of my kind;
 Mine is a world of feelings and of fancies,
 Fancies whose rainbow-empire is the mind,
 Feelings that realize their own romances.

To dream and to create has been my fate,
 Alone, apart from life's more busy scheming;
 I fear to think that I may find too late
 Vain was the toil, and idle was the dreaming.

Have I uprear'd my glorious pyre of thought
 Up to the heavens, but for my own entombing?
 The fair and fragrant things that years have brought,
 Must they be gather'd for my own consuming?

Oh! give me back the past that took no part
 In the existence it was but surveying;
 That knew not then of the awaken'd heart
 Amid the life of other lives decaying.

Why should such be mine own? I sought it not:
 More than content to live apart and lonely,
 The feverish tumult of a loving lot
 Is what I wish'd, and thought to picture only.

Surely the spirit is its own free will;
 What should o'ermaster mine to vain complying
 With hopes that call down what they bring of ill,
 With fears to their own questioning replying?

In vain, in vain! Fate is above us all;
 We struggle, but what matters our endeavour?
 Our doom is gone beyond our own recall,
 May we deny or mitigate it? never!

And what art thou to me, thou who dost wake
 The mind's still depths with trouble and repining?
 Nothing; though all things now thy likeness take;
 Nothing, and life has nothing worth resigning.

Ah, yes! one thing, thy memory; though grief
 Watching the expiring beam of hope's last ember;
 Life had one hour, bright, beautiful, and brief,
 And now its only task is to remember.

RESOLVES.

WHAT mockeries are our most firm resolves;
 To will is ours, but not to execute.
 We map our future like some unknown coast,
 And say, "Here is a harbour, here a rock—
 The one we will attain, the other shun:"
 And we do neither. Some chance gale springs up
 And bears us far o'er some unfathom'd sea;
 Our efforts are all vain; at length we yield
 To winds and waves that laugh at man's control.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

We might have been! these are but common words,
 And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
 They are the echo of those finer chords,
 Whose music life deplores when unavailing.
 We might have been!

We might have been so happy! says the child,
 Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
 When the green rushes mid the marshes wild,
 And rosy fruits, attend the radiant comer.
 We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
 When first experience, sad experience, teaches
 What fallacies we have believed for truth,
 And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.
 We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are
 Had we but known the bitter path before us;
 But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,
 What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?
 We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
 The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;
 The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,
 It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking—
 We might have been!

And when, warm with the heaven that gave it birth,
 Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour
 Elysian,
 The last fair angel lingering on our earth,
 The shadow of what thought obscures the vision?
 We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,
 Too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens;
 The star which is our fate springs up above,
 And we but say, while round the vapour thickens,
 We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery; the rest
 Are single sorrows, but in this are blended
 All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
 The light that was our loveliest is ended.
 We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
 A sealed book at whose contents we tremble?
 A still voice mutters mid our misery,
 The worst to hear, because it must dissemble—
 We might have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours,
 And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
 For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
 Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
 We might have been!

The future never renders to the past
 The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping;
 Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
 On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
 We might have been!

A LONG WHILE AGO.

STILL hangeth down the old accustom'd willow,
 Hiding the silver underneath each leaf,
 So drops the long hair from some maiden pillow,
 When midnight heareth the else silent grief;
 There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign
 Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,
 The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
 As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd
 A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging [noon—
 From the wild thyme when they have pass'd thro'
 There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,
 Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune;
 Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadows,
 As the west wind bends down the long green grass,
 Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadows
 Of the light clouds past as they went to pass
 A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather
 To bind a young fair brow no longer fair;
 Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,
 To be so sunny, with the loved one where?
 'Tis not her voice—'tis not her step—that lingers
 In the lone familiar sweetness on the wind;
 The bee, the bird, are now the only singers—
 Where is the music once with their's combined
 A long while ago?

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hands perish'd
 Is she who only hath a memory here.
 She was so much a part of us, so cherish'd,
 So young, that even love forgot to fear.
 Now is her image paramount, it reigneth
 With a sad strength that time may not subdue;
 And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
 As the slow looks we cast around renew
 A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
 The tree with green leaves, and the ground with
 flowers;
 Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
 The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
 It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
 Of nature's changeless loveliness, and feel [ing
 That, with the sunshine round, the heart is dream—
 Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,
 A long while ago.

Ah! visit not the scenes where youth and childhood
 Pass'd years that deepen'd as those years went by;
 Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—
 There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
 Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
 Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree:
 I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
 Things that are not—and yet that used to be—
 A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruin'd altar;
 Where are the friends, and where the faith of yore?
 My eyes grow dim with tears, my footsteps falter,
 Thinking of those whom I can love no more.

We change, and others change, while recollection
 Would fain renew what it can but recall.
 Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
 And cold its hopes, and yet I felt them all
 A long while ago.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

CAN you forget me? I who have so cherish'd
 The veriest trifle that was memory's link;
 The roses that you gave me, although perish'd,
 Were precious in my sight; they made me think
 You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
 From the warm shelter of the garden wall;
 Autumn, while into languid winter drooping
 Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
 Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? I am not relying
 On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth;
 Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth;
 But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
 When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
 When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of sad—
 And then unconsciously grow glad again. [ness,
 Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended:
 At least it sought to blend itself with thine;
 My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seem'd end'd;
 Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's
 shrine.

Can you forget me? when the firelight burning,
 Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
 How would thy words, to long past moments turning,
 Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy gloom!
 Can you forget them?

There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
 And heaven itself could scarcely seem more true,
 Sadly have I awaken'd from the dreaming,
 Whose charmed slumber, false one! was of you.
 I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping—
 I had no thought I did not seek to share;
 Feelings that hush'd within my soul were sleeping,
 Waked into voice to trust them to thy care.
 Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking
 The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.
 Too well I know the idleness of asking—
 The misery—of why am I forgot!
 The happy hours that I have pass'd while kneeling
 Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.
 —But what to thee this passionate appealing—
 Let my heart break—it is a common case.
 You have forgotten me.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL!

Shadows and scenes that have, for many hours,
 Been my companions; I part from ye like friends—
 Dear and familiar ones—with deep sad thoughts,
 And hopes, almost misgivings!

CALYPSO WATCHING THE OCEAN.

YEARS, years have pass'd away,
 Since to yonder fated bay
 Did the hero come.
 Years, years have pass'd the while
 Since he left the lovely isle
 For his Grecian home.
 He is with the dead—but she
 Weepeth on eternally
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

Downwards floateth her bright hair,
 Fair—how exquisitely fair!
 But it is unbound.
 Never since that parting hour
 Golden band or rosy flower
 In it has been wound!
 There it droopeth sadly bright,
 In the morning's sunny light,
 On the lone and lovely island
 In the far off southern seas.

Like a marble statue placed,
 Looking o'er the watery waste,
 With its white fix'd gaze;
 There the goddess sits, her eye
 Raised to the un pitying sky:
 So uncounted days
 Has she ask'd of yonder main,
 Him it will not bring again
 To the lone and lovely island
 In the far off southern seas.

To that stately brow is given
 Loveliness that sprung from heaven—
 Is, like heaven, bright:
 Never there may time prevail,
 But her perfect face is pale;
 And a troubled light
 Tells of one who may not die,
 Vex'd with immortality,
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

Desolate beside that strand,
 Bow'd upon her cold, white hand,
 Is her radiant head;
 Silently she sitteth there,
 While her large eyes on the air
 Traced the much-loved dead:
 Eyes that know not tears nor sleep,
 Would she not be glad to weep,
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

Far behind, the fragrant pile
 Sends its odours through the isle;
 And the winds that stir
 In the poplars are imbued
 With the cedar's precious wood,
 With incense and with myrrh,
 Till the azure waves beneath
 Bear away the scented breath
 Of the lone and lovely island
 In the far off southern seas.

But no more does that perfume
 Hang around the purple loom
 Where Calypso wove
 Threads of gold with curious skill,
 Singing at her own sweet will
 Ancient songs of love;
 Weary on the sea-wash'd shore,
 She will sing those songs no more.
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

From the large green leaves escape
 Clusters of the blooming grape;
 Round the shining throne
 Still the silver fountains play,
 Singing on through night and day,
 But they sing alone:
 Lovely in their early death,
 No one binds a violet wreath,
 In the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

Love and Fate—oh, fearful pair!
 Terrible in strength ye are;
 Until ye had been,
 Happy as a summer night,
 Conscious of its own sweet light,
 Was that Island-queen.
 Would she could forget to grieve,
 Or that she could die, and leave
 The lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

She is but the type of all,
 Mortal or celestial,
 Who allow the heart,
 In its passion and its power,
 On some dark and fated hour,
 To assert its part.
 Fate attends the steps of Love,
 Both brought misery from above
 To the lone and lovely island
 Mid the far off southern seas.

DESPONDENCY.

Ah, tell me not that memory
 Sheds gladness o'er the past;
 What is recall'd by faded flowers,
 Save that they did not last?
 Were it not better to forget,
 Than but remember and regret?
 Look back upon your hours of youth—
 What were your early years,
 But scenes of childish cares and griefs?
 And say not childish tears
 Were nothing; at that time they were
 More than the young heart well could bear.
 Go on to riper years, and look
 Upon your sunny spring;
 And from the wrecks of former years,
 What will your memory bring?
 Affections wasted, pleasures fled,
 And hopes now number'd with the dead!

THE WRONGS OF LOVE.

ALAS, how bitter are the wrongs of love!
 Life has no other sorrow so acute:
 For love is made of every fine emotion,
 Of generous impulses, and noble thoughts;
 It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;
 It nestles mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.
 Love is aspiring, yet is humble, too:
 It doth exalt another o'er itself,
 With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise
 That which it worships; yet is fain to win
 The idol to its lone and lowly home
 Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck
 When such hopes perish. From that moment, life
 Has in its depths a well of bitterness,
 For which there is no healing.

THE OLD TIMES.

Do you recall what now is living only
 Amid the memories garner'd at the heart?
 The quiet garden, quiet and so lonely,
 Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?
 When we had gather'd cowslips in the meadow
 We used to bear them to the ancient seat,
 Moss-grown, beneath the apple-tree's soft shadow,
 Which flung its rosy blossoms at our feet,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

Ne'er was the well o'er whose damp walls were
 weeping
 Stonecrop, and grounseel, and pale yellow flowers,
 While o'er the banks the strawberry plants were
 creeping
 In the white beauty of June's earliest hours.
 The currant-bush and lilac grew together;
 The bean's sweet breath was blended with the
 Alike rejoicing in the pleasant weather [rose;
 That brought the bloom to these, the fruit to those,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

There was no fountain over marble falling;
 But the bees murmur'd one perpetual song,
 Like soothing waters, and the birds were calling
 Amid the fruit-tree blossoms all day long;
 Upon the sunny grass-plot stood the dial,
 Whose measured time strange contrast with ours
 Ah! was it omen of life's after trial, [made:
 That even then the hours were told in shade,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times?

But little reck'd we then of those sick fancies
 To which in after life the spirit yields:
 Our world was of the fairies and romances
 With which we wander'd o'er the summer fields;
 Then did we question of the down-balls blowing
 To know if some slight wish would come to pass;
 If showers we fear'd, we sought where there was
 growing

Some weather flower which was our weather glass:
 In the old, old times
 The dear old times.

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,
 Breaking the heavy shadow on my day.
 Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections—
 The love, the kindness I have thrown away!
 The dear old garden! There is now remaining
 As little of its bloom as rests with me.
 Thy only memory is this sad complaining,
 Mourning that never more for us can be
 The old, old times,
 The dear old times.

CRESCENTUS.

I LOOK'N upon his brow, no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there;
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er Despair
 He had a power; in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that Death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
 He raised them haughtily;
 And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he look'd with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh:
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road
 And bade their warrior speed.
 His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
 And graved with many a dint that told
 Of many a soldier's deed;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
 The headsman by his side;
 The plume, the helm, the charger, gone;
 The sword, which had defied
 The mightiest, lay broken near;
 And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride;
 And never king or conqueror's brow
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncover'd eye;
 A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who throng'd to see him die.
 It was a people's loud acclaim,
 The voice of anger and of shame,
 A nation's funeral cry,
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot, and her latest one.

I PRAY THEE LET ME WEEP TO-NIGHT.

I PRAY thee let me weep to-night,
 'Tis rarely I am weeping;
 My tears are buried in my heart,
 Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping.

But oh, to-night, those words of thine
 Have brought the past before me;
 And shadows of long-vanish'd years
 Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I loved in early youth,
 The faithless and forgetting,
 Whom, though they were not worth my love,
 I cannot help regretting;

My feelings, once the kind, the warm,
 But now the hard, the frozen;
 The errors I've too long pursued,
 The path I should have chosen;

The hopes that are like falling lights
 Around my pathway dying;
 The consciousness none others rise,
 Their vacant place supplying;

The knowledge by experience taught,
 The useless, the repelling;
 For what avails to know how false
 Is all the charmer's telling?

I would give worlds, could I believe
 One half that is of my weeping;
 Affection! could I think it thee,
 When Flattery has caress'd me?

I cannot bear to think of this,
 Oh, leave me to my weeping;
 A few tears for that grave, my heart,
 Where hope in death is sleeping.

WEAKNESS ENDS WITH LOVE.

I SAY not, regret me;
 You will not regret;
 You will try to forget me;
 You cannot forget;
 We shall hear from each other,
 Ah, misery to hear
 Those names from another
 Which once were so dear!

But deep words shall sting thee,
 That breathe of the past;
 And many things bring thee
 Thoughts fated to last;
 The fond hopes that center'd
 In thee are all dead,
 The iron has enter'd
 The soul where they fed.

Of the chain that once bound me,
 The memory is mine,
 But my words are around thee,
 Their power is on thine;
 No hope, no repentance,
 My weakness is o'er,
 It died with the sentence—
 I love thee no more!

AFFECTION.

THERE is in life no blessing like affection:
 It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
 And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.
 It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
 Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;
 It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
 Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
 Life has naught else that may supply its place;
 Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
 And wealth an empty glitter, without love.

AGE AND YOUTH.

"I'LL tell thee," said the old man, "what is life.
 A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,
 Like a vex'd bark, is toss'd upon the waves
 Of pain and pleasure, by the wavering breath
 Of passions. They are winds that drive it on,
 But only to destruction and despair.
 Methinks that we have known some former state
 More glorious than our present; and the heart
 Is haunted by dim memories—shadows left
 By past felicity. Hence do we pine
 For vain aspirings—hopes that fill the eyes
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.
 Are we then fallen from some lovely star,
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse?"

BITTER EXPERIENCE.

How often, in this cold and bitter world,
 Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
 Cold, careless, are we of another's grief;
 We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness;
 Harsh-judging, narrow-minded, stern and chill
 In measuring every action but our own.
 How small in some men's motives, but how mean!
 There are who never knew one generous thought;
 Whose heart-pulse never quicken'd with the joy
 Of kind endeavour, or sweet sympathy.
 There are too many such!

THE POET'S FIRST ESSAY.

It is a fearful stake the poet casts,
 When he comes forth from his sweet solitude
 Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things
 To ask the iron verdict of the world.
 Till then his home has been in fairyland,
 Shelter'd in the sweet depths of his own heart;
 But the strong need of praise impels him forth;
 For never was there poet but he craved
 That golden sunshine of secure renown,
 That sympathy which is the life of fame.
 It is full dearly bought: henceforth he lives
 Feverish and anxious, in an unkind world,
 That only gives the laurel to the grave.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHARLES SWAIN was born in Manchester, in October, 1803. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a dyer, but he is now, I believe, an engraver and lithographer, in his native city. When about twenty years of age, he made his first appearance as a writer in the Manchester Iris, then edited by JAMES MONTGOMERY. In 1827 he published his contributions to this and other periodicals, under the title of Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination. In 1841 he printed, in a beautiful volume, illustrated in the style of ROGERS's Italy, The Mind and other Poems,

embracing all he had written which he deemed worthy of preservation. The Mind is his longest and most finished production.

SOUTHEY said of SWAIN, that "if ever man was born a poet, he was;" and he merited the praise far better than many others the encomiums which the laureate so liberally bestowed. He has earnestness, tenderness, and a refined taste. He addresses himself to the heart and the imagination, in poems remarkable for their sincerity and simplicity, which are as melodious as MOORE's and as pure as COWPER's.

THE LYRE.

A SOUND came floating by,
O'er the still beauty of the moonlight air;
Soft as a spirit's sigh,
Soothing the death-couch of the young and fair.

A sound came floating free,
A wild, and low, and melancholy sound;
A wandering harmony,
Haunting the slumber of the woods around.

"Whence art thou?" murmur'd I—
"Lone visitant of this deserted shrine,
Whence art thou?—speak, reply;
Answer, thou voice, this troubled heart of mine!"

"Ere yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green honours to the breath of morn;
Ere yet the solitudes
Echo'd the song of thunders—I was born!

"My voice was known and heard,
When Paradise grew glorious with the light
Of angels!—and the Word
Spake 'midst the stars of first created night!

"My voice was felt, when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!
When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke!

"Mine was the breath that drew
The patriot forth to guard his native shore;
When lances wildly flew—
And cities trembled to the cannon's roar!

"Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's throne:
My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

"Still askest thou *what* am I?—
Go, ask the bard whose visions I inspire:
And, oh! *he* will reply,
The lyre—the lyre—the soul-exalting lyre!"

THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELINGS.

THE kind old friendly feelings!
We have their spirit yet—
Tho' years and years have pass'd, old friend,
Since thou and I last met!
And something of gray Time's advance
Speaks in thy fading eye;
Yet 'tis the same good, honest glance
I loved in times gone by!
Ere the kind old friendly feelings
Had ever brought one sigh!

The warm old friendly feelings!
Ah, who need yet be told,
No other links can bind the heart
Like those loved links of old!
Thy hand, I joy'd in youth to clasp
The touch of age may show;
Yet, 'tis the same true, hearty grasp
I loved so long ago!
Ere the last old friendly feelings
Had taught one tear to flow!

The kind old friendly feelings!
Oh, seem they e'er less dear
Because some recollections
May meet us with a tear?
Though hopes we shared,—the early beams
Ambition show'd our way,—
Have fled, dear friend, like morning dreams
Before truth's searching ray;—
Still we've kept the kind old feelings
That bless'd our youthful day!

RECOLLECTIONS.

ONE I knew

Whose semblance painter's pencil never drew ;
Droop, fall !—as from the rose fades soft the dew.

Dying in tints of beauty—leaf by leaf !
'Twas whisper'd love first call'd the canker there ;
But if she grieved, none ever saw her grief,
The thought were torture : should a breath declare
That unkind love had left her cheek less fair !
And thus she fed on hope, who said away
From scenes too dear ; that 'neath a foreign air
No more the worm within her breast should prey ;
No more her spirit faint, her little strength decay !

Love ? I will tell thee what it is to love !
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove ;
Where time seems young—and life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine ;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss :
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is
surely this.

Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true ;
The immortal glory which hath never set ;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew ;
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet !
O, who can but recall the eve they met, [vow,
To breathe in some green walk their first young
While summer flowers with evening dews were wet
And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow.
And all was rapture then, which is but memory now.

Hers was a form to dream of—slight and frail ;
As though too delicate for earth—too fair
To meet the worldly conflicts which assail
Nature's unhappy footsteps everywhere !
There was a languor in her pensive air,
A tone of suffering in her accents weak,
The hectic signet, never known to spare,
Darken'd the beauty of her thoughtful cheek,
And onen'd fate more sad than even tears might
speak.

The angel-rapt expression of her eye—
The hair descending, like a golden wing,
Adown her shoulders' faded symmetry ;
Her moveless lip, so pined and perishing,—
The shadow of itself ;—its rose-like spring
Blanch'd ere its time ; for morn no balm might wake ;
Nor youth with all its hope, nepenthe bring !
She look'd like one whose heart was born to break ;
A face on which to gaze made every feeling ache !

The peasant, hastening to the vine-ripe fields,
Oft turn'd with pity towards the stranger maid,
Whose faltering steps approach'd yon mount,
which yields

A view from shore to farthest sea display'd ;
And there, till setting day, the maiden stray'd ;
Watching each sail, if haply she might find
The distant ship which her dear friends convey'd ;
And still hope gave her wings to every wind,
And whisper'd, " See, they come ! " till ached her
wearied mind.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget ! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform ;
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling wind only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm !
Oh, still in thy loveliness emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way ;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day !

Forgive and forget ! there's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live ;
And the best of us all require something concealing,
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive !
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have
met ;
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to Forgive and Forget.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LET us love one another,—
Not long may we stay ;
In this bleak world of mourning
Some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon,
And few linger till eve :
Oh ! there breaks not a heart
But leaves some one to grieve ;
And the fondest, the purest,
The truest that met,
Have still found the need
To forgive and forget !
Then, ah ! though the hopes
That we nourish'd decay,
Let us love one another
As long as we stay.

There are hearts, like the ivy,
Though *all* be decay'd
That it seem'd to clasp fondly
In sunlight and shade ;
No leaves droop in sadness,
Still gayly they spread,
Undimm'd midst the blighted,
The lonely, and dead :
But the mistletoe clings
To the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—
The root in its heart ;
Exists but to twine it,—
Imbibe the same dew,—
Or to fall with its loved oak,
And perish there too.

Thus, let's love one another
Midst sorrows the worst,
Unalter'd and fond,
As we loved at the first ;
Though the false wing of pleasure
May change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth
Into particles break,

There are some sweet affections
That wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer
When sorrow draws nigh
And remain with us yet,
Though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another
As long as we stay.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim,—
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

TELL me, O ye stars of night—
In the ages ye have seen,
Aught more gentle, mild, and bright,
Aught more dear to angels' sight,
Hath there been;
Or more innocent and fair,
Than an infant's earliest prayer?

Tell me, O ye flowers that meet
By the valley or the stream,
Have ye incense half so sweet,—
Fragrance in your rich retreat,—
That ye deem
Half so dear to Heaven's care,
As an infant's quiet prayer?

Speak, and tell me, thou, O Time,
From the coming of the Word,
Aught more holy, more sublime,
From the heart of any clime,
Hast thou heard,
Than the voice ascending there,
Than that lowly infant's prayer?

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

AWAY to the Alps!
For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois
In his rock-vaulted lair.
From valley to mountain,
See!—swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle—
The shaft from the bow.
Nor chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay;
Undaunted, they leap
Like young leopards at play;
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of a friend
To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music
Of hound or of horn,
The neigh of the courser,
The gladness of morn.
The blasts of the tempest
Their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger,
The sweeter the chase.
With spirits as strong
As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
In the joy of their might:
Till eve gathers round them,
And silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—
The wild hunters sleep.

THE BIRD OF HOPE.

A GOLDEN cage of sunbeams
Half down a rainbow hung;
And sweet therein a golden bird
The whole bright morning sung!—
The winged shapes around it grew
Enchanted as they heard:
It was the bird of Hope—my love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

And ever of to-morrow
The ayren song began!—
Ah, what on earth's so musical
As love and hope to man!
I listen'd, thinking still of thee,
And of thy promised word:
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

Though ours should be a cottage home,
From pride and pomp apart;
The truest wealth for happiness
Is still a faithful heart.
And thus it sung—"unloving wealth
Would never be preferr'd!"—
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, now Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, is the youngest son of General BULWER of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and ELIZABETH, daughter of HENRY W. LYTTON, Esquire, Herts. He was born in 1803, and his father dying during his infancy, the care of his youth devolved upon his mother, who sent him to Cambridge to complete his education. His first appearance as an author was in 1826, when he published a volume of verses entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, including a Poem on Sculpture which obtained the chancellor's medal at the Cambridge commencement in 1825. In the following year appeared *O'Neil or the Rebel* and other Poems, and his first prose work, *Falkland*. Neither of these books attracted much attention, but *Pelham*, which was printed in 1828, placed him in the front rank of living novelists. It was rapidly followed by *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, *The Student*, *England and the English*, *Athens*, *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Alice*, *Night and Morning*, *Zanoni*, *The Last of the Barons*, and three or four volumes of critical and miscellaneous articles, originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* and *The Monthly Chronicle* while he was editor of those periodicals. These, with a few political tracts, constitute, I believe, all his acknowledged works in prose.

Besides his poems already mentioned, and his dramas, Sir BULWER LYTTON has written *The Siamese Twins*, *Ismael an Oriental Tale*, *Leila or the Siege of Grenada*, *Historical Odes*, *The Ill-omened Marriage*, *Eva* and other Tales and Poems, and a Translation of the Poems and Ballads of Schiller, the last of which appeared in the spring of 1844. His dramatic writings are the *Lady of Lyons*, *The Duchess de la Valliere*, *Richelieu*, *The Sea Captain*, *Money*, and *Cromwell*, all of which but the last have been acted successfully in the British and American theatres.

Sir BULWER LYTTON and JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, though not the best, are the most popular dramatic poets of the age. Both have

produced fine acting plays and clever analyses of character; and in the works of both may be found isolated passages of genuine poetry. KNOWLES has the deepest feeling and purest sentiment; LYTTON the most sparkling wit and most poetical expression. Altogether they are nearly equal in merit as in success.

Sir BULWER LYTTON is the greatest of living English novelists, and it is probable that he will always be ranked among the classic writers of his country. In the *Lady of Lyons* he well expresses his cardinal maxim, "There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone." It had been well if in many instances he had illustrated this beneficent idea by better examples. The general tendency of his works is immoral, and they are nearly all imbued with a sickly and shallow philosophy. He has no faith in humanity. He breaks down the barriers between right and wrong. By presenting vice divested of its grossness he renders it attractive. Instead of holding up virtue as the only source of felicity, he makes his criminals happy men, and challenges for them in every condition our admiration.

The novels in which he has shown most originality and power are *Eugene Aram*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Night and Morning*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Zanoni*, and *Paul Clifford*, the last of which is among the most depraving books produced in this age. *Athens*, its *Rise and Fall*, is a work in which he has exhibited more scholarship and perhaps a higher order of talent than in any thing else. A sequel to the two volumes already published is to follow, comprising a history of Athenian philosophy, manners, and customs.

He has added very little to his reputation by any of his poetical writings except his dramas. Some of his shorter pieces, however, have simplicity and epigrammatic point.

BULWER entered the House of Commons at an early age, and has been a liberal and consistent politician. He was made a baronet under the Melbourne administration, and assumed the name of LYTTON on the death of a relative in 1844.

CROMWELL'S SOLILOQUY OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES.

CHARLES sleeps, and feels no more the grinding cares,

The perils and the doubts, that wait on Power.
For him no more the uneasy day,—the night
At war with sleep! for him are hush'd at last
Loud Hate and hollow Love. Reverse thy law,
O blind Compassion of the human heart! [not,
And let not Death, which feels not, sins not, weeps
Rob Life of all that Suffering asks from Pity.—

Lo! what a slender barrier parts in twain
The presence of the breathing and the dead,
The vanquisher and victim; the firm foot
Of lusty strength, and the unmoving mass
Of that all strength must come to. Yet once more,
Ere the grave closes on that solemn dust,
Will I survey what men have fear'd to look on.

[*He draws aside the curtains—the coffin of the King
lighted by tapers—Cromwell lifts the pall.*]

'Tis a firm frame; the sinews strongly knit,
The chest deep-set and broad; save some gray hairs
Saddening those locks of love, no sign of age!
Had nature been his executioner,

He would have outlived me! And to this end—
This narrow empire—this unpeopled kingdom—
This six feet' realm—the over lust of sway [will
Hath been the guide! He would have stretch'd his
O'er that unlimited world which men's souls are!
Fetter'd the earth's pure air—for Freedom is
That air to honest lips;—and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent—to after-time
A never silent oracle for Kings!—

Was this the hand that strain'd within its grasp
So haught a sceptre!—this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment? Spurn that clay,
It can resent not: speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not: schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.
What things are we, O Lord, when at thy will
A form like this could shake the mighty world!

A few years since, and in the port was moor'd
A bark to far Columbia's forests bound;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst of freedom;
Then, that pale clay (poor clay that was a King!)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruin'd empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King!
He thrall'd my fate—I have prepared his doom:
He made me captive—lo! his narrow cell!

[*Advancing to the front of the stage.*]

So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns;
So walking, dream-led in life's sleep, our steps
Move windfold to the scaffold, or the throne!—
Ay, to the throne! From that dark thought I strike
The light which cheers me onward to my goal.
Wild though the night, and angry though the winds,
High o'er the billows of the battling sea
My spirit, like a bark, sweeps on to fortune!

CROMWELL'S REFLECTIONS ON
"KILLING NO MURDER."

SOME devil wrote this book! the words are daggers.
Lawful to slay me! Slaughter proved a virtue!
Writ in cold blood; the logic of the butcher;
So calm, and yet so deadly! I'll no more of it!—

[*Advances to the front of the stage with the book in his hand.*]

"KILLING NO MURDER!" so this book is call'd;
It summons that great England whom this hand
Hath made the crown of nations, to destroy me!
"At board, at bed,"—so runs the text,—“let Death
Be at his side; albeit to the clouds

Reaches his head, the axe is at his root; [well?"
And men shall cry, 'Where now the lofty Crom-
Vain threats, I scorn ye! Yet 'tis ably writ;
And these few leaves will stir a storm of passion
In the deep ocean of the popular heart.

We men of deeds are idiots, to despise
The men of books—for books are still the spells
Of the earth's sorcery, and can shape an army
Out of the empty air. Words father actions,
And are the fruitful yet mysterious soil [harvest,
Whence things bud forth, grow ripe, and burst to
And when they rot away, 'tis words receive
The germs they leave us, and so reproduce
Life out of Death—the everlasting cycle!

The Past but lives in words! A thousand ages
Were blank if books had not evoked their ghosts,
And kept the pale unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips. So what will Cromwell be
To times unborn, but some dim abstract thought
That would not be if books were not? Our toil—
Our glory—struggles—life, that sea of action,
Whose waves are stormy deeds—all come to this,
A thing for scholars, in a silent closet,
To case in periods, and embalm in ink:
Making the memory of earth-trampling men,
The poor dependant on a pedant's whim!
It is enough to make us laugh to scorn
Our solemn selves! But Fate whirls on the bark,
And the rough gale sweeps from the rising tide
The lazy calm of thought.

[*After a pause, again opens the book.*] Can I believe
These lines, and doubt all faith for evermore?

"My muster-roll—my guards—my palace train"—
It saith, "contain the names of freemen sworn
To slay the tyrant!" I appeal from man,
To thee, the Lord of Hosts! Out, damned thing!

[*Flings away the book.*]

Thou hast taught me one deep lesson, and I thank
Power must be guarded by the fiery sword; [thee:
Death *shall* be at my side—sure death to all
Whose treason stings existence to a curse.
I've been too merciful—too soft of soul—
Till bad men, drunk and sated with forgiveness,
Grow mad with crime. The gibbet and the axe
Shall henceforth guard the sceptre and the orb;
And Law put on the majesty of Terror.
Why what a state is this, when men who toil
Daily for England cannot sleep of nights!
Three nights I have not slept! I know my cure;
The blood of traitors makes my anodyne!
And in the silence of a trembling world,
I will lie down, and learn to sleep again.

RICHELIEU'S SOLILOQUY.

"In silence and at night, the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy! with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wane space, a glory; and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought; or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced, unfathomed Time!
Foul in its bed lie weeds and heaps of slime;
And with its waves when sparkling in the sun,
Ofttimes the secret of rivulets that swell
Its might of waters, blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour and the food that nurtures?
Oh! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unweav'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements; and man [weight
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose
Will bear but one, while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops; ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are; and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!
Without the roundness and the glow of life,
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous! I have wrought
Great uses out of evil tools; and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood, but I have had no foes
Save those the state had; if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy; blanch'd and scar'd
Before my time; breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects: bearding kings
And braved by lackeys; murder at my head;

And lone amid the multitudinous web,
With the dread three—that are the fates who hold
The woof and shears—the monk, the spy, the
headsman.

And this is power! Alas! I am not happy.

[After a pause.]

And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds
Its rising roots not up; but never yet
Did one least barrier by a ripple vex
My onward tide, unswept in sport away.
Am I so ruthless, then, that I do hate
Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;
Nay, I forgive. The statesman writes the doom,
But the priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,
But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,
Destruction is the state's! For private life,
Scripture the guide; for public, Machiavel.
Would fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth!
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.
Ah! here! that spasm! again! How life and death
Do wrestle for me momentarily! And yet
The king looks pale. I shall outlive the king!
And then thou insolent Austrian, who dost gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,
Sneaking thy looks to silken Buckingham,
Thou shalt—no matter! I have outlived love.
Oh beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)
Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
Oh! for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amid the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!
Could I recall the past, or had not set
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;
The yoked steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad, and rests: to me alike
Or day or night: ambition has no rest!
Shall I resign? who can resign himself?
For custom is ourself; as drink and food
Become our bone and flesh, the aliments [dreams,
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts,
Passions, and aims, in the revolving cycle
Of the great alchymy, at length are made
Our mind itself; and yet the sweets of leisure,
An honour'd home, far from these base intrigues,
An eyrie on the heaven-kiss'd heights of wisdom.

AMBITION AND GLORY.

ALAS! our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dew the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue; and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away!

LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

Rise from thy bloody grave,
 Thou soft Medusa of the fated line,†
 Whose evil beauty look'd to death the brave;
 Discrowned queen, around whose passionate
 shaine
 Terror and grief the palest flowers entwine,
 That ever veil'd the ruins of a name
 With the sweet parasites of song divine!
 Arise, sad ghost, arise,
 And if revenge outlive the tomb, [doom!
 Thou art avenged. Behold the doomer brought to
 Lo, where thy mighty murtheress lies,
 The sleepless couch, the sunless room,
 And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
 The wo-worn shadow of the Titan queen!

There, sorrow-stricken, to the ground,
 Alike by night and day,
 The heart's blood from the inward wound
 Ebbs silently away.
 And oft she turns from face to face
 A sharp and eager gaze,
 As if the memory sought to trace
 The sign of some lost dwelling-place,
 Beloved in happier days;
 Ah, what the clew supplies
 In the cold vigil of a hireling's eyes! —
 Ah, sad in childless age to weep alone, [own!
 And start and gaze, to find no sorrow save our
 Oh soul, thou speedest to thy rest away,
 But *not* upon the pinions of the dove;
 When death draws nigh, how miserable they
 Who have outlived all love!
 As on the solemn verge of night
 Lingers a weary moon,
 She wanes, the last of every glorious light
 That bathed with splendour her majestic noon:
 The stately stars that, clustering o'er the isle,
 Lull'd into glittering rest the subject sea;
 Gone the great masters of Italian wile,
 False to the world beside, but true to thee!
 Burleigh, the subtlest builder of thy fame,
 The gliding craft of winding Walsingham;
 They who exalted yet before thee bow'd;
 And that more dazzling chivalry, the band
 That made thy court a fairy land,
 In which thou wert enshrined to reign alone,
 The Gloriana of the diamond throne:
 All gone, and left thee sad amid the cloud!

To their great sires, to whom thy youth was known,
 Who from thy smile, as laurels from the sun,
 Drank the immortal greenness of renown,
 Succeeds the cold lip-homage scantily won
 From the new race whose hearts already bear
 The wise man's offerings to the unworthy heir
 There, specious Bacon's unimpassion'd brow,
 And crook-back'd Cecil's ever earthward eyes

Watching the glass in which the sands run low;
 But deem not fondly there
 To weep the fate or pour th' averting prayer
 Have come those solemn apies!
 Lo, at the regal gate
 The impatient couriers wait;
 To speed from hour to hour the nice account
 That registers the grudged unpitied sighs
 Which yet must joy delay, before
 The Stuart's tottering step shall mount
 The last great Tudor's throne, red with his mother's gore!

Oh piteous mockery of all pomp thou art,
 Poor child of clay, worn out with toil and years!
 As, layer by layer, the granite of the heart
 Dissolving, melteth to the weakest tears
 That ever village maiden shed above
 The grave that robb'd her quiet world of love.
 Ten days and nights upon that floor
 Those weary limbs have lain;
 And every hour but added more
 Of heaviness to pain.
 As gazing into dismal air
 She sees the headless phantom there,
 The victim round whose image twined
 The last wild love of womankind;
 That love which, in its dire excess,
 Will blast where it can fail to bless,
 And, like the lightning, flash and fade
 In gloom along the ruins it has made.
 'Twere sad to see from those stern eyes
 The unheeded anguish feebly flow;
 And hear the broken word that dies
 In moanings faint and low;
 But sadder still to mark, the while,
 The vacant stare, the marble smile,
 And think, that goal of glory won,
 How slight a shade between
 The idiot moping in the sun
 And England's giant queen!*

Call back the gorgeous past!
 Lo, England white-robed for a holyday!
 While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
 Peals shout on shout along the virgin's way;
 As through the swarming streets rolls on the long
 array.
 Mary is dead! Look from your fire-won homes,
 Exulting martyrs! on the mount shall rest
 Truth's ark at last! the avenging Lutheran comes,
 And clasps the Book ye died for to her breast!
 With her the flower of all the land,
 The high-born gallants ride,
 And, ever nearest of the band,
 With watchful eye and ready hand,
 Young Dudley's form of pride!
 Ah, e'en in that exulting hour
 Love half allures the soul from power,
 And blushes half-suppress'd betray
 The woman's hope and fear;
 Like blooms which in the early May
 Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,

* "Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."—*Contemporaneous Correspondence*.

† Mary Stuart—"The soft Medusa" is an expression strikingly applied to her in her own day.

* "It was after labouring for nearly three weeks under a morbid melancholy, which brought on a stupor not unmixed with some indications of a disordered fancy, that the queen expired.—*Letter to Edmund Lambert*.

And mark the mellowing year,
While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
Less to the monarch than the maid,
Melodious on the ear!

Call back the gorgeous past!

The lists are set, the trumpets sound,
Bright eyes, sweet judges, throned around;
And stately on the glittering ground
The old chivalric life!

"Forward." The signal word is given;
Beneath the shock the greensward shakes;
The lusty cheer, the gleaming spear,
The snow-plume's falling flakes,
The fiery joy of strife!

Thus, when, from out a changeful heaven
O'er waves in eddying tumult driven
A stormy smile is cast,
Alike the gladsome anger takes
The sunshine and the blast!
Who is the victor of the day?
Thou of the delicate form, and golden hair,
And manhood glorious in its midst of May;
Thou who upon thy shield of argent bearest
The bold device, "The loftiest is the fairest!"

As bending low thy stainless crest,
"The vestal throned by the west"
Accords the old Provençal crown
Which blends her own with thy renown;
Arcadian Sidney, nursling of the muse,
Flower of fair chivalry, whose bloom was fed
With daintiest Castaly's most silver dews,
Alas! how soon thy amaranth leaves were shed;
Born, what the Ausonian minstrel *dream'd to be*
Time's knightly epic pass'd from earth with thee!

Call back the gorgeous past!

Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful river;
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,
Our Marathon for ever!

No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,
Leaped the loud joy from earth to heaven,
As, through the ranks asunder riven,
The warrior-woman rode!

Hark, thrilling through the armed line
The martial accents ring,

"Though mine the woman's form, yet mine
The heart of England's king!"*

Wo to the island and the maid!
The pope has preach'd the new crusade,
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;
The monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the main;
And through the deep exulting swee
The thunder-steeds of Spain.

What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;
God and St. George for victory now!

Death in the battle and the wind;
Carnage before and storm behind;
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
By Orkney's rugged strands and Erin's ruthless
shore.

Joy to the island and the maid!
Pope Sixtus wept the last crusade;
His sons consumed before his zeal,
The monks are woful in Castile;
Your monument the main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye thunder-steeds of Spain!

Turn from the gorgeous past:
Its lonely ghost thou art!

A tree, that, in the world of bloom,
Droops, spectral in its leafless gloom,
Before the grinding blast;
But art thou fallen then so low?
Art thou so desolate? wan shadow, No! [portal,
Crouch'd, suppliant by the grave's unclosing
Love, which proclaims thee human, bids thee
know

A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour
Than shallowest glory taught to deafen'd power,
"WHAT'S HUMAN IS IMMORTAL!"

'Tis sympathy which makes sublime!
Never so reverent in thy noon of time
As now, when o'er thee hangs the midnight pall;
No comfort, pomp; and wisdom no protection;
Hope's "cloud-capp'd towers and solemn temples"
gone—

Mid memory's wrecks, eternal and alone;
Type of the woman-deity AFFECTION;
That only Eve which never knew a fall,
Sad as the dove, but, like the dove, surviving all!

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most
holy,

Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by
The quiet moon, like Hope on Patience, hovers,
The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
Was that your fount, sweet eyes?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths foretold,
Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with
gladness,
Bright alchemists that turn to thoughts of gold
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to gain
The cell where love the sleeper yet lies hidden,
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain;
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden—
Feelings are words for eyes!

* "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too."—Elizabeth's harangue at Tilbury Camp.

EURIPIDES.

LONG, mid the loftier wonders of the past, [age;
Thou stand'st—more household to the modern
In a less stately mould thy thoughts were cast
Than thy twin masters of the Grecian stage.
Thou mark'st that change in manners when the
frown

Of the vast Titans vanish'd from the earth,
When a more soft philosophy stole down
From the dark heavens to man's familiar hearth.
With thee, came love and woman's influence o'er
Her sterner lord; and poesy till then
A sculpture, warn'd to painting; what before
Glass'd but the dim-seen gods, grew now to men
Clear mirrors, and the passions took their place,
Where a serene if solemn awe had made
The scene a temple to the elder race:

The struggles of humanity became
Not those of Titan with a god, nor those
Of the great heart with that unbodied name
By which our ignorance would explain our woes
And justify the heavens,—the ruthless Fate;
But truer to the human life, thine art [debate,
Made thought with thought and will with will

And placed the god and Titan in the heart;
Thy Phœdra, and thy pale-Medea were
The birth of that more subtle wisdom, which
Dawn'd in the world with Socrates, to bear
Its last most precious offspring in the rich

And genial soul of Shakspeare. And for this
Wit blamed the living, dullness taunts the dead.
And yet the Pythian did not speak amiss
When in thy verse the latent truths she read,
And hailed thee wiser than thy tribe. Of thee
All genius in our softer times hath been

The grateful echo, and thy soul we see
Still through our tears—upon the later scene.
Doth the Italian, for his frigid thought
Steal but a natural pathos,—hath the Gaul
Something of passion to his phantoms taught,
Ope but thy page—and, lo, the source of all!
But that which made thee wiser than the schools
Was the long sadness of a much-wrong'd life;
The sneer of satire, and the gibe of fools,

The broken hearth-gods, and the perjured wife.
For sorrow is the messenger between

The poet and men's bosoms:—Genius can
Fill with unsympathizing gods the scene,
But grief alone can teach us what is man!

A SPENDTHRIFT.

You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar;
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible call'd DEBT. To live
On means not yours; be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; all
Not yours, ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster, and to filch
Men's art and labour which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread; quitting all scores with, "Friend,

You're troublesome!" Why this, forgive me,
Is what, when done with a less dainty grace,
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" You owe eight thousand
pistoles,
Minus one crown, two liards!

PATIENCE AND HOPE.

UPON a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an angel watching the wild sea;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore, eternity!

"Why dost thou watch the wave?
Thy feet the waters lave;
The tide ingulfs thee if thou dost delay."
"Unscath'd I watch the wave,
Time not the angels' grave,
I wait until the ocean ebbs away!"

Hush'd on the angel's breast,
I saw an infant rest,
Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.

"What is the infant prest,
O angel, to thy breast?"
"The child God gave me in the long-ago!"

"Mine all upon the earth—
The angel's angel-birth,
Smiling all terror from the howling wild!"
—Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet,
Of Patience nursing Hope—the angel and the child!

LOVE AND FAME.

It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight through the casement stream'd,
And still, as it were yester-morn,
I dream the dream I dream'd.
I saw two forms from Fairy Land,
Along the moonbeams gently glide,
Until they halted, hand in hand,
My infant couch beside.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,
I heard their whispered voices breathe—
The one a crown of diamond wore,
The one a myrtle wreath:
"Twin brothers from the better clime,
A poet's spell hath lured to thee;
Say which shall, in the coming time,
Thy chosen fairy be?"

I stretch'd my hand, as if my grasp
Could snatch the toy from either brow;
And found a leaf within my clasp,
One leaf—as fragrant now!
If both in life may not be won,
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—
For he whose life deserves the one,
In death may gain the other.

THE LAST CRUSADER.

LEFT to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crozier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently-broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glow'd;
There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
By tombs* of saints and heroes flow'd;

There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore,
Calm air with many an odour fill.

Slowly THE LAST CRUSADER eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain!

He thought of that sublime array,
The hosts, that over land and deep
The hermit marshal'd on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep!†

Resign'd the loved, familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
No empire save a sepulchre!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife;
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
The valour prodigal of life.

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind—
Like waves on shore, they reach'd the goal,
To die, and leave no trace behind!

"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
"And art thou careless of thine own?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne!"

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
To godless hands the holy tomb?
Against thy saints the heathen rage—
Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
A form flash'd, white-robed, from above;
All Heaven was in those looks of light,
But Heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
"Thy God is of the shield and spear—
To bless the quick and raise the dead,
The Saviour-God descended here!"

"Ah! know'st thou not the very name?
Of Salem bids thy carnage cease—
A symbol in itself to claim
God's people to a house of peace!"

"Ask not the Father to reward
The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O warrior! never by the sword
The Saviour's Holy Land is won!"

THE SABBATH.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern labour shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh an Angel opes the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest,—O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church-spire, glistening up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high.
O, Soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurl'd, •
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;—
Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all!

* The valley, Jehoshaphat, through which rolls the torrent of the Kedron, is studded with tombs.

† See Tasso, *Ger. Lib. cant. iii. st. vi.*

‡ The signification of the name "Salem," as written by the Hebrews, is the Abode, or People, of Peace.

HENRY TAYLOR.

I KNOW nothing of the personal history of Mr. TAYLOR, more than that he is the author of Philip Van Artevelde and Edwin the Fair, two poems, of which the first was published in 1834 and the last in 1842.

Philip Van Artevelde is founded on events which occurred in Flanders near the close of the fourteenth century. It consists of two plays, with the Lay of Elena, an interlude, and is about as long as six such pieces as are adapted to the stage. It is a historical romance, in the dramatic and rhythmical form, in which truth is preserved, so far as the principal action is concerned, with the exception of occasional expansions and compressions of time.

The ground-work of Edwin the Fair is in the history of the Anglo-Saxons. On his accession Edwin finds his kingdom divided into two parties, one adhering to the monks and the other to the secular clergy. He immediately takes part against the monks, ejecting them from the benefices they had usurped, and prepares to ally himself with his cousin Elgiva, whose family is the chief support of the secular cause. His first effort is to bring about his coronation, notwithstanding the opposition of Dunstan, (the real hero of the poem,) and Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this he succeeds, and his marriage with Elgiva is solemnized at the same time. Then commences the earliest important war of the church against the state in England. Dunstan causes the queen to be seized and imprisoned; the marriage is declared void; and each party appeals to arms. In the end Edwin and Elgiva are slain, and DUNSTAN is triumphant. This play, in its chief characteristics, is like its predecessor, though less interesting, and from the absence of "poetical justice" in its catastrophe, less satisfactory.

Mr. TAYLOR contends that a poet must be a philosopher; and that no poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent in its kind, will long be regarded as poetry of the highest class. He considers BYRON the greatest of the poets who have addressed themselves to the sentient proper-

ties of the mind, but inferior to the few who have appealed to the perceptive faculties. He writes according to his own canons, nearly all of which are as just in respect to prose as to poetry; and, as might be expected, much of his verse has little to distinguish it from prose but its rhythmical form.

Mr. TAYLOR seems to me to excel nearly every contemporary poet as a delineator of character. The persons of his dramas are presented distinctly, and have a perfect consistency and unity. Nor are they all of the same family, as is the case with the creations of some writers, who appear under various dresses and names only to reproduce themselves. The ambitious and fanatical monk, the weak-minded but uncorrupted king, the quiet scholar with his "tissue of illuminous dreams," the clear-sighted and resolute patriot, the unscrupulous demagogue, the brutal soldier, the courtly cavalier, are all drawn with clearness, and without more exaggeration than is necessary to the production of a due impression by any work of art.

No educated person can read the works of Mr. TAYLOR without a consciousness that he is communing with a mind of a high order. They are reflective and dignified, and are written in pure and nervous English. The dialogue is frequently terse and impressive, and sometimes highly dramatic. Mr. TAYLOR has no sickly sentiment, and scarcely any pathos or passion; but in his writings there are pleasant shows of feeling, fancy, and imagination which remind us that he might have been a poet of a different sort had he been governed by a different theory. His principal faults, so far as style is concerned, are occasional coarseness of expression, and inappropriate or disagreeable imagery. He exhibits also a want of that delicacy and refinement of conduct and feeling in some of his characters which would have resulted from a nicer sense of the beautiful and a more loving spirit in himself.

Mr. TAYLOR will not perhaps be a popular poet, but with a "fit audience, though few," he will always be a favourite.

THE LAY OF ELENA.

He ask'd me had I yet forgot

The mountains of my native land ?

I sought an answer, but had not

The words at my command.

They would not come, and it was better so,

For had I utter'd aught, my tears I know

Had started at the word as free to flow.

But I can answer when there's none that hears ;

And now if I should weep, none sees my tears ;

And in my soul the voice is rising strong,

That speaks in solitude,—the voice of song.

Yes, I remember well

The land of many hues,

Whose charms what praise can tell,

Whose praise what heart refuse ?

Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,

Nor misty, are the mountains there,—

Softly sublime, profusely fair !

Up to their summits clothed in green,

And fruitful as the vales between,

They lightly rise,

And scale the skies,

And groves and gardens still abound

For where no shoot

Could else take root,

The peaks are shelved and terraced round ;

Earthward appear, in mingled growth,

The mulberry and maize,—above

The trellis'd vine extends to both

The leafy shade they love.

Looks out the white-wall'd cottage here,

The lowly chapel rises near ;

Far down the foot must roam to reach

The lovely lake and bending beach ;

Whilst chestnut green and olive gray

Checker the steep and winding way.

A bark is launch'd on Como's lake,

A maiden sits abaft ;

A little sail is loosed to take

The night wind's breath, and waft

The maiden and her bark away,

Across the lake and up the bay.

And what doth there that lady fair,

Upon the wavelet toss'd ?

Before her shines the evening star,

Behind her in the woods afar

The castle lights are lost.

What doth she there ? The evening air

Lifts her locks, and her neck is bare ;

And the dews, that now are falling fast,

May work her harm, or a rougher blast

May come from yonder cloud,

And that her bark might scarce sustain,

So slightly built,—and why remain,

And would she be allow'd

To brave the wind and sit in the dew

At night on the lake, if her mother knew ?

Her mother sixteen years before

The burden of the baby bore ;

And though brought forth in joy, the day

So joyful, she was wont to say,

In taking count of after years,

Gave birth to fewer hopes than fears.

For seldom smiled

The serious child,

And as she pass'd from childhood, grew

More far-between those smiles, and few

More sad and wild.

And though she loved her father well,

And though she loved her mother more,

Upon her heart a sorrow fell,

And sapp'd it to the core.

And in her father's castle, nought

She ever found of what she sought,

And all her pleasure was to roam

Among the mountains far from home,

And through thick woods, and wheresoe'er

She saddest felt, to sojourn there ;

And oh ! she loved to linger afloat

On the lonely lake in the little boat.

It was not for the forms,—though fair,

Though grand they were beyond compare,—

It was not only for the forms

Of hills in sunshine or in storms,

Or only unrestrain'd to look

On wood and lake, that she forsook

By day or night

Her home, and far

Wander'd by light

Of sun or star.

It was to feel her fancy free,

Free in a world without an end,

With ears to hear, and eyes to see,

And heart to apprehend.

It was to leave the earth behind,

And rove with liberated mind,

As fancy led, or choice, or chance,

Through wilder'd regions of romance.

And many a castle would she build ;

And all around the woods were fill'd

With knights and squires that rode amain,

With ladies saved and giants slain ;

And as some contest wavered, came,

With eye of fire and breath of flame,

A dragon that in cave profound

Had had his dwelling underground ;

And he had closed the dubious fight,

But that, behold ! there came in sight

A hippogriff, that wheel'd his flight

Far in the sky, then swooping low,

Brings to the field a fresher foe :

Dismay'd by this diversion, fly

The dragon and his dear ally ;

And now the victor knight unties

The prisoner, his unhop'd-for prize,

And lo ! a beauteous maid is she,

Whom they, in their unrighteous guise,

Had fasten'd naked to a tree !

Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake

To portions of things earthly, for the sake

Whereof, as with a charm, away would flit

The phantoms, and the fever intermit.

Whatso' of earthly things presents a face

Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,

Might not escape her, hidden though it were

From courtly cognisance ; 'twas not with her

As with the tribe who see not nature's boons
 Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;
 Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
 Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
 Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
 She loved too little else, nor this aright,
 And many disappointments could not cure
 This born obliquity, or break the lure [wise,
 Which this strong passion spread: she grew not
 Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
 Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been
 here,
 And taught her nothing: where she err'd she errs.

Be it avow'd, when all is said,
 She trod the path the many tread;—
 She loved too soon in life; her dawn
 Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
 A sure prognostic that the day
 Will not unclouded pass away.
 Too young she loved, and he on whom
 Her first love lighted, in the bloom
 Of boyhood was, and so was graced
 With all that earliest runs to waste.
 Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
 Yet gay and sportive as a child,
 With feelings light and quick, that came
 And went, like flickerings of flame
 A soft demeanour, and a mind
 Bright and abundant in its kind,
 That, playing on the surface, made
 A rapid change of light and shade,
 Or if a darker hour perforce
 At times o'ertook him in his course,
 Still sparkling thick like glow-worms show'd
 Life was to him a summer's road,—
 Such was the youth to whom a love
 For grace and beauty far above
 Their due deserts, betray'd a heart
 Which might have else perform'd a prouder part.

First love the world is wont to call
 The passion which was now her all.
 So be it call'd; but be it known
 The feeling which possess'd her now
 Was novel in degree alone;
 Love early mark'd her for his own;
 Soon as the winds of heaven had blown
 Upon her, had the seed been sown
 In soil which needed not the plough;
 And passion with her growth had grown,
 And strengthen'd with her strength, and how
 Could love be new, unless in name,
 Degree, and singleness of aim?
 A tenderness had fill'd her mind
 Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
 As keeps the subtle fluid oft
 Its secret, gathering in the soft
 And sultry air, till felt at length
 In all its desolating strength,
 So silent, so devoid of dread,
 Her objectless affections spread;
 Not wholly unemploy'd, but squander'd
 At large where'er her fancy wander'd;
 Till one attraction, one desire
 Concentred all the scatter'd fire;

It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
 It flash'd its light o'er hill and plain,
 O'er earth below and heaven above,—
 And then it took the name of love.

How fared that love? the tale so old,
 So common, needs it to be told!
 Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
 From first accost to last adieu;
 Its changes, seasons, you can tell,—
 At least you typify them well.
 First came the genial, hopeful spring,
 With bursting buds and birds that sing,
 And fast though fitful progress made
 To brighter suns and broader shade.
 Those brighter suns, that broader shade,
 They came, and richly then array'd
 Was bough and sward, and all below
 Gladden'd by summer's equal glow.
 What next? a change is slowly seen,

And deepeneth day by day
 The darker, soberer, sadder green
 Prevenient to decay.
 Yet still at times through that green gloom,
 As sudden gusts might make them room,

And lift the spray so light,
 The berries of the mountain-ash,
 Arching the torrent's foam and flash,
 Waved gladly into sight.

But rare those short-lived gleanings grew,
 And wore the woods a sicklier hue;
 Destruction now his phalanx forms
 Mid wailing winds and gathering storms;
 And last comes winter's withering breath,
 Keen as desertion, cold—cold as the hand of death!

Is the tale told? too well, alas!
 Is pictured here what came to pass.
 So long as light affections play'd
 Around their path, he loved the maid;
 Loved in half-gay, half-tender mood,
 By passion touch'd, but not subdued;
 Laugh'd at the flame he felt or lit;
 Replied to tenderness with wit;
 Sometimes when passion brightlier burn'd,
 Its tokens eagerly return'd,
 Then calm, supine, but pleased no less,
 Softly sustain'd each soft caress.
 She, watching with delight the while
 His half-closed eyes and gradual smile,
 (Slow pleasure's smile, how far more worth,
 More beautiful than smiles of mirth!)
 Seem'd to herself when back she cast
 A hurried look upon the past,

As changed from what she then had been,
 As was the moon, who having run
 Her orbit through since this begun,

Now shone "apparent queen."
 How dim a world, how blank a waste,
 A shadowy orb how faintly traced,
 Her crescent fancy first embraced!
 How fair an orb, a world how bright,
 How fill'd with glory and with light
 Had now revealed itself to sight!
 A glory of her essence grown,
 A light incorporate with her own!

Forth from such paradise of bliss
 Open the way and easy is,
 Like that renown'd of old ;
 And easier than the most was this,
 For they were sorted more amiss
 Than outward things foretold.
 The goddess, that with cruel mirth
 The daughters and the sons of earth
 Mismatches, hath a cunning eye
 In twisting of a treacherous tie ;
 Nor is she backward to perceive
 That loftier minds to lower cleave
 With ampler love (as that which flows
 From a rich source) than these to those ;
 For still the source, not object, gives
 The daily food whereon love lives.
 The well-spring of his love was poor
 Compared to her's ; his gifts were fewer ;
 The total light that was in him
 Before a spark of her's grew dim ;
 Too high, too grave, too large, too deep,
 Her love could neither laugh nor sleep ;
 And thus it tired him ; his desire
 Was for a less consuming fire :
 He wish'd that she should love him well,
 Not wildly ; wish'd her passion's spell
 To charm her heart, but leave her fancy free ;
 To quicken converse, not to quell ;
 He granted her to sigh, for so could he ;
 But when she wept, why should it be ?
 'T was irksome, for it stole away
 The joy of his love-holiday.
 Breed of such uncongenial mood
 At length would some dim doubt intrude
 If what he felt, so far below
 Her passion's pitch, were love or no.
 With that the common daylight's beam
 Broke in upon his morning dream,
 And as that common day advanced
 His heart was wholly unentranced.

What follow'd was not good to do,
 Nor is it good to tell ;
 The anguish of that worst adieu
 Which parts with love and honour too,
 Abides not,—so far well.
 The human heart can not sustain
 Prolong'd inalterable pain,
 And not till reason cease to reign
 Will nature want some moments brief
 Of other moods to mix with grief ;
 Such and so hard to be destroy'd
 That vigour which abhors a void,
 And in the midst of all distress,
 Such nature's need for happiness !
 And when she rallied thus, more high
 Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
 Than was their wont in times than these
 Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
 So meet extremes ; so joy's rebound
 Is highest from the hollowest ground ;
 So vessels with the storm that strive
 Pitch higher as they deeper dive.

Well had it been if she had curb'd
 These transports of a mind disturb'd ;

For grief is then the worst of foes
 When, all intolerant of repose,
 It sends the heart abroad to seek
 From weak recoils exemptions weak ;
 After false gods to go astray,
 Deck altars vile with garlands gay,
 And place a painted form of stone
 On passion's abdicated throne.

Till then her heart was as a mound,
 Or simple plot of garden ground
 Far in a forest wild,
 Where many a seedling had been sown,
 And many a bright-eyed floweret grown
 To please a favourite child.
 Delighted was the child to call
 The plot of garden-ground her own ;
 Delighted was she at the fall
 Of evening mild when shadows tall
 Cross-barr'd the mound and cottage wall,

To linger there alone.
 Nor seem'd the garden flowers less fair,
 Nor loved she less to linger there,
 When glisten'd in the morning dew
 Each lip of red and eye of blue ;
 And when the sun too brightly burn'd
 Towards the forest's verge she turn'd,
 Where stretch'd away from glade to glade
 A green interminable shade ;
 And in the skirts thereof a bower
 Was built with many a creeping flower,
 For shelter at the noontide hour ;
 And from the forest walks was heard
 The voice of many a singing bird,
 With murmurs of the cushat-dove,
 That tell the secret of her love :
 And pleasant therefore all day long,
 From earliest dawn to even-song,—
 Supremely pleasant was this wild
 Sweet garden to the woodsman's child.—
 The whirlwind came with fire and flood
 And smote the garden in the wood ;
 All that was form'd to give delight
 Destruction levell'd in a night ;
 The morning broke, the child awoke,
 And when she saw what sudden stroke
 The garden which she loved had swept
 To ruin, she sat down and wept.
 Her grief was great, but it had vent ;
 Its force, not spared, was sooner spent ;
 And she bethought her to repair
 The garden, which had been so fair.
 Then roam'd she through the forest walks,
 Cropping the wild flowers by their stalks,
 And divers full-blown blossoms gay
 She gather'd and in fair array
 Disposed, and stuck them in the mound
 Which had been once her garden ground.
 They seem'd to flourish for awhile,
 A moment's space she seem'd to smile ;
 But brief the bloom, and vain the toil,
 They were not native to the soil.

That other child, beneath whose zone
 Were passions fearfully full-grown,—

She too essay'd to deck the waste
Where love had grown, which love had graced
With false adornments—flowers, not fruit—
Fast-fading flowers, that strike not root,—
With pleasures alien to her breast,
That bloom but briefly at the best;
The world's sad substitutes for joys
To minds that lose their equipoise.

On Como's lake the evening star
Is trembling as before;
An azure flood, a golden bar,
There as they were before they are,
But she that loved them—she is far,
Far from her native shore.

No more is seen her slender boat
Upon the star-lit lake afloat,
With oar or sail at large to rove,
Or tether'd in its wooded cove
Mid gentle waves that sport around,
And rock it with a gurgling sound.
Keel up, it rots upon the strand,
Its gunwale sunken in the sand,
Where suns and tempests warp'd and shrank
Each shatter'd rib and riven plank.
Never again that land-wreck'd craft
Shall feel the billow boom abaft;
Never, when springs the freshening gale,
Take life again from oar or sail:
Nor shall the freight that once it bore
Again be seen on lake or shore.

A foreign land is now her choice,
A foreign sky above her,
And unfamiliar is each voice
Of those that say they love her.
A prince's palace is her home,
And marble floor and gilded dome,
Where festive myriads nightly meet,
Quick echoes of her steps repeat.
And she is gay at time, and light
From her makes many faces bright;
And circling flatterers hem her in
Assiduous each a word to win,
And smooth as mirrors each the while
Reflects and multiplies her smile.
But fitful were her smiles, nor long
She cast them to that courtly throng;
And should the sound of music fall
Upon her ear in that high hall,
The smile was gone, the eye that shone
So brightly, would be dimm'd anon,
And objectless would then appear
As stretch'd to check the starting tear.
The chords within responsive rung,
For music spoke her native tongue.

And then the gay and glittering crowd
Is heard not, laugh they e'er so loud;
Nor then is seen the simpering row
Of flatterers, bend they e'er so low;
For there before her when she stands,
The mountains rise, the lake expands;
Around the terraced summit twines
The leafy coronal of vines;
Within the watery mirror deep
Nature's calm converse lies asleep;

Above she sees the sky's blue glow,
The forest's varied green below,
And far its vaulted vistas through
A distant grove of darker hue,
Where, mounting high from clumps of oak,
Curls lightly up the thin gray smoke;
And o'er the boughs that over-bower
The crag, a castle's turrets tower—
An eastern casement mantled o'er
With ivy flashes back the gleam
Of sunrise—it was there of yore
She sat to see that sunrise pour
Its splendour round—she sees no more,
For tears disperse the dream.

Thus seized and speechless had she stood,
Surveying mountain, lake, and wood,
When to her ear came that demand,
Had she forgot her native land?
'T was but a voice within replied
She had forgotten all beside.
For words are weak and most to seek
When wanted fifty-fold,
And then if silence will not speak,
Or trembling lip and changing cheek,
There's nothing told.
But could she have reveal'd to him
Who question'd thus, the vision bright,
That ere his words were said grew dim
And vanish'd from her sight,
Easy the answer were to know
And plain to understand,—
That mind and memory both must fail,
And life itself must slacken sail,
And thought its functions must forego,
And fancy lose its latest glow,
Or ere that land
Could pictured be less bright and fair
To her whose home and heart are there
That land the loveliest that eye can see
'The stranger ne'er forgets, then how should she?

FROM PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

REPOSE OF THE HEART.

The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequester'd or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

APPROACH OF MORNING.

The gibbous moon was in a wane decline,
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawn'd;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Show'd like a fleet becalm'd.

ARTEVELDE'S LOVE FOR ADRIANA.

To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself,
I know not that the circumstance of life
In all its changes can so far afflict me,
As makes anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—of a sex beside
Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other. Oh, she is fair!
As fair as heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the virgin blest
That weary pilgrim, resting at the fount
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage,
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.
This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
And loth I am to take my staff again.
Say that I fall not in this enterprise—
Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate.
—Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer—but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see
A form that midmost in the circle sits
Half visible, his face deform'd with scars,
And foul with blood!—Oh yes, I know it—there
Sits DANGER with his feet upon the hearth.
(Pauses for some time, and then resumes in a livelier tone.)
Still for myself, I fear not but that I,
Taking what comes, leaving what leave I must,
Could make a sturdy struggle through the world.
But for the maid, the choice were better far
To win her dear heart back again if lost,
And stake it upon some less dangerous cast.

GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

HE was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endow'd
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

TWO CHARACTERS.

THAN Lord de Vaux there's no man sooner sees
Whatever at a glance is visible;
What is not, he can never see at all.
Quick-witted is he, versatile, seizing points,
But never solving questions: vain he is—
It is his pride to see things on all sides,
Which best to do he sets them on their corners.
Present before him arguments by scores
Bearing diversely on the affair in hand,
He'll see them all successively, distinctly,
Yet never two of them can see together;
Or gather, blend, and balance what he sees
To make up one account; a mind it is
Accessible to reason's subtlest rays,
And many enter there, but none converge;
It is an army with no general,
An arch without a key-stone. Then the other,
Good Martin Blondel-Vatre—he is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts.
You shall be told the evil of your scheme,
But not the scheme that's better. He forgets
That policy, expecting not clear gain,
Deals ever in alternatives. He's wise
In negatives, is skilful at erasures,
Expert in stepping backwards, an adept
At auguring eclipses. But admit
His apprehensions, and demand, what then?
And you shall find you've turn'd the blank leaf
over.

REPENTANCE AND IMPROVEMENT.

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turn'd out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf ambition clammers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
Whilst magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.

ARTEVELDE'S CHARACTER OF HIS WIFE.

SHE was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
Disturb'd her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

ARTEVELDE'S VISION OF HIS WIFE, THE
NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

TOUCH ~~the~~ this eye-creation ;

What is it to surprise us !.....

Man's grosser attributes can generate
What is not, and has never been at all ;
What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being pass'd away ? The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with eyes
Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,
As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.
As for this creature of my eyes—....
It was the image of my wife !...

Dejected I had been before : that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure....

She appeared

In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death ; suspended in the air
She seem'd, and o'er her breast her arms were cross'd ;
Her feet were drawn together pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remain'd inflexible as stone
And I as fixedly regarded her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon, [moved,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward
And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peel'd off upon the water, which, as she vanish'd,
Appear'd all blood, and swell'd and welter'd sore,
And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it :—then the vision pass'd,
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.

CHARACTER OF ARTEVELDE, BY THE DUKE OF
BURGUNDY.

— DIRE rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endow'd : courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterranean fire
That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lack'd in sovereignty but the right ;
Nothing in soldiiership except good fortune.
Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanish'd one so wise,
So valiant, so renown'd !

FAMINE IN A BESIEGED CITY.

I PAID a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilom saved our father's life,
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assail'd him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
I went. It seem'd a wealthy man's abode ;
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, betoken'd
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtain'd with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees,
And his long back upright. His eyes were fix'd,
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake :
Until a little urchin of a child
That call'd him father, crept to where he sat
And pluck'd him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed : then he rose,
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That look'd like watery moonlight on his face,
So weak and pale a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat flour
Was on its way, whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept....

He pluck'd aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seem'd like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both together
He scarce could say which first : and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children, with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm, and sad, and sweet.
I look'd upon them long, and for awhile
I wish'd myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death, as they did with each other :
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much ; and then I wept ;
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
And he was sorely shaken and convulsed,
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.
... He thank'd me much for what I said was sent ;
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He look'd again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatch'd it up, and soon
Seem'd quite forgetful and absorb'd. With that
I stole away.

FROM EDWIN THE FAIR.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

THE wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the vast region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice ; and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash ; the voice she lent

Fitfully with a free and lashing change
 Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
 The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
 Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
 So long as dainty summer dress'd her out,
 A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
 Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
 Did he solicit, and from her he drew
 A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
 That there he rested, welcoming in her
 A mild memorial of the ocean cave
 Where he was born.

DUNSTAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TEMPTATIONS.

I BUT denounce
 Loves on a throne, and pleasures out of place.
 I am not old; not twenty years have fled
 Since I was young as thou; and in my youth
 I was not by those pleasures unapproach'd
 Which youth converses with.

When Satan first
 Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;
 Such shape as may have erst misled mankind,
 When Greece or Rome uprear'd with Pagan rites
 Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
 With rounded, polish'd, and exuberant grace,
 And mien whose dimpled changefulness betray'd,
 Through jocund hues, the seriousness of passion.
 I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
 With female pipe and melodies that thrill'd
 The soften'd soul, of mild voluptuous ease
 And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
 In odorous gardens or on terraces,
 To music of the fountains and the birds,
 Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten,
 Or warm winds kiss'd, whilst we from shine to shade
 Rovel unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
 Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had call'd
 To other pastime and severer joys.
 But were it not for this, God's strict behest
 Enjoin'd upon me,—had I not been vow'd
 To holiest service rigorously required,
 I should have own'd it for an angel's voice,
 Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
 And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
 And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
 Into the tangle of those mortal cares
 That gather round a throne. What call is thine
 From God or man? What voice within bids thee
 Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

CALMNESS AND RETROSPECTION.

A SACRED and judicial calmness holds
 Its mirror to my soul; at once disclosed,
 The picture of the past presents itself
 Minute yet vivid, such as it is seen
 In his last moments by a drowning man.
 Look at this skeleton of a once green leaf:
 Time and the elements conspired its fall;
 The worm hath eaten out the tenderer parts,
 And left this curious anatomy
 Distinct of structure—made so by decay.
 So, at this moment, lies my life before me,—
 In all its intricacies, all its errors—
 And can I be unjust?

A SOLILOQUY OF LEOLF.

HERE again I stand,
 Again and on the solitary shore
 Old ocean plays as on an instrument,
 Making that ancient music, when not known?
 That ancient music, only not so old
 As He who parted ocean from dry land,
 And saw that it was good. Upon mine ear,
 As in the season of susceptible youth,
 The mellow murmur falls—but finds the sense
 Dull'd by distemper; shall I say—by time?
 Enough in action has my life been spent
 Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
 Of early sensibility. The sun
 Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
 I find myself a man in middle age,
 Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
 Dip westerly,—but oh! how little like
 Are life's two twilights! Would the last were first,
 And the first last! that so we might be soothed
 Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
 Beneath the noonday sun, with hope of joy
 Fresh as the morn,—with hope of breaking lights,
 Illuminated mists and spangled lawns,
 And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,
 As things in expectation. Weak of faith!
 Is not the course of earthly outlook, thus
 Reversed from Hope, an argument to Hope—
 That she was licensed to the heart of man
 For other than for earthly contemplations,
 In that observatory domiciled
 For survey of the stars?

A SCHOLAR.

THIS life, and all that it contains, to him
 Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
 Fill'd with book-wisdom, pictured thought and love
 That on its own creations spends itself.
 All things he understands, and nothing does.
 Profusely eloquent in copious praise
 Of action, he will talk to you as one
 Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions;
 Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
 Cannot his will command; himself alone
 By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
 Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
 And still most wisely.

DUNSTAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

WHY did I quit the cloister? I have fought
 The battles of Jehovah; I have braved
 The perfidies of courts, the wrath of kings,
 Desertion, treachery,—and I murmur'd not,—
 The fall from puissance, the shame of flight,
 The secret knife, the public proclamation,—
 And how am I rewarded? God had raised
 New enemies against me,—from without
 The furious Northman,—from within, far worse,
 Heart-sickness and a subjugating grief.
 She was my friend—I had but her—no more,
 No other upon earth—and as for heaven,
 I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
 No sign is given. My mother! Oh, my mother!

T. K. HERVEY.

THOMAS K. HERVEY was born near Paisley, in Scotland, and received his early education in Manchester. I believe he has since resided most of the time in London, where his attention has been principally devoted to literature. He is the author of *The Poetical Sketch Book*, *The Book of Christmas*, *The Devil's Progress*, *Illustrations of Modern*

Sculpture, *Australia*, *The English Helicon*, and numerous contributions to the annuals and literary magazines. Some of his pieces are very pleasing and harmonious. The best of them are "poems of the affections," descriptive of domestic incidents and feelings, upon which he writes with taste, simplicity, and tenderness.

EVENING IN AUSTRALIA.

It is a summer eve—the gorgeous west
Lights into flame the ocean's heaving breast;
The sun has rested from his march on high,
But left his glowing banner in the sky,—
And, far and wide, is flung its crimson fold
O'er clouds that float in purple and in gold,
Or, piled around his rich pavilion, lie
In thousand shapes to fancy's curious eye.
The very air is radiant with the glow;
The billows dance in liquid light below;
The splendours rest upon the woods of pine,
And jewell'd mountains in their brightness shine;
While earth sends flashing back the glory lent,
In thousand colours, to the firmament.

The falcon pauses, in his midway flight,
And turns him, eastward, from the dazzling light;
Along the valleys strides the vast emu,
And o'er the waters wanders the curlew;
The pelican, upon his dizzy steep,
Looks proudly down along the glowing deep:
While herons spread their plumes o'er coral graves,
Or fall, like snow-drifts, on the buoying waves.
Far off, the white-winged eagle sails on high,
And nestles half-way 'twixt the earth and sky,
Above the archer's ken and arrow's flight,
Rock'd on the Eucalyptus' towering height,
Whose healing leaves weep balsam on the ground,
And fling their sighs of fragrance all around.
O'er many an inland lake, with swelling breast,
And scarlet-painted beak, and golden crest,
The mourning swan in dark-eyed beauty rides,
Or spreads his jetty plumage o'er the tides,—
Along whose banks resounds the far halloo
Of tribes that chase the graceful kangaroo,
Or lurk for vengeance in some covert way
And rush from ambush on their startled prey.

In light canoes, along the purple seas,
The natives sport, like swallows in the breeze;
Glide where the porpoise rocks himself to sleep,
But shun the dolphin, where he stirs the deep;
Or lead the measured music of the oar
Where the small billows break upon the shore,
Flow to the beach, like joys that will not stay,

Then ebb again, like happiness, away.
On land, some thread the dance, to tinkling shells,
Here, stretch'd in caves, they mutter o'er their spells;
And there, the murmur of their evening song
In melancholy cadence dies along;
Some throw the spear, with bold and skilful hand,
While others wander o'er the glittering sand,
Gaze on that western paradise of clouds,
And muse upon the mystery it shrouds.

The sun is down—that crimson flush of light
From heaven and earth has faded into night.
The sun is down—but, in his parting hour,
The moon has caught the mantle of his power;
She smote the gathering darkness from her side,
And lo! the shadows fly, the clouds divide;
The glancing stars come out along the sky,
Like Israel's flock beneath their prophet's eye;
The cedars brighten in the silvery light,
And hang new stars along the brow of night;
Delicious airs come wafted from the vales,
Which echo songs like those of nightingales,
Rich with sweet basil and with orange flowers,
That keep their incense for the moonlight hours.
The Exocarpus, in the hallowing rays,
Throws out its weeping boughs a hundred ways;
And Thesium groves and Melaleuca trees
Load, with their fragrance, every passing breeze.

VENICE, THE WIDOW.

AND still that strange old city of the deep,

Paved by the ocean, painted by the moon,
Shows like a vision of the haunted sleep
Some heart was lull'd to by a fairy tune;
But sorrow sitteth in her soulless eyes—

The same proud beauty with her spirit gone!—
And spann'd to-day by many a "bridge of sighs,"
The sea goes moaning through her flutes of stone.
Gone the glad singing in her lighted halls,

The merry masque and serenade apart,
And o'er their own dark shadows brood her walls,
Like memories lingering in a broken heart.
And Venice has the veil upon her brow,
Where sat of old the crown:—she is a widow now.

HOPE.

AGAIN—again she comes!—methinks I hear

Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings;

My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,

And welcome seeds from all its broken strings.

It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,

When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky

To greet her; and the joyous song she bore

Was scarce more tuneful than the glad reply:

The wings are fetter'd by the weight of years,

And grief has spoil'd the music with her tears.

She comes—I know her by her starry eyes,

I know her by the rainbow in her hair!

Her vesture of the light and summer skies—

But gone the girdle which she used to wear

Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers

That hung enamour'd round her fairy feet,

When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bowers,

And cull'd from all the beautiful and sweet.

No more she mocks me with her voice of mirth,

Nor offers now the garlands of the earth.

Come back, come back—thou hast been absent long,

Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,

Who came, and comes again, with pleading strong,

To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;

Though every year she wears a sadder look,

And sings a sadder song, and every year

Some further leaves are torn out from her book,

And fewer what she brings, and far more dear.

As once she came—oh, might she come again,

With all the perish'd volumes offer'd then.

But come—thy coming is a gladness yet—

Light from the present o'er the future cast,

That makes the present bright—but oh—regret

Is present sorrow while it mourns the past;

And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew bell,

To tell the daylight of the heart is gone.

Come, like the seer of old, and with thy spell,

Put back the shadow of that setting sun

On my soul's dial; and with new-born light

Hush the wild tolling of the voice of night.

Bright spirit, come—the mystic roll is thine,

That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,

And turns, with point unerring, to divine

The places where its buried treasures rest

Its hoards of thought and feeling; at that spell,

Methinks I feel its long-lost wealth reveal'd,

And ancient springs within my bosom swell

That grief had check'd, and ruin had conceal'd,

And sweetly swelling where its waters stray,

The tints and freshness of its earlier day.

She comes—she comes—her voice is in mine ear,

Her mild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings for ever,

Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,

Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river;

(Flowers, like lovers, only speak in sighs, [hearts,])

Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their

Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,

Exulting throbs, though all save hope departs:

Thus the glad freshness of our sinless years

Is water'd ever by the heart's rich tears.

She comes—I know her by her radiant eyes,

Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs;

And if a darker shade be on her brow,

And if her tones be sadder than of yore,

And if she sings more solemn music now,

And bears another harp than erst she bore,

And if around her form no longer glow

The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore—

That look is loftier, and that song more sweet,

And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet.

HOMES AND GRAVES.

How beautiful a world were ours,

But for the pale and shadowy One

That treadeth on its pleasant flowers,

And stalketh in its sun!

Glad childhood needs the lore of time

To show the phantom overhead;

But where the breast, before its prime,

That carrieth not its dead—

The moon that looketh on whose home

In all its circuit sees no tomb!

It was an ancient tyrant's thought,

To link the living with the dead;

Some secret of his soul had taught

That lesson dark and dread;

And, oh! we bear about us still

The dreary moral of his art—

Some form that lieth, pale and chill,

Upon each living heart,

Tied to the memory, till a wave

Shall lay them in one common grave!

To boyhood hope—to manhood fears!

Alas! alas! that each bright home

Should be a nursing-place of tears,

A cradle for the tomb!

If childhood seeth all things loved

Where home's unshadowy shadows wave,

The old man's treasure hath removed—

He looketh to the grave!—

For grave and home lie sadly blent,

Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years—and then, the boy

Shall miss, beside the household hearth,

Some treasure from his store of joy,

To find it not on earth;

A shade within its sadden'd walls

Shall sit, in some beloved's room,

And one dear name, he vainly calls,

Be written on a tomb—

And he have learnt, from all beneath,

His first, dread, bitter taste of death!

And years glide on, till manhood's come;

And where the young, glad faces were,

Perchance the once bright, happy home

Hath many a vacant chair:

A darkness, from the churchyard shed,

Hath fall'n on each familiar room,

And much of all home's light hath fled
 To smoulder in the tomb—
 And household gifts that memory saves
 But help to count the household graves.
 Then, homes and graves the heart divide,
 As they divide the outer world;
 But drearier days must yet betide,
 Ere sorrow's wings be furl'd;
 When more within the churchyard lie
 Than sit and sadly smile at home.
 Till home, unto the old man's eye,
 Itself appears a tomb;
 And his tired spirit asks the grave
 For all the home it longs to have!
 It shall be so—it shall be so!
 Go bravely trusting—trusting on;
 Bear up a few short years—and, lo!
 The grave and home are one!—
 And then, the bright ones gone before
 Within another, happier home,
 And waiting, fonder than before,
 Until the old man come—
 A home where but the life-trees wave;
 Like childhood's—it hath not a grave!

A VISION OF THE STARS.

For ever gone! the world is growing old!
 Gone the bright visions of its untaught youth!
 The age of fancy was the age of gold,
 And sorrow holds the lamp that lights to truth!
 And wisdom writes her records on a page
 Whence many a pleasant tale is swept away—
 The wild, sweet fables of the dreaming age,
 The gorgeous stories of the classic day.
 The world is roused from glad and glowing dreams,
 Though roused by light awaking still is pain,
 And oh! could men renew their broken themes,
 Then, would the world at times might sleep again.
 Oh for the plains—the bright and haunted plains—
 Where genius wander'd, when the earth was new,
 Led by the sound of more than mortal strains,
 And gathering flowers of many a vanish'd hue!
 The deathless forms that on the lonely hill
 Came sweetly gliding to the lonely breast,
 Or spoke, in spirit whispers, from the rill
 That lull'd the watcher to his mystic rest!
 The shapes that met his steps by green and glade,
 Or glanced through mid-air, on their gleaming
 wings; [play'd;
 That hover'd where the young, wild fountains
 And hung in rainbows o'er the dancing springs,
 Or drew aside the curtains of the sky,
 And show'd their starry mansions to his eye!
 Oh! the bright tracks by truth from error won!
 The price we pay for knowledge, and in vain!
 For half the beauty of the world is gone,
 Since science built o'er fancy's wild domain!
 A dream of beauty! such as came, of old,
 To him who came and watch'd the hosts of light,
 As one by one their fiery chariots roll'd,
 In golden pomp along the vaults of night,

Till another, and another deep
 Sent forth a spirit to the shining train,
 Their myriad motion rock'd his heart to sleep,
 But left bright pictures in the haunted brain,
 Where forms grew up, and took the starry eyes
 That gleamed upon him from the crowded skies!
 A dream like his to whom the boon was given
 To read the story of the stars, at will,
 And, by the lights they held for him in heaven,
 Talk with their lady on the Latmos hill!
 A vision of the stars! the moon, to-night—
 Her antler'd coursers by the nymph-train driven,
 Rides in the chariot of her own sweet light,
 To hunt the shadows through the fields of heaven!
 And oh! the hunting-grounds of yonder sky,
 Whose streams are rainbows, and whose flowers
 are stars!—
 The shapes of light that, as they wander by,
 Do spirit homage from their golden cars!
 The meteor troop that, as she passes, play
 Their fiery gambols in their lady's sight;
 And planet-forms that, on her crowded way,
 Throw silver incense from their urns of light!
 Lo! Perseus, from his everlasting height,
 Looks out to see the huntress and her train;
 And Love's own planet, in the pale, soft light,
 Looks young, as when she rose from out the main!
 And, plying all the night, his starry wings,
 Up to her throne, the herald of the sky
 From many an earthly home and hill-top, brings
 The mortal offering of a young heart's sigh!
 And round her chariot sail immortal forms,
 Or darkly hang about its shining rim;
 And, far away, the scared and hunted storms
 Leap from their presence, to their caverns dim!
 On—onward, at her own wild fancy led,
 Along the cloud-land paths she holds her flight,
 Where rears the battle-star his crested head,
 And bears his burning falchion through the night!
 Where, hand in hand, the brothers of the sky
 Sit, like twin angels, or pure heavenward sleep;
 While far below, with urns that never dry,
 The mourning Hyads hang their heads and weep!
 Where brightly dwell in all their early smiles,
 Ere one was lost—the sweet and sister seven,
 Like blessed spirits, pausing from their toils,
 Or some fair family at rest, in heaven.
 Where, swifter than her steeds, that never tire—
 Some comet-shape—those couriers of the sky—
 In breathless haste, upon his barb of fire,
 On some immortal message, rushes by!
 O'er the dim heights where, encircled by his train,
 And wearing on his brow his sparkling crown,
 The planet-monarch holds his ancient reign;
 And, from his palace of the clouds, looks down,
 With stately presence and a smiling eye
 On his bright people of the boundless sky!
 Mid northern lights, like fiery flags unfurl'd,
 And soft, sweet gales that never reach the world;
 Mid flaming signs, that perish in their birth,
 And ancient orb, that have no name on earth;
 Hail'd by the songs of everlasting choirs,
 And welcomed from a thousand burning lyres!
 Oh! for the ancient dreamer's prophet eye,
 To see the hunting grounds of yonder sky;

To hang upon some planet's wheeling car,
And tread the cloud-land paths from star to star;
And climb the heights where old Endymion
Held lofty converse with the lady-moon;
Or, lifted to her chariot of the sky,
Look on its dwellers with a lofty eye, [driven,
And throughout its fields, in that bright vision
Walk, for one night, amid the hosts of heaven.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail, [gale!
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gayly, aloft in the shrouds!
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!—
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep,—as the moon in the sky,—
A phantom of beauty!—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting, within!
Who—as he watches her silently gliding,—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gayly we glide, in the glaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd
and o'er!

I AM ALL ALONE.

I AM all alone! and the visions that play
Round life's young days, have pass'd away;
And the songs are hush'd that gladness sings;
And the hopes that I cherish'd have made them
wings;
And the light of my heart is dimm'd and gone,
And I sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have departed—one by one;
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!

And the home of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are; [hear
And the looks that I meet and the sounds that I
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me, which I cannot see,
And eyes that beam kindness, but not for me!

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright and bosoms glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart, is said!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!

I wander about, like a shadow of pain, [brain;
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,—
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!—
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

TO MARY.

THE eye must be dark that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign:
I need but look up with a vow to the sky,
And a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapp'd in the mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom!—
Is not the dark grief of despair.
By sorrow reveal'd, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
A hope—like the rainbow—a being of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;—
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gather'd in this,
And hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

It will not be;—away, bright cheat, away!
 Cold, far too cold to love!—thy look grows strange;
 I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,
 Like lights and shadows, in chequer'd change!
 That smile!—I know thou art not like her, now,—
 Within her land—where'er it be—of light,
 She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow!—
 When will it pass away—this heavy night!
 Oh! will the cool, clear morning never come,
 And light me to her, in her spirit's home!

THE GROTTTO OF EGERIA.

A crash of waters!—faint, and sweet, and wild,
 Like the far echo of the voice of years,—
 The ancient nature, singing to her child
 The self-same hymn that lull'd the infant spheres!
 A spell of song not louder than a sigh,
 Yet speaking like a trumpet to the heart,
 And thoughts that lift themselves, triumphingly,
 O'er time—where time has triumph'd over art,—
 As wild-flowers climb its ruins,—haunt it still;
 While, still, above the consecrated spot,
 Lifts up its prophet voice the ancient rill,
 And flings its oracles along the grot.
 But, where is she, the lady of the stream,
 And he whose worship was, and is—a dream?

Silent, yet full of voices!—desolate,
 Yet fill'd with memories, like a broken heart!
 Oh! for a vision like to his who sate
 With thee, and with the moon and stars, apart,
 By the cool fountain, many a livelong even,
 That speaks, unheeded, to the desert, now,
 When vanish'd clouds had left the air all heaven,
 And all was silent, save the stream and thou,
 Egeria!—solemn thought upon his brows,
 For all his diadem; thy spirit-eyes
 His only homage; and the flitting boughs
 And birds, alone, between him and the skies!
 Each outward sense expanded to a soul,
 And every feeling tuned into a truth;
 And all the bosom's shatter'd strings made whole,
 And all its worn-out powers retouch'd with youth,
 Beneath thy spell, that chasten'd while it charm'd,
 Thy words, that touch'd the spirit while they
 taught,
 Thy look, that utter'd wisdom while it warm'd,
 And moulded fancy in the stamp of thought,
 And breathed an atmosphere below, above,
 Light to the soul, and to the senses love!

Beautiful dreams! that haunt the younger earth,
 In poet's pencil or in minstrel's song,
 Like sighs, or rainbows, dying in their birth,
 Perceived a moment, and remember'd long!
 But, no!—bright visions!—fables of the heart!
 Not to the past, alone, do ye belong;
 Types for all ages,—wove when early art
 To feeling gave a voice—to truth a tongue!
 Oh! what if gods have left the Grecian mount,
 And shrines are voiceless on the classic shore,
 And long Egeria by the gushing fount
 Waits for her monarch-lover never more,—

Who hath not his Egeria?—some sweet thought,
 Shrouded and shrin'd within his heart of hearts,
 More closely cherish'd, and more fondly sought,
 Still, as the daylight of the soul departs;
 The vision'd lady of the spring, that wells
 In the green valley of his brighter years,
 Or gentle spirit that for ever dwells,
 And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears.

In the heart's trance—the calenture of mind
 That haunts the soul-sick mariner of life,
 And paints the fields that he has left behind,
 Like green morganas, on the tempest's strife;
 In the dim hour when memory—whose song
 Is still of buried hope—sings back the dead,
 And perish'd looks and forms—a phantom-throng,—
 With melancholy eyes and soundless tread,
 Like lost Eurydice, from graves, retrack
 The long-deserted chambers of the brain,
 Until the yearning soul looks fondly back,
 To clasp them, and they vanish, once again;
 At even,—when the fight of youth is done,
 And sorrow—like the “searchers of the slain,”—
 Turns up the cold, dead faces, one by one,
 Of prostrate joys and wishes,—but in vain!
 And finds that all is lost,—and walks around,
 Mid hopes that, each, has perish'd of its wound;
 Then, pale Egeria! to thy moon-lit cave
 The madden'd and the mourner may retire,
 To cool the spirit's fever in thy wave,
 And gather inspiration from thy lyre;
 In solemn musings, when the world is still,
 To woo a love less fleeting to the breast,
 Or lie and dream, beside the prophet-rill
 That resteth never, while it whispers rest;
 Like Numa, cast earth's cares and crowns aside,
 And commune with a spiritual bride!

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, AT ATHENS.

Thou art not silent!—oracles are thine
 Which the wind utters, and the spirit hears,
 Lingering, mid ruin'd fane and broken shrine,
 O'er many a tale and trace of other years!
 Bright as an ark, o'er all the flood of tears
 That wraps thy cradle-land—thine earthly love,
 Where hours of hope, mid centuries of fears,
 Have gleam'd, like lightnings through the gloom
 above, [Jove!
 Stands, roofless to the sky, thy home, Olympian

Thy column'd aisles with whispers of the past
 Are vocal,—and, along thine ivied walls,
 While Elian echoes murmur on the blast,
 And wild-flowers hang, like victor-coronals,
 In vain the turban'd tyrant rears his halls,
 And plants the symbol of his faith and slaughters;
 Now, even now, the beam of promise falls
 Bright upon Hellas, as her own bright daughters,
 And a Greek Ararat is rising o'er the waters!

Thou art not silent! when the southern fair—
 Ionia's moon—looks down upon thy breast,

Smiling, as pity smiles above despair,
Soft as young beauty soothing age to rest,—
Sings the night-spirit in thy weedy crest,
And she, the minstrel of the moonlight hours
Breathes—like some lone one, sighing to be blest—
Her lay, half hope, half sorrow, from the flowers,
And hoots the prophet owl, amid his tangled bowers!

And, round thine altar's mouldering stones are born
Mysterious harpings,—wild as ever crept
From him who waked Aurora, every morn,
And sad as those he sung her, till she slept!
A thousand and a thousand years have swept
O'er thee, who wert a moral from thy spring,
A wreck in youth! nor vainly hast thou kept
Thy lyre: Olympia's soul is on the wing,
And a new Iphitus has waked, beneath its string!

SLUMBER LIE SOFT ON THY BEAUTIFUL EYE!

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Spirits, whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,
Play thee to sleep, with their visionless strings,
Brighter than thou, but because they have wings!
Fair as a being of heavenly birth,
But loving and loved like a child of the earth!

Why is that tear?—art thou gone, in thy dream,
To the valley far-off, and the moon-lighted stream,
Where the sighing of flowers and the nightingale's
song

Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along!—
Blest be the dream that restores them to thee,
But thou art the bird and the roses to me!

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers, alone,
And hear thy soft breathing, and know thee mine
own,

And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,
And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,
I blame not the fate which has taken the rest,
Since it left, to my bosom, its dearest and best!

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye!
Love be a rainbow, to brighten thy sky!
Oh! not for sunshine and hope, would I part
With the shade time has flung over all—but thy
heart!

Still art thou all which thou wert, when a child
Only more holy—and only less wild!

TO MYRA.

I LEAVE thee now, my spirit's love!
All bright in youth's unclouded light;
With sunshine round, and hope above,
Thou scarce hast learnt to dream of night.

Yet night will come!—thy bounding heart
Must watch its idols melt away;
And, oh! thy soul must learn to part
With much that made thy childhood gay!

But should we meet in darker years,
When clouds have gather'd round thy brow,
How far more precious in thy tears,
Than in thy glow of gladness, now!—

Then come to me,—thy wounded heart
Shall find it has a haven still,
One bosom—faithless as thou art,—
All—all thine own, mid good and ill!

Thou leavest me for the world! then go!
Thou art too young to feel it yet,
But time may teach thy heart to know
The worth of those who ne'er forget.

And, should that world look dark and cold,
Then turn to him whose silent truth
Will still love on, when worn and old,
The form it loved so well in youth!

Like that young bird that left its nest,
Lured, by the warm and sunny sky,
From flower to flower, but found no rest,
And sought its native vale to die;—

Go! leave my soul to pine alone;
But, should the hopes that woo thee, wither,
Return, my own beloved one!
And let—oh, let us die together!

STANZAS TO A LADY.

THE rose that deck'd thy cheek is dead,
The ruby from thy lip has fled,
Thy brow has lost its gladness;
And the pure smiles that used to play
So brightly there, have pass'd away
Before the touch of sadness!—
Yet sorrow's shadows o'er thy face
Have wander'd with a mellowing grace.

And grief has given to thine eye
A beauty, such as yonder sky
Receives, when daylight's splendour
Fades in the holy twilight hour,
Whose magic hangs on every flower
A bloom more pure and tender;
When angels walk the quiet even,
On messages of love from heaven!

Thy low sweet voice, in every word,
Breathes—like soft music far-off heard—
The soul of melancholy!
And oh! to listen to thy sigh!
The evening gale that wanders by
The rose is not so holy!
But none may know the thoughts that rest
In the deep silence of thy breast!

For oh! thou art, to mortal eyes,
Like some pure spirit of the skies,
Awhile to bless us given;
And sadly pining for the day,
To spread thy wings, and flee away,
Back to thy native heaven!
Thou wert beloved by all before,
But now,—a thing that we adore!

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

AMERICAN readers have as yet seen but few of the productions of this lady, but she has already made herself a home in the hearts of the people; a proof that the popular taste does not lie altogether in the direction of singing echoes, sickly sentiment, or empty blank verse; and a proof, too, in her own case, that the most varied acquirements of learning do not impair the subtlest delicacy of thought and feeling.

MISS BARRETT, in her earlier works and first adventurous attempts, is the poetess of angels and seraphim, breathing a rare and elevated atmosphere, too rare for habitual contemplation. In her later style, she is the sweet poetess of meditation and thought, of a deep and pure spirituality, of

Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love.

Compare the eloquence of her poem entitled "Cowper's Grave," with what generally passes for Byronic eloquence, and mark the difference. Here is thought compact and close, enthusiasm fresh from the heart, noble domestic incident, and sorrow as gentle and as mild as ever breathed from a human bosom. Mark the pathos, the tenderness, the deep sympathy in the poem, "The Sleep."

MISS BARRETT's productions are unique in this age of lady authors. They have the "touch of nature," in common with the best; they have, too, sentiment, passion, and fancy in the highest degree, without any imitation of NORTON, HEMANS, or LONDON. Her excellence is her own; her mind is coloured by what it feeds on; the fine tissue of her flowing style comes to us from the loom of Grecian thought. She is the learned poetess of the day, familiar with HOMER and ÆSCHYLUS and SOPHOCLES; and to the musings of Tempe she has added the inspiration of Christianity, "above all Greek, all Roman fame." She has translated the Prometheus, to the delight of scholars, and has contributed a series of very valuable prose papers "On the Poetry of the Early Church," to the London "Athenæum." Her reading Greek recalls to us ROGER ASCHAM's anecdote of Lady JANE

GREY; but Lady JANE GREY has left us no such verses.

A striking characteristic of Miss BARRETT's verse, is its prevailing seriousness, approaching to solemnity—a garb borrowed from the "sceptred pall" of her favourite Greek drama of fate. She loses much with the general reader, by a dim mysticism; but many of her later poems are entirely free from any such defect. The great writers whom she loves will teach her the plain, simple, universal language of poetry.

Her dreams and abstractions, though "ca-vi-ère to the generale," have their admirers, who will ever find in pure and elevated philosophy, expressed in the words of enthusiasm, the living presence of poetry. On Parnassus there are many groves: far from the dust of the highway, embosomed in twilight woods, that seem to symbol Reverence and Faith trusting on the unseen, we may hear, in the whispering of the trees, the wavering breath of insect life, the accompaniment of our poet's strain. Despise not dreams and reveries. With COWLEY, Miss BARRETT vindicates herself. The father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God."

MISS BARRETT has published two volumes of poetry, "Prometheus Bound, and Miscellaneous Poems," in 1833, and "The Seraphim and other Poems," in 1838; and we understand that she has a forthcoming volume in the press. It will be a welcome one to all lovers of true poetry.

In our judgment, Miss BARRETT is destined, in due time, to take her place at the head of the female poets of Great Britain. The noble ardour with which she writes, makes us believe that this new volume will go far toward determining the question.

Of her personal history, we know very little. She resides in London, and is one of the stars in a brilliant constellation of scholars, philosophers, and poets. She was a contributor, with WORDSWORTH, HUNT, and HORNE, to "Chaucer Modernized," and besides her prose writings in "The Athenæum," has written for that admirable gazette some of her finest poems.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beams to spread,
That we may see there's brightness in the dead.

HABINGTON.

It is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud
Towards His love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!—

And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplinking to his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remain'd,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated,—
*Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created!*

Like a sick child, that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fever'd eyes around—
"My mother! where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
He sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love,
Th' unwearied love she bore him—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream
His life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes
Which closed in death to save him!

Thus! oh, not *thus!* no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face
No love was manifested!
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
Th' atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul—
That *one* should be deserted!

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition:
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

NAPOLEON! years ago, and that great word,
Compact of human breath in hate and dread
And exultation, skied us overhead—
An atmosphere, whose lightning was the sword,
Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down
In burnings, by the metal of a crown.

Napoleon! Foemen, while they cursed that name,
Shook at their own curse; and while others bore
Its sound, as of a trumpet, on before,
Brass-fronted legions follow'd, sure of fame—
And dying men, from trampled battle-sods,
Near their last silence, utter'd it for God's.

Napoleon! Sages with high foreheads droop'd,
Did use it for a problem; children small
Leapt up as hearing in 't their manhood's call:
Priests bless'd it from their altars, overstoop'd
By meek-eyed Christs,—and widows with a moan
Breathed it, when question'd why they sate alone.

And this name brake the silence of the snows
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid!
The mimic eagles dared what nature's did,
And over-rush'd her mountainous repose
In search of eyries: and th' Egyptian river
Mingled the same word with its grand "for ever."

Yea! this, they shouted near the pyramidal
Egyptian tombs, whose mummied habitants,
Pack'd to humanity's significance,
Motion'd them back with stillness! Shouts as idle
As the hired artists' work—in myrrh and spice,
Swathing last glories round the Ptolemies.

The world's face changed to hear it. Kingly men
Came down, in chidden babes' bewilderment,
From autocratic places—each content
With sprinkled ashes for anointing!—then
The people laugh'd, or wonder'd for the nonce,
To see one throne a composite of thrones.

Napoleon! The cavernous vastitude
Of India felt, in motions of the air,
The name which scatter'd in a ruining blare
All Europe's landmarks, drawn afresh in blood!
Napoleon! from the Russias, west to Spain!
And Austria trembled—till we heard her chain.

And Germany was 'ware—and Italy
Forgot her own name so—her laurel-lock'd,
High-ghosted Cæsars passing uninvoked,—
She crumbled her own ruins with her knee,
To serve a newer! But the Gaulmen cast
A future from them, nobler than her past.

For, verily, though Gaul augustly rose
With that raised name, and did assume by such
The purple of the world, none gave so much
As she, in purchase—to speak plain, in loss—
Whose hands to freedom stretch'd, dropp'd paralyzed
To wield a sword, or fit an undersized

King's crown to a great man's head! And though
along

Her Paris streets, did float on frequent streams
Of triumph, pictured or enmarbled dreams,
Dreamt right by genius in a world gone wrong,
No dream of all, was beautiful to see,
As the lost vision of her liberty.

Napoleon! 'twas a high name lifted high!
It met at last God's thunder,—sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And open a clear sight, beyond the sky,
Of supreme empire! This of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

The kings crept out—the people sate at home,—
And finding the long-advocated peace
A pall embroider'd with worn images
Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom,—
Gnawed their own hearts, or else the corn that grew
Rankly, to bitter bread, on Waterloo!

A deep gloom center'd in the deep repose—
The nations stood up mute to count their dead—
The bearer of the name which vibrated
Through silence,—trusting to his noblest foes,
When earth was all too gray for chivalry—
Died of their mercies, midst the desert sea.

O wild St. Helen! very still she kept him,
With a green willow for all pyramid,
Stirring a little if the low wind did,—
More rarely, if some pilgrim overwrept him
And parted the lithe boughs, to see the clay
Which seem'd to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay! not so long! France kept her old affection,
As deeply as the sepulchre the corse,—
And now, dilated by that love's remorse
To a new angel of the resurrection,
She cries, "Behold, thou England, I would have
The dead thou wottest of, from out that grave."

And England answers in the courtesy
Which, ancient foes turn'd lovers, may befit,—
"Take back thy dead! and when thou buryest it,
Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me."
Amen, mine England! 'tis a courteous claim—
But ask a little room too . . . for thy shame!

Because it was not well, it was not well,
Nor tuneless with thy lofty-chanted part
Among the Oceanides, that heart
To bind and bare, and vex with vulture fell.
O mine own England! would, we had to seek
All crimson stains upon thy breast—not cheek!

Would hostile fleets had scarr'd thy bay of Tor,
Instead of the lone ship, which waited here
Until thy princely purpose should be clear,
Then left a shadow—to pass out no more!
Not for the moonlight,—not for a noontide sun!
Green watching hills, ye witness'd what was done!

But since it *was* done,—in sepulchral dust,
We fain would pay back something of our debt
To Gaul, if not to honour, and forget
How, through much fear, we falsified the trust

Of a fall'n foe and exile! We return
Orestes to Electra . . . in his urn!

A little urn—a little dust inside,
Which once outbalanced the large earth,—albeit
To-day, a four years child might carry it,
Sleek-brow'd, and smiling "Let the burden 'bide!"
Orestes to Electra! O fair town
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down,

And run back in the chariot-marks of time,
When all the people shall come forth to meet
The passive victor, death-still in the street
He rode through mid the shouting and bell-chime
And martial music,—under eagles which
Dyed their ensanguined beaks at Austerlitz!

Napoleon! he hath come again—borne home
Upon the popular ebbing heart,—a sea
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
Majestically moaning. Give him room!
Room for the dead in Paris! Welcome solemn
And grave-deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded co-
lumn!

There, weapon spent and warrior spent may rest
From roar of fields! provided Jupiter
Dare trust Saturnus to lie down so near
His bolts! And this he *may* do, since possess'd
(To wave th' imperial phantom from the throne)
Of that one capable sword . . . Napoleon's own!

Napoleon! Once more the recover'd name
Shakes the old casements of the world! and we
Look out upon the passing pageantry,
Attesting that the dead makes good his claim
To a Gaul grave,—another kingdom won—
The last—of few spans—by Napoleon!

Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise—sooth!
But also glitter'd dew-like in the slanted
High-ray'd light. He was a tyrant—granted!
But th' Autos of his autocratic mouth
Said "Yea" i' the people's French! He multiplied
The image of the freedom he denied.

And if they ask'd for "rights," he made reply,
"Ye have my glory!" and so, drawing round them
His ample purple, glorified and bound them
In an embrace that seem'd identity.
He ruled them like a tyrant—true! but none
Were ruled like slaves! Each felt Napoleon!

I do not praise this man—the man was flaw'd,
For Adam—much more, Christ!—his knee, un-
bent—

His hand, unclean—his aspiration, pent [had
Within a sword-sweep.—Pshaw!—But since he
The *genius to be loved*, why let him have
The justice to be honour'd in his grave.

I think a nation's tears, pour'd thus together,
More rare than shouts! I think this funeral [all,
More grand than crownings, though a Pope bless
I think this grave more strong than thrones! But
whether

The crown'd Napoleon or his senseless dust
Be worth more, I discern not—angels must.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
Ere the sorrow comes with years? mothers,
They are leaning their young heads against their
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing from the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in long ago.
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost!
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see;
For the man's grief untimely draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!"
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek!
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold, [ring,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewild-
And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
That we die before our time!
Little Alice died last year,—the grave is shapen
Like a snow-ball, in the rime.
We look'd into the pit prepared to take her,
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying—Get up, little Alice, it is day!
If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not
know her, [eyes.
For the *new smile which has grown within her*
For merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud, by the kirk chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the young children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have! [ing,
They are binding up their hearts away from break-
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do!
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty,

Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But the children say, "Are cowslips of the meadows
Like the weeds anear the mine?"
Leave us quiet in the dark of our coal shadows
From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap:
*If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.*
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall on our face trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flowers would look as pale as snow;
For all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round.

"All day long the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces! [burning,
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses
And the walls turn in their places! [ing,
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reel-
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
Are all turning all the day, and we with all!
All day long, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels (breaking off in a mad moaning,)
Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay, be silent! let them hear each other breathing,
For a moment, mouth to mouth; [wreathing
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
Of their tender human youth;
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God giveth them to feel;
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if fate in each were stark! [ward,
And the children's souls, which God is calling sun-
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the weary children, O my brothers!
That they look to Him and pray,
For the bless'd One who blesseth all the others,
To bless them another day. [us,"
They answer—"Who is God that He should hear
While this rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd!
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass unhearing—at least, answer not a word;
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door.
Is it likely God with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,
"*Our Father!*" looking upward in our chamber,
We say softly for a charm.†

* A commissioner mentions the fact of weeds being thus confounded with the idea of flowers.

† The report of the commissioners present repeated instances of children, whose religious devotion is confined to the repetition of the two first words of the Lord's Prayer.

We say no other words except "*Our Father!*"
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
He may pluck them with the silence sweet to
gather,

And hold both in His right hand, which is strong.
Our Father! If He heard us, He would surely—
For they call Him good and mild—
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with me, my child."

"But no," say the children, weeping faster,
"He is silent as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on."
"Go to!" say the children; "up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find!
Do not mock us! we are atheists in our grieving,
We look to him—but *tears have made us blind!*"
Do you hear children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye teach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each!

And well may the children weep before ye,
They are weary ere they run!
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun!
They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom,
They sink in their despair, with hope at calm,
Are slaves without liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs by the pang without the palm!
Are worn as if with age; yet unretreivably
No joy of memory keep,
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,
Let them weep, let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For you think you see their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation!
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's
heart!"

Trample down with mailed heel its palpitant,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart!
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
And your purple shows your path,"
*But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!*

SERAPH AND POET.

THE seraph sings before the manifest
God-one, and in the burning of the Seven;
And with the full life of consummate heaven
Heaving beneath him, like a mother's breast,
Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest:
The poet sings upon the earth, grave-riven,
Before the naughty world, soon self-forgiven
For wronging him, and in the darkness prest
From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,
Sing, seraph, with the glory! Heaven is high!
Sing, poet, with the sorrow! Earth is low!
The universe's inward voices cry
"Amen" to either voice of joy and wo.
Sing, poet, seraph—sing on equally.

THE LAY OF THE ROSE.

"— discordance that can accord;
And accordance to discord."

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

A rose once passed within
A garden April-green,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,—
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer;

Whose pretty gates did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For if I wait," said she,
"Till times for roses be,—
For the musk rose, and the moss rose,
Royal red and maiden blush rose,—

"What glory then for me,
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty!

"Nay, let me in," said she,
"Before the rest are free,
In my loneliness, in my loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For I would lonely stand,
Uplifting my white hand,
On a mission, on a mission,
To declare the coming vision.

"See mine, a holy heart,
To high ends set apart,—
All unmated, all unmated,
Because so consecrated.

"Upon which lifted sign,
What worship will be mine!
What addressing, what caressing,
What thanks and praise and blessing!

"A wind-like joy will rush
Through every tree and bush,
Bending softly in affection,
And spontaneous benediction.

"Insects, that only may
Live in a sunbright ray,
To my whiteness, to my whiteness
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness.

"And every moth and bee
Shall near me reverently,
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me
Coronals of motion'd glory.

"I ween the very skies
Will look down in surprise,
When low on earth they see me,
With my cloudy aspect dreamy.

"Ten nightingales shall flee
Their woods, for love of me,—
Singing sadly all the suntide,
Never waiting for the moontide!

"Three larks shall leave a cloud,
To my whiter beauty vow'd,—
Singing gladly all the moontide,
Never waiting for the suntide."

So praying did she win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

But out, alas for her!
No thing did minister
To her praises, to her praises,
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen
To boast a perfect green,
Scarcely having, scarcely having
One leaf broad enow for waving.

The little flies did crawl
Along the southern wall,
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas.
Guess him in the happy islands,
Learning music from the silence.

The lark, too high or low,
Did haply miss her so—
With his nest down in the gorses,
And his song in the star-courses!

Only the bee, forsooth,
Came in the place of both—
Doing honour, doing honour
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies looked coldly down
As on a royal crown;
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,
Began to rain for pleasure;

Whereat the earth did seem
To waken from a dream;
Winter frozen, winter frozen,
Her unquiet eyes unclosing—

Said to the rose, "Ha, Snow!
And art thou fallen so?
Thou who wert enthroned stately
Along my mountains lately!

"Holla, thou world-wide snow!
And art thou wasted so?
With a little bough to catch thee,
And a little bee to watch thee!"

Poor rose, to be unknown!
Would she had ne'er been blown,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the sadder for that oneness.

Some word she tried to say,
Some sigh—ah, wellaway!
But the passion did o'ercome her,
And the fair frail leaves dropp'd from her—

Dropp'd from her, fair and mute,
Close to a poet's foot,
Who beheld them, smiling lowly
As at something sad yet holy:

Said, "Verily and thus
So chanceth eke with us,
Poets, singing sweetest snatches,
While deaf men keep the watches—

"Vaunting to come before
Our own age evermore,
In a loneness, in a loneness,
And the nobler for that oneness!

"But if alone we be,
Where is our empyr?
And if none can reach our stature,
Who will mate our lofty nature?

"What bell will yield a tone,
Saving in the air alone?
If no brazen clapper bringing,
Who can bear the chimed ringing?

"What angel but would seem
To sensual eyes glint-dim?
And without assimilation,
Vain is interpenetration!

"Alas! what can we do,
The rose and poet too,
Who both antedate our mission
In an unprepared season?

"Drop, leaf—be silent, song—
Cold things we came among!
We must warm them, we must warm them,
Ere we ever hope to charm them.

"Howbeit,"—here his face
Lightened around the place,
So to mark the outward turning
Of his spirit's inward burning—

"Something it is to hold
In God's worlds manifold,
First reveal'd to creatures' duty,
A new form of His mild beauty;

"Whether that form respect
The sense or intellect,
Holy rest in soul or pleasure,
The chief Beauty's sign of presence.

"Holy in me and thee,
Rose fallen from the tree,
Though the world stand dumb around us,
All unable to expound us.

"Though none us deign to bless,
Blessed are we natiless;
Blessed age and consecrated,
In that, Rose, we were created!

"Oh, shame to poets' lays,
Sung for the dole of praise—
Hoarsely sung upon the highway,
With an '*obolum da mihi*!'

"Shame, shame to poet's soul,
Pining for such a dole,
When heaven-called to inherit
The high throne of his own spirit!

"Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones!
And if, sooth, the world decry you,
Why, let that same world pass by you!

"Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without its flatteries;
Self-contentedly approve you
Unto Him who sits above you,

"In prayers that upward mount,
Like to a sunned fount,
And, in gushing back upon you,
Bring the music they have won you!

"In thanks for all the good
By poets understood—
For the sound of seraphs moving
Through the hidden depths of loving;

"For sights of things away,
Through fissures of the clay,—
Promised things, which *shall* be given
And sung over up in heaven!

"For life, so lonely vain,—
For death, which breaks the chain,—
For this sense of present sweetness,
And this yearning to completeness!"

MY DOVES.

O Weisheit! Du red'st wie eine Taube! GÜTHE.

My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea:
For ever there, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces, to and fro.

The tropic flowers look'd up to it,
The tropic stars look'd down:
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes, that show'd their right
To general nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of water far, and wind,
And lifted leaf, to interpose
Their chanting voices kind;
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! Of living loves,
Their's hath the calmest sound—
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless noises round—
In such sweet monotone as clings
To music of insensate things!

My little doves were ta'en away
 From that glad nest of theirs,
 Across an ocean foaming aye,
 And tempest-clouded airs.
 My little doves!—who lately knew
 The sky and wave, by warmth and blue!

And now, within the city prison,
 In mist and chillness pent,
 With sudden upward look they listen
 For sounds of past content—
 For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
 Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion—
 The triumph of the mart—
 The gold and silver's dreary clashing
 With man's metallic heart—
 The wheeléd pomp, the pauper tread—
 These only sounds are heard, instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
 Their fearless heads they lean,
 And almost seem to understand
 What human musings mean—
 (With such a plaintive gaze their eyne
 Are fasten'd upwardly to mine!)

Their chant is soft as in the nest,
 Beneath the sunny sky:
 For love, that stirr'd it in their breast,
 Remains undyingly,
 And, 'neath the city's shade, can keep
 The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills
 With pastoral memories:
 All echoings from out the hills,
 All droppings from the skies,
 All flowings from the wave and wind,
 Remember'd in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
 My little doves! to move
 Along the city ways, with heart
 Assured by holy love,
 And vocal with such songs as own
 A fountain to the world unknown.

'T was hard to sing by Babel's stream—
 More hard in Babel's street!
 But if the soulless creatures deem
 Their music not unmeet
 For sunless walls—let us begin,
 Who wear immortal wings, within!

To me, fair memories belong
 Of scenes that erst did bless;
 For no regret—but present song,
 And lasting thankfulness—
 And very soon to break away,
 Like types, in purer things than they!

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
 For flowers the valley yields—
 I will have humble thoughts, instead
 Of silent, dewy fields!
 My spirit and my God shall be
 My seaward hill, my boundless sea!

ROMAUNT OF MARGRET.

I PLANT a tree whose leaf
 The cypress leaf will suit;
 And when its shade is o'er you laid,
 Turn ye, and pluck the fruit!
 Now, reach mine harp from off the wall,
 Where shines the sun aslant:
 The sun may shine and we be cold—
 Oh! hearken, loving hearts and bold,
 Unto my wild romaunt,
 Margret, Margret!

Sitteth the fair ladye
 Close to the river side,
 Which runneth on with a merry tone,
 Her merry thoughts to guide.
 It runneth through the trees,
 It runneth by the hill;—
 Nathless, the ladye's thoughts have found
 A way more pleasant still.—
 Margret, Margret!

The night is in her hair,
 And giveth shade to shade;
 And the pale moonlight on her forehead white,
 Like a spirit's hand, is laid:—
 Her lips part with a smile,
 Instead of speaking done—
 I ween she thinketh of a voice,
 Albeit uttering none!
 Margret, Margret!

All little birds do sit
 With heads beneath their wings—
 Nature doth seem in a mystic dream,
 Apart from her living things.
 That dream by that ladye
 I ween is unpartook;
 For she looketh to the high cold stars,
 With a tender human look!
 Margret, Margret!

The ladye's shadow lies
 Upon the running river,—
 It lieth no less, in its quietness,
 For that which resteth never;
 Most like a trusting heart
 Upon a passing faith,—
 Or as, upon the course of life,
 The steadfast doom of death!
 Margret, Margret!

The ladye doth not move—
 The ladye doth not dream—
 Yet she seeth her shade no longer laid
 In rest upon the stream!
 It shaketh without wind—
 It parteth from the tide—
 It standeth upright, in the cleft moonlight—
 It sitteth at her side!
 Margret, Margret!

Look in its face, ladye,
 And keep thee from thy swoond!
 With a spirit bold thy pulses hold,
 And hear its voice's sound!

For so will sound *thy* voice,
 When *thy* face is to the wall,—
 And such will be *thy* face, ladyè,
 When the maidens work thy pall—
 Margret, Margret !

"Am I not like to thee !"—
 The voice was calm and low—
 And between each word there seem'd heard
 The universe's flow !—
 "*The like may sway the like !*
 By which mysterious law,
 Mine eyes from thine, my lips from thine,
 The light and breath may draw,
 Margret, Margret !

"My lips do need thy breath,
 My lips do need thy smile,—
 And my pale deep eyne, that light in thine
 Which met the stars erewhile.—
 Yet go, with light and life
 If that thou lovest one,
 In all the earth, who loveth thee
 More truly than the sun,
 Margret, Margret !"

Her cheek had wax'd white
 As cloud at fall of snow;
 Then, like to one at set of sun,
 It wax'd red also !—
 For love's name maketh bold,
 As if the loved were near:
 And sigh'd she the deep long sigh
 Which cometh after fear.
 Margret, Margret !

"Now, sooth, I fear thee not—
 Shall never fear thee now !"
 (And a noble sight was the sudden light
 Which lit her lifted brow !)
 "Can earth be dry of streams,
 Or hearts of love ?"—she said ;
 "Who doubteth love, can know not love,—
 He is already dead !"
 Margret, Margret !

"I have"—and here her lips
 Some word in pause did keep;
 And gave, the while, a quiet smile,
 As if they paused in sleep !
 "I have—a brother dear,
 A knight of knightly fame;
 I broider'd him a knightly scarf
 With letters of my name."
 Margret, Margret !

"I fed his gray goss-hawk,
 I kissed his fierce bloodhound,
 I sate at home when he might come,
 And caught his horn's far sound :
 I sang him songs of eld,
 I pour'd him the red wine,
 He look'd from the cup, and said,
I love thee, sister mine !"
 Margret, Margret !

IT trembled on the grass,
 With a low, shadowy laughter !

The sounding river, which roll'd ever,
 Stood dumb and stagnant, after.—
 "Brave knight thy brother is !
 But better loveth he
 Thy pour'd wine than chanted song,—
 And better both, than thee,
 Margret, Margret !"

The ladye did not heed
 The river's silence ; while
 Her own thoughts still ran at their will,
 And calm was still her smile.—
 "My little sister wears
 The look our mother wore ;
 I smooth her locks with a golden comb—
 I bless her evermore !"
 Margret, Margret !

"I gave her my first bird,
 When first my voice it knew—
 I made her share my posies rare,
 And told her where they grew.
 I taught her God's dear name—
 God's worthy praise to tell :—
 She look'd from heaven into my face,
 And said, *I love thee well !*"
 Margret, Margret !

IT trembled on the grass,
 With a low, shadowy laughter—
 You could see each bird, as it woke, and stared
 Through the shrivell'd tree-leaves, after !—
 "Fair child thy sister is !
 But better loveth she
 Thy golden comb than thy posied flowers—
 And better both, than thee,—
 Margret, Margret !"

The ladye did not heed
 The withering on the bough :
 Still calm her smile, albeit, the while,
 A little pale her brow.—
 "I have a father old,
 The lord of ancient halls—
 A hundred friends are in his court,
 Yet only me he calls."
 Margret, Margret !

"A hundred knights are in his court ;
 Yet read I by his knee :
 And when forth they go to the tourney show,
 I rise not up to see.
 'Tis a weary book to read—
 My trysts at set of sun :—
 But dear and loving 'neath the stars,
 His blessing when I've done !"
 Margret, Margret !

IT trembled on the grass,
 With a low shadowy laughter—
 And moon and star, most bright and far,
 Did shrink and darken, after.—
 "High lord thy father is !
 But better loveth he
 His ancient halls than hundred friends,—
 His ancient halls than thee,
 Margret, Margret !"

The ladye did not heed
 That the far stars did fail—
 Still calm her smile, albeit, the while—
 Nay!—but she is not *pale*!—
 “I have a more than friend,
 Across the mountains dim :—
 No other’s voice is soft to me,
 Unless it nameth *him*!”

Margret, Margret!

“Though louder beats mine heart,
 I know his tread again;
 And his far plume aye,—unless *turned away*,
 For tears do blind me, then!
 We brake no gold, a sign
 Of stronger faith to be;
 But I wear his last look in my soul,
 Which said, *I love but thee*!”

Margret, Margret!

IT trembled on the grass,
 With a low shadowy laughter—
 The wind did toll, as a passing soul
 Were sped by church-bell, after!
 And shadows, ‘stead of light,
 Fell from the stars above,
 In flakes of darkness on her face,
 Still bright with trusting love!

Margret, Margret!

“He *lovèd* none but thee!
 That love is transient too.
 The wild hawk’s bill doth dabble still
 I’ the mouth that vowed the true.
 Will he open his dull eyes,
 When tears fall on his brow?
 Behold! the death-worm to his heart
 Is a nearer thing than *thou*!”

Margret, Margret!

Her face was on the ground—
 None saw the agony!
 But the men at sea did that night agree
 They heard a drowning cry.
 And, when the morning brake,
 Fast roll’d the river’s tide,
 With the green trees waving overhead,
 And a white course lain beside.

Margret, Margret!

A knight’s bloodhound and he
 The funeral watch did keep—
 With a thought o’ the chase he stroked its face,
 As it howl’d to see him weep.
 A fair child kiss’d the dead,
 But shrank before the cold;
 And alone, yet proudly, in his hall
 Did stand a baron old.

Margret, Margret!

Hang up my harp again—
 I have no voice for song!
 Not song, but wail—and mourners pale,
 Not bards—to love belong!
 Oh, failing human love!
 Oh, light by darkness known!
 Oh, false, the while thou treadest earth!
 Oh, deaf, beneath the stone!
 Margret, Margret!

Nay, friends! no name but His,
 Whose name as Love appears!
 Look up to heaven, as God’s forgiven,
 And see it not for tears!
 Yet see, with spirit-sight,
 Th’ eternal Friend undim,
 Who died for love, and joins above
 All friends who love in Him—
 And with His piercèd hands may He
 The guardian of your clasp’d ones be!—
 Which prayer doth end my lay of thee,
 Margret, Margret!

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

Since that I saw this gardine wasted.—SPENSER.

I MIND me in the days departed,
 How often, underneath the sun,
 With childish bounds I used to run
 To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanish’d quite;
 And, wheresoe’er had fallen the spade,
 The greenest grasses nature led,
 To sanctify her right.

I callèd it my wilderness,
 For no one enter’d there but I;
 The sheep look’d in, the grass t’ espy,
 And passèd ne’ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
 And spread their boughs enough about
 To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
 But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me!
 I crept beneath the boughs, and found
 A circle smooth of mossy ground
 Beneath a poplar-tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in,
 Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
 Well satisfied with dew and light,
 And careless to be seen.

Long years ago it might befall,
 When all the garden flowers were trim,
 The grave old gardener prided him
 On these the most of all;

And lady stately overmuch,
 Who movèd with a silken noise,
 Blush’d near them, dreaming of the voice
 That liken’d her to such!

And these, to make a diadem,
 She may have often pluck’d and twined,—
 Half-smiling as it came to mind,
 That few would look at *them*.

Oh! little thought that lady proud,
 A child would watch her fair white rose,
 When buried lay her whiter brows,
 And silk was changed for shroud!—

Nor thought that gardener, full of scorn
For men unlearned and simple phrase,
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns!

To me, upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

Nor ever a grief was mine, to see
The trace of human step departed :—
Because the garden was deserted,
The blither place for me!

Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and award!
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then!

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall:
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To mar or pluck the blossoms white.—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine!

To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring,
Praised in its own low murmuring,—
And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too!

For oft I read, within my nook,
Such minstrel stories, till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—
And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees!—nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight!

My childhood from my life is parted;
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round: anew
The garden is deserted!

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are;—
No more for me!—myself, afar,
Do sing a sadder verse!

Ah me! ah me!—when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughéd to myself and thought,
"The time will pass away!"

I laughéd still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away,—
And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God!—how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray!

The time *is* past!—and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose—

When wiser, meeker thoughts are given,
And I have learn'd to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The colour draws from heaven—

It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again!

LOVED ONCE.

I *class'd* and counted once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses upon senseless clay,—

The sobb'd farewell, the greeting mournfuler,—
But all those accents were
Less bitter with the leaven of earth's despair
Than I thought these—"loved *once*."

And who saith "I loved once?"—
Not angels; whose clear eyes love, love foresee;
Love through eternity—
Who by "to love," do apprehend "to be."

Not God, called love, His noble crown-name; casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not for everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

Nor ever "I loved once"
Wilt thou say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!
The nail and curse may rend,
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is *man's* saying! Impotent to move
One spheric star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love,
With his "no more" and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, sweetest friend—and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of *me*, whose heart is known,
Whose prayers have met your own: [shone,
Whose tears have fallen for you; whose smile hath
Your words—"We loved her once!"

Could ye "we loved her once"
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?
When happier friends aright
(Not truer) stand between me and your light!

When, like a flower kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me decay'd,
Say ye, "We loved her once?"

Will ye, "We loved her once?"
Say after, when the bearers leave the door?
When having murmur'd o'er
My last "Oh say it not," I speak no more?

Not so—not then—*least* THEN! when life is shriven,
And death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, "We loved once:"
God is too near above—the grave below:
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of "once"
Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,
Shaking a discrown'd head,
"We ruled once," idiot tongues, "we once bested."

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors
proved
To nurse's rocking moved: [loved
But Love strikes one hour—LOVE! Those *never*
Who dream that they loved *once*.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalms* cxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delfed gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ha! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart, that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep!"

And, friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let me, most loving of you all,
Say, not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

EARTH.

How beautiful is earth! my starry thoughts
Look down on it from their unearthly sphere,
And sing symphonious—Beautiful is earth!
The lights and shadows of her myriad hills;
The branching greenness of her myriad woods;
Her sky-affecting rocks; her zoning sea;
Her rushing, gleaming cataracts; her streams
That race below, the winged clouds on high;
Her pleasantness of vale and meadow;—

Hush!

Meseemeth through the leafy trees to ring
A chime of bells to falling waters tuned;
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair
From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
With keeping blythe Dan Phœbus company;—
And throws him on the grass, though half-afraid,
First glancing round, lest tempests should be nigh;
And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,
And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
On all the petal'd flowers that sit beneath
In hiding-places from the rain and snow,
To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold,
Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.
They straightway hear his voice—

A thought did come,
And press from out my soul the heathen dream.
Mine eyes were purged. Straightway did I bind

Round me the garment of my strength, and heard
 Nature's death-shrieking—the hereafter cry,
 When he o' the lion voice, the rainbow-crown'd,
 Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea,
 And swear by earth, by heaven's throne, and Him
 Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be time
 No more, no more! Then, veil'd Eternity
 Shall straight unveil her awful countenance
 Unto the reeling worlds, and take the place
 Of seasons, years, and ages. Aye and aye
 Shall be the time of day. The wrinkled heaven
 Shall yield her silent sun, made blind and white
 With an exterminating light: the wind,
 Unchained from the poles, nor having charge
 Of cloud or ocean, with a sobbing wail
 Shall rush among the stars, and swoon to death.
 Yea, the shrunk earth, appearing livid pale
 Beneath the red-tongued flame, shall shudder by
 From out her ancient place, and leave—a void.
 Yet haply by that void the saints redeem'd
 May sometimes stray; when memory of sin
 Ghost-like shall rise upon their holy souls;
 And on their lips shall lie the name of earth
 In paleness and in silentness; until,
 Each looking on his brother, face to face,
 And bursting into sudden happy tears,
 (The only tears undried) shall murmur—"Christ!"

THE STUDENT.

"My midnight lamp is weary as my soul,—
 And, being unimmortal, has gone out!
 And now, alone, yon moony lamp of heaven—
 Which God lit, and not man—illuminates
 These volumes, others wrote in weariness,—
 As I have read them; and this cheek and brow,
 Whose paleness, burn'd in with heats of thought,
 Would make an angel smile, to see how ill
 Clay, thrust from Paradise, consorts with mind—
 If angels could, like men, smile bitterly!"

"Yet must my brow be paler! I have vow'd
 To clip it with the crown which cannot fade,
 When it is faded. Not in vain ye cry,
 Oh! glorious voices, that survive the tongues
 From whence was drawn your separate sovereignty,
 For I would reign beside you! I would melt
 The golden treasures of my health and life
 Into that name! My lips are vow'd apart
 From cheerful words—mine ears from pleasant
 sounds—

Mine eyes from sights God made so beautiful—
 My feet from wanderings under shady trees—
 My hands from clasping of dear-loving friends—
 My very heart from feelings which move soft!
 Vow'd am I from the day's delightfulness,
 And dreams of night!—and when the house is dumb
 In sleep—which is the pause 'twixt life and life—
 I live and waken thus; and pluck away
 Slumber's sleek poppies from my pain'd lids—
 Goad my mind, with thoughts wrought by herself,
 To toil and struggle along this mountain-path—
 Which hath no mountain-airs—until she sweat,
 Like Adam's brow,—and gasp, and rend away,
 In agony, her garment of the flesh!"

And so, his midnight lamp was lit anew,—
 And burn'd till morning. But his lamp of life
 Till morning burn'd *not*! He was found embraced,
 Close, cold and stiff, by death's compelling sleep;
 His breast and brow supported on a page
 Character'd over with a praise of *fame*,—
 Of its divineness and beatitude—
 Words which had often caused that heart to throb,
 That cheek to burn; though silent lay they, now,—
 Without a single beating in the pulse,
 And all the fever gone!

I saw a bay
 Spring, verdant, from a newly-fashion'd grave:
 The grass upon the grave was verdanter,—
That being water'd by the eyes of One
 Who bore not to look up toward the tree!
 Others look'd on it—some, with passing glance,
 Because the light wind stirr'd in its leaves;
 And some, with sudden lighting of the soul,
 In admiration's ecstasy!—ay! some
 Did wag their heads like oracles, and say,
 "'Tis very well!" But none remember'd
 The heart which housed the root—except that One
 Whose sight was lost in weeping!

Is it thus,
 Ambition!—idol of the intellect?
 Shall we drink aconite, alone to use
 Thy golden bowl—and sleep ourselves to death,
 To dream thy visions about life? Oh, power!
 That art a very feebleness!—before
 Thy clayey feet we bend our knees of clay,—
 And round thy senseless brow bind diadems,
 With paralytic hands,—and shout "A god!"
 With voices mortal-hoarse! Who can discern
 Th' infirmities they share in! Being blind,
 We cannot see thy blindness:—being weak,
 We cannot feel thy weakness:—being low,
 We cannot mete thy baseness:—being unwise,
 We cannot understand thine idiocy!

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish saith—
 But none, "there is no sorrow:"
 And nature oft the cry of faith
 In bitter need will borrow.
 Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
 By wayside graves are raised,
 And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
 That ne'er said, "God be praised."
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest shooteth from the steep
 The shadow of its coming:
 The beasts and birds anear us creep,
 As power were in the human!
 Power!—while above, the mountain's shake,
 We spirits tremble under!
 The hills have echoes—but we make
 No answer to the thunder.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the war is in the plains;
 Earth feels new scythes upon her:
 We reap our brothers for the wains,
 And call the harvest honour!
 Draw out confronted line to line,
 The natures all inherit;
 Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
 Clay, clay; and spirit, spirit.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the plague is in the town—
 And never a bell is tolling;
 And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
 Nod to the death-cart's rolling.
 The strong man calleth for the cup,
 The young maid brings it weeping:
 The wife from her sick babe looks up,
 And shrieks away its sleeping.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

We tremble by the harmless bed
 Of one loved and departed.
 Our tears drop on the lids that said,
 Last night, "Be stronger-hearted!"
 Clasp, clasp the friendly fingers close—
 We stand here all as lonely,
 To see a light on dearest brows
 Which is the *daylight only*.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

The happy children come to us
 And look up in our faces;
 They ask us, was it thus and thus,
 When we were in their places?
 We cannot speak: we see anew
 The hills we used to live in—
 And feel our mother's smile press through
 The kisses she is giving.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

We pray together at the kirk
 For mercy, mercy solely—
 Hands weary with the evil work,
 We lift them to the Holy.
 The corpse is calm below our knee,
 Its spirit bright before thee:
 Between them, worse than either, we—
 Without the rest or glory;
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

We leave the communing of men
 The murmur of the passions,
 And live alone, to live again
 To endless generations.
 Are we so brave? The sea and sky
 In silence lift their mirrors,
 And, glass'd therein, our spirits high
 Recoil from their own terrors.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
 Woods, hamlets, streams beholding,

The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
 The city's spires to golden.
 The city's golden spire it was,
 When hope and health were strongest,
 And now it is the kirkyard grass
 We look upon the longest.
 Be pitiful—
 Be pitiful, O God.

But soon all vision waxeth dull:
 Men whisper, "He is dying!"
 We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"
 We have no strength for crying.
 No strength, no need! Oh, eyes of mine,
 Look up, and triumph rather.
 So, in the depth of God's divine,
 The Son adjures the Father,
 BE PITIFUL—
 BE PITIFUL, O God.

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
 Tired of all the playing—
 Sleep with smile the sweeter for
 That you dropp'd away in;
 On your curls' fair roundness stand
 Golden lights serenely—
 One cheek, push'd out by the hand,
 Folds the dimple inly.
 Little head and little foot
 Heavy laid for pleasure,
 Underneath the lids half-shut
 Slants the shining azure—
 Open-soul'd in noonday sun,
 So, you lie and slumber;
 Nothing evil having done,
 Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
 Shall I sigh to view you?
 Or sigh further to foretell
 All that may undo you?
 Nay, keep smiling, little child,
 Ere the fate appeareth!
 I smile, too! for patience mild
 Pleasure's token weareth.
 Nay, keep sleeping before loss!
 I shall sleep, though losing!
 As by cradle, so by cross,
 Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
 Child at childish leisure,
 I am all as tired of pain
 As you are of pleasure.
 Very soon, too, by His grace
 Gently wrapt around me,
 I shall show as calm a face,
 I shall sleep as soundly!
 Differing in this, that you
 Clasp your playthings sleeping,
 While my hand must drop the few
 Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I
 Sleeping, must be colder,
 And in waking presently,
 Brighter to beholder—
 Differing in this beside—
 (Sleeper, have you heard me ?
 Do you move, and open wide
 Your great eyes toward me ?)
 That while I you draw withal
 From this slumber solely,
 Me, from mine, an angel shall,
 Trumpet-tongued and holy !

—◆—
 CATERINA TO CAMOENS.*

Ox the door you will not enter,
 I have gazed too long—Adieu !
 Hope hath lost her peradventure—
 Death is near me—and not *you* !
 Come and cover,
 Poet-lover,

These faint eyelids—so, to screen
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

All is changing ! Cold and gray
 Streams the sunshine through the door.

If you stood there, would you say
 “Love, I love you,” as before ?
 When death lies
 On the eyes

Which you sang of that yestreen,
 As the sweetest ever seen !

When I heard you hymn them so,
 In my courtly days and bowers,
 Others’ praise—I let it go—
 Only hearing that of yours ;
 Only saying
 In heart-playing,
 “Blessedest mine eyes have been,
 Since the sweetest *his* have seen !”

Now you wander far and farther,
 Little guessing of my pain !
 Now you think me smiling rather,
 And you smile me back again—
 Ay, and oft
 Murmur soft,
 In your revery serene—
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

And I think, were you beside them,
 Near this bed I die upon ;
 Though the beauty you denied them,
 As you stood there looking down,
 You would still
 Say at will,
 For the love’s sake found therein,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Nay, if *you* look’d down upon them,
 And if *they* look’d up to *you*,
 All the light which had forgone them
 They would gather back anew !

They would be,
 Verily,
 Love-transform’d to beauty’s sheen,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Still no step ! The fountain’s warble
 In the courtyard sounds alone :

As the water to the marble,
 So my heart falls with a moan
 From love-sighing
 To this dying !

Love resigns to death, I ween,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Will you come, when I’m departed
 Where all sweetnesses are hid—
 Where your voice, my tender-hearted,
 Will not lift up either lid—
 Cry, O lover !
 Love is over :

Cry beneath the cypress green,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

When the “Angelus” is ringing,
 Past the convent will you go,
 And remember the soft singing
 Which we heard there long ago ?
 I walk’d onward,
 Looking downward,
 Till you cried, “What do you mean,
 Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

At the tryst-place by the river,
 Will you sit upon *our* stone,
 And think how *we* said “for ever,”
 And weep sore to be alone !
 “Water-lily,
 Sweet and stilly” —
 Said I—“Ay,” you murmur’d then,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

Underneath the palace lattice,
 Will you ride as you have done ?
 If a face flash out there, *that* is
 Not the true, familiar one ;
 For oh, truly,
 (Think it duly !)
 There have watch’d you, morn and e’en,
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen.”

When the palace ladies, sitting
 Round your gittern, shall have said—
 “Sing the lovely stanzas written
 For that lady who is dead” —
 Will you, trying,
 Break off, sighing,
 Or sing—dropping tears between—
 “Sweetest eyes were ever seen !”

“Sweetest eyes !” How sweet, in flowings
 Of all tune, the burden is !
 Though you sang a hundred poems,
 Still the best one would be this.

* The lady died during the absence of her poet, and is supposed to muse thus while dying ; referring to the verse in which he had recorded the sweetness of her eyes.

Still I hear it
 "Twixt my spirit
 And the earth-noise intervene—
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"
 But the priest waits for the praying,
 And the choir are on their knees;
 And the soul should pass away in
 Strains more solemn-pure than these.

"Miserere"

For the weary!
 Now no longer for Catrine,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"
 Keep this riband,* take and keep it,
 I have loosed it from my hair,
 Feeling, while you over weep it,
 Not alone in your despair—
 Since with saintly
 Watch, unfaintly
 Out of heaven, shall o'er you lean
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

But—but, now—yet unremoved
 Up to heaven—they glisten fast—
 You may cast away, beloved,
 In the future all the past!

That old phrase
 May be praise

For some fairer bosom-queen,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"
 Eyes of mine! what are ye doing?
 Faithless, faithless—praised amiss,
 If one tear be of your showing,
 Shed for any hope of His!

Death hath boldness
 In its coldness,

If one false tear should demean
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

I will look out to his future—
 I will bless it till it shine!

Should he ever be a suitor
 Unto other eyes than mine,
 Sunshine gild them,
 Angels shield them,

Whatsoever eyes terrene
 Then be sweetest ever seen!

DESPAIR.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
 That only men incredulous of despair,
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
 In hearts, as countries, lieth silent, bare
 Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the free charter'd heavens. Be still! express
 Grief for thy dead in silence like to death!
 Most like a monumental statue set
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it, spectator! Are its eyelids wet?
 If it could weep, it could arise and go!

* She left him the riband from her hair.

THE DEPARTED.

WHEN some beloved voice, which was to you
 Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
 And silence against which you dare not cry
 Aches round you with an anguish dreadly new—
 What hope, what help? What music will undo
 That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
 Not reason's labour'd proof, not melody
 Of viols, nor the dancers footing through;
 Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
 Whose hearts leap upward from the cypress trees
 To Venus' star! nor yet the spheric laws
 Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet "all hails,"
 Met in the smile of God! Nay, none of these!
 Speak, Christ at His right hand, and fill this pause.

WHAT ARE WE SET ON EARTH FOR?

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil!
 Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
 For all the heat o' the sun, till it declines,
 And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
 God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
 To wrestle, not to reign—and he assigns
 All thy tears over like pure crystallines
 Unto thy fellows, working the same soil,
 To wear for amulets. So others shall
 Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
 From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
 And God's grace fructify through thee to all!
 The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
 And share its dew-drop with another near.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
 A pleasant song, ballad or barcarolle,
 She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
 Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
 Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,
 With quick adjustment, provident control,
 The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
 Out to the perfect thread. I hence appeal
 To the dear Christian church—that we may do
 Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
 So swift and steadfast, so intent and strong—
 While so, apart from toil, our souls pursue
 Some high, calm, spheric tune—proving our work
 The better for the sweetness of our song.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound
 I strive and struggle to deliver right
 That music of my nature, day and night
 Both dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,
 And inly answering all the senses round
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
 Which step out grandly to the infinite
 From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
 This song of soul I struggle to outbear
 Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
 And utter all myself into the air—
 But if I did it—as the thunder-roll
 Breaks its own cloud—my flesh would perish there,
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, we believe, was a native of London, where members of his family now reside, occupied with the business of banking. The author of "Lillian" was placed, when very young, at Eton, where JOHN MOULTRIE, HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, and other clever men of kindred tastes, were his associates. He was principal editor of "The Etonian," one of the most spirited and piquant under-graduate magazines ever sent from a college. From Eton he went to Cambridge, where he carried away an unprecedented number of prizes, obtained by Greek and Latin odes and epigrams and English poems. On leaving Trinity College, he settled in London, and soon after became associated with THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, and other young men who have since been distinguished at the bar or in the senate, in the conduct of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." After the discontinuance of this miscellany, he occasionally wrote for the "New Monthly," and for the annuals; and a friend of his informs us that a large number of his

playful lyrics, thrown off with infinite ease and readiness, are yet unprinted in the possession of his numerous friends.

For a few years before his death, Mr. PRAED was in parliament, where he was considered a rising member, though his love of ease, and social propensities, prevented the proper cultivation and devotion of his powers. He died on the 15th of July, 1839.

"Lillian," with the exception of DRAKE'S "Culprit Fay," is the most purely imaginative poem with which we are acquainted. PRAED delighted in themes of this sort, and "The Red Fisherman," the "Bridal of Belmont," and some of his other pieces, show the exceeding cleverness with which he reared upon them his fanciful creations. "The Vicar," "Josephine," and a few more of the lively and graceful compositions in this volume have been widely known in this country through the periodicals, and in the present season Mr. Langley of New York has issued a very neat edition of his poetical writings, with a memoir.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

THE abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donn'd his sandal shoon,
And wander'd forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds:
He clasp'd his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he look'd to the heaven, 't was not to invoke
The spirit that dwelleth there;
If he open'd his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the abbot seem,
He had sway'd the crosier well;

But what was the theme of the abb t's dream,
The abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!

But the abbot was thinking of scenery
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;

From the river stream it spread away
 The space of half a rood;
 The surface had the hue of clay
 And the scent of human blood;
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew
 Were venomous and foul;
 And the birds that through the bushes flew
 Were the vulture and the owl;
 The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a company pump'd; (bank,
 And the perch, that was nettled and laid on the
 Grew rotten while it jump'd:
 And bold was he who thither came
 At midnight, man or boy;
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree:
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

Above, below!

Lightly and brightly they glide and go;
 The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
 In a monstrous freight, by the murky light,
 He look'd to the left and he look'd to the right,
 And what was the vision close before him,
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
 'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
 And the life-blood colder run:

The startled priest struck both his thighs,
 And the abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
 A tall man sat on a three-legg'd stool,
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
 And putting in order his reel and rod;
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
 And a high red cap on his head he bore;
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;
 And two or three locks of long red hair
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
 Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck.
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,
 Had bent that stout back nearly double—
 Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
 And shrunk and shrivell'd that tawny skin,
 Till it hardly cover'd the bones within.
 The line the abbot saw him throw
 Had been fashion'd and form'd long ages ago,
 And the hands that work'd his foreign vest
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
 You would have sworn, as you look'd on them,
 He had fish'd in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
 It seem'd not such to the abbot's eye:
 Gaily it glitter'd with jewel and gem,
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.

It was fasten'd a gleaming hook about,
 By a chain within and a chain without;
 The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
 And the water fizz'd as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
 Strange and varied sounds had birth—
 Now the battle's bursting peal,
 Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
 Now an old man's hollow groan
 Echo'd from the dungeon stone;
 Now the weak and wailing cry
 Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
 But the abbot's blood ran colder,
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
 And a hump upon his shoulder.
 And the loyal Churchman strove in vain
 To mutter a Pater Noster;
 For he who writhed in mortal pain
 Was camp'd that night on Bosworth plain—
 The cruel Duke of Glou'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
 It was a haunch of princely size,
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
 The corpulent abbot knew full well
 The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
 Never a monk that wore a hood
 Could better have guess'd the very wood
 Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
 Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
 Of a revelling company—
 Sprightly story, wicked jest,
 Rated servant, greeted guest,
 Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
 Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
 But, where'er the board was spread,
 Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat;
 And the priest was ready to vomit,
 When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
 With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
 And a nose as red as a comet.
 "A capital stew," the fisherman said,
 "With cinnamon and sherry!"
 And the abbot turned away his head,
 For his brother was lying before him dead,
 The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box:
 It was a bundle of beautiful things—
 A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
 A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
 A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
 And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
 Such a stream of delicate odours roll'd,
 That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
 And deem'd his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seem'd dropping from the skies,
 Stifed whispers, smother'd sighs,

And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's hands were rebel still?"

Ono jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah, ha!" said the fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hook'd before;"
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was press'd from the Burgundy vine;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or waken'd thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are crack'd and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's phrensied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numb'd the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the abbot's trance:
Fix'd as a monument, still as air.
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he sign'd—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalk'd away with his iron box.
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the fisher to rise and go.

Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnaw'd in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the
south,
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The abbot had preach'd for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
He kept the court an hour awake,
And the king himself three quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammer'd and he stutter'd,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he utter'd.
He stutter'd o'er blessing, he stutter'd o'er ban,
He stutter'd drunk or dry;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy.
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lisson lath;
Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagg'd all their tails and seem'd to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected!"

Up rose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed.
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,
And warm'd himself in court or college,
He had not gain'd an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage, or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipp'd from politics to puns:
It pass'd from Mahomet to Moses:

Beginning with the laws which keep
 The planets in their radiant courses,
 And ending with some precept deep
 For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
 Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
 And when, by dint of page and line,
 He establish'd truth, or started error,
 The Baptist found him far too deep:
 The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,
 And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or show'd
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,
 Without refreshment on the road
 From Jerome, or from Athanasius;
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired [them,
 The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd
 For all who understood, admired,
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
 Small treatises, and smaller verses;
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
 And hints to noble lords and nurses;
 True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
 And trifles for the Morning Post,
 And nothing for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking:
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage:
 At his approach complaint grew mild,
 And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus:
 From him I learn'd the rule of three,
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ Genus;
 I used to singe his powder'd wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in;
 And make the puppy dance a jig
 When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
 The church is larger than before;
 You reach it by a carriage entry;
 It holds three hundred people more:
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,
 Whose tone is very Ciceronian.
 Where is the old man laid!—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 HIC JACET GULIELMUS BROWN,
 VIR NULLA NON DONANDUS LAURA.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
 Of filthy trades and traffics:
 I wonder'd what they meant by stock;
 I wrote delightful sapphics:
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
 I supp'd with fates and furies;
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
 Of faded paints and pleasures
 Those whisper'd syllables have brought
 From memory's hoarded treasures!
 The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
 The glories and disgraces,
 The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends?—I am alone,
 No playmate shares my beaker—
 Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
 And some before the speaker;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo;
 And some draw sword for liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
 Without the fear of sessions;
 Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
 As much as false professions;
 Now Mill keeps order in the land,
 A magistrate pedantic;
 And Medler's feet repose unscann'd,
 Beneath the wide Atlantic.

While Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
 Does Dr. Martext's duty;
 And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
 Is married to a beauty;
 And Darrel studies, week by week,
 His Mant and not his Mantion;
 And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
 Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
 The world's cold chain has bound me;
 And darker shades are on my brow,
 And sadder scenes around me:
 In parliament I fill my seat,
 With many other noodles;
 And lay my head in Germyn-street,
 And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But oft when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duna await my waking,
When lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry :

For hours and hours, I think and talk
Of each remember'd hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk—
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy ;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses ;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit and broken noses ;
And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris ;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's !

MEMORY.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee ;
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee :
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow ;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow :
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherish'd spell
Has lost its cheering power ;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavour,
When the honied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crush'd for ever :
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December ;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
" 'Tis pleasant to remember !"

JOSEPHINE.

We did not meet in courtly hall,
Where birth and beauty throng,
Where luxury holds festival,
And wit awakes the song :
We met where darker spirits meet,
In the home of sin and shame,
Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
And hides his titled name ;
And she knew she could not be love,
What once she might have been,
But she was kind to me, love,
My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
As warmer lovers part,
Where night conceals the glistening eye,
But not the throbbing heart ;
We parted on the spot of ground
Where we first had laugh'd at love,
And ever the jests were loud around,
And the lamps were bright above :
"The heaven is very dark, love,
The blast is very keen,
But merrily rides my bark, love—
Good night, my Josephine !"

She did not speak of ring or vow,
But filled the cup of wine,
And took the roses from her brow
To make a wreath for mine ;
And bade me, when the gale should lift
My light skiff on the wave,
To think as little of the gift
As of the hand that gave ;
"Go gayly o'er the sea, love,
And find your own heart's queen ;
And look not back to me, love,
Your humble Josephine !"

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
Past are those idle hours ;
I would not, could I choose, restore
The fondness or the flowers ;
Yet oft their wither'd witchery
Revives its wonted thrill,
Remember'd—not with passion's sigh,
But oh ! remember'd still !
And even from your side, love,
And even from this scene,
One look is o'er the tide, love,
One thought with Josephine !

Alas ! your lips are rosier,
Your eyes of softer blue,
And I have never felt for her
As I have felt for you ;
Our love was like the snow-flakes,
Which melt before you pass—
Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
Before you lip the glass.
You saw these eyelids wet, love,
Which she has never seen ;
But bid me not forget, love,
My poor Josephine !

STANZAS.

I know that it must be,
Yea! thou art changed—all worshipp'd as thou art—
Mourn'd as thou shalt be! Sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on thee!

Thy dim eyes tell a tale,
A piteous tale, of vigils; and the trace
Of bitter tears is on thy beauteous face,
Beauteous, and yet so pale!

Changed love! but not alone!
I am not what they think me; though my cheek
Wear but its last year's furrow, though I speak
Thus in my natural tone.

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose: once I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth.

I went into the storm,
And mock'd the billows of the tossing sea;
I said to Fate, "What wilt thou do to me?
I have not harm'd a worm!"

Vainly the heart is steel'd
In wisdom's armour; let her burn her books!
I look upon them as the soldier looks
Upon his cloven shield.

Virtue and virtue's rest,
How have they perish'd! Through my onward course
Repentance dogs my footsteps! black Remorse
Is my familiar guest!

The glory and the glow
Of the world's loveliness have pass'd away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow!

Is not the damning line
Of guilt and grief engraven on me now?
And the fierce passion which hath scathed thy brow,
Hath it not blasted mine?

No matter! I will turn
To the straight path of duty; I have wrought,
At last, my wayward spirit to be taught
What it hath yet to learn.

Labour shall be my lot;
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;
And Fame shall twine for me, in after days,
A wreath I covet not.

And if I cannot make,
Dearest! thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good, and just,
And blameless, for thy sake.

Thou may'st have comfort yet;
Whate'er the source from which those waters glide,
Thou hast found healing mercy in their tide;
Be happy and forget!

Forget me—and farewell!
But say not that in me new hopes and fears,
Or absence, or the lapse of gradual years,
Will break thy memory's spell!

Indelibly, within,
All I have lost is written; and the theme
Which silence whispers to my thoughts and dreams
Is sorrow still—and sin!

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to life's cloudless air;
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding:
Her smile it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheeks' fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing:
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendour!
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptured gazer trace
But beauty's glow, and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
But still of magic, richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other:—
But matron cares, or lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd wo
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries portray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks on like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled for ever!
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,

The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was tender-hearted—
 And, when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty—
 I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
 Bleak desolation's cloud came o'er me,
 And being seem'd a troubled tide,
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise and witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
 Years, years ago, while all my joys
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle.
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender,
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
 I wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of daggers or of dancing bears,
 Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 To me it matter'd not a tittle,
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmur'd Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frown'd; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose colour was extremely hectic;

Her grandmother, for many a year,
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
 Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
 Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
 He cares as little for the stocks,
 As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
 She botanized; I envied each
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
 She warbled Handel; it was grand—
 She made the Catalina jealous;
 She touch'd the organ; I could stand
 For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
 Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
 Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
 Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
 Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
 And autographs of Prince Laboo,
 And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored,
 Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
 Her poodle dog was quite adored,
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.
 She laugh'd, and every heart was glad
 As if the taxes were abolish'd;
 She frown'd, and every look was sad,
 As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smiled on many just for fun—
 I knew that there was nothing in it;
 I was the first, the only one
 Her heart had thought of for a minute;
 I knew it, for she told me so,
 In phrase which was divinely moulded;
 She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
 How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
 A little glow, a little shiver;
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by;
 We met again four summers after;
 Our parting was all sob and sigh—
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
 For in my heart's most secret cell,
 There had been many other lodgers;
 And she was not the ball-room belle,
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON is the son of a clergyman in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Since leaving the university he has lived in retirement. His first appearance as an author was in 1830, when he published a small volume of verses, which was succeeded two years afterwards by another entitled *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. In 1843 appeared his collected writings in two volumes,—the first containing a selection from his previous publications, and the second his later compositions.

Mr. TENNYSON, says LEIGH HUNT, in a notice written several years ago of his earlier poems, "is of the school of KEATS; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that KEATS has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations, and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression.....Much, however, as he reminds us of KEATS, his genius is his own: he would have written poetry had his precursor written none; and he has, also, a vein of metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge.....He is a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that in the *Moated Grange* becomes affecting, and in the *Miller's Daughter* would remind us of the Dutch school if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, though varied with a pleasant joviality. He has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of *Hyperion*, nor even of such gentler narrative as the *Eve of St. Agnes* and the poems of *Lamia* and *Isabella*, but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him."

The general judgment was less favourable than that of Mr. HUNT. TENNYSON's poems were keenly reviewed in several of the leading journals of criticism, and he is said at an early day to have withdrawn from the market and burned all the unsold copies. Yet the volumes published in 1830 and 1832 contained *Mariana*, *Oriana*, *Madeline*, *The Death of the Old Year*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Cenone*, and other pieces quite equal to the larger number of his more recent productions.

Locksley Hall is in my opinion the best of TENNYSON's works—the poem in which there is the truest feeling, the most strength, directness, and intensity. He is sensible of his want of the inventive faculty, and rarely attempts the creation of incidents. *Dora* was suggested by one of Miss MITFORD's portraits, and the *Lady Clare* by Mrs. FARRAR's *Ipheerance*; *The Day Dream*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *Godiva*, and other narrative pieces, are versions of old stories; and the poetry of *The Arabian Nights* was ready made to his hand. He excels most in his female portraits; but while delicate and graceful they are indefinite, while airy and spiritual are intangible. As we read BYRON or BURNS beautiful forms stand before us, we see the action of their breathing and read the passionate language of their eyes; but we have glimpses only of the impalpable creations of TENNYSON, as on gold-bordered clouds they bend to listen to dream-like melodies which go up from fairy lakes and enchanted palaces. There are exceptions: as the picture of the *Sleeping Beauty*, in the *Day Dream*, which is rarely excelled for statue-like definiteness and warmth of colouring. Some of his portraits of men also are fine. It would be difficult to discover any thing in its way more graphic than this description from *The Miller's Daughter*:—

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile, that round about
His dusty forehead daily curl'd,
Seem'd half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

There are equally felicitous stanzas in several of his longer poems, which are generally, more than those quoted in this volume, disfigured by affectations of thought and expression. Mr. TENNYSON has studied KEATS, SHELLEY, and the Greek poets, and, of the last especially, has made free and unacknowledged use. The peculiarities of his style have attracted attention, and his writings have enough intrinsic merit, probably, to secure him a permanent place in the third or fourth rank of contemporary English poets.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
early morn :

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound
upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and round the gables, as of old, the
curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over
Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cata-
racts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I
went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through
the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a
youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result
of Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed ;

When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed :

When I dipp'd into the future far as human eye
could see ;

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast ;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest ;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
nish'd dove ;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should
be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute ob-
servance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
the truth to me,

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets
to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour
and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the north-
ern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes,—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they
should do me wrong ;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin ?" weeping,
"I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in
his glowing hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the ful-
ness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of
the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine
no more !

Oh the dreary, dreary moorland ! Oh the barren,
barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrew-
ish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known
me—to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-
pathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated
with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than
his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they
are glazed with wine.

Go to him—it is thy duty : kiss him : take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-
wrought :

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with
thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand—

Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew
thee with my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mid?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:

Such a one do I remember, who to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?

No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,

When the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry,

'Tis a purer life than thine: a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a dear-ness not his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not exempt—

Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys,

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-man's ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throng of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the
things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales:

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the
battle-flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-
versal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping through
me left me dry,

Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with
the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are
out of joint,

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on
from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping
nigher,

Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,

Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever
like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I lin-
ger on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more
and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he
bears a laden breast,

Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on
the bugle-horn,

They to whom my foolish passion were a target
for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moulder'd string?

I am shamed through all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
match'd with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah,
for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life
began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-
starr'd;

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far
away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the
day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
happy skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
flag,

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the
trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than
in this march of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have
scope and breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and
they shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their
lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bow of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my
words are wild,

What soothes the soul, betrays;—select
The best possessions earth can grant,
Our thankless heart may still reject
Its heavenly Visitant.

A life all ease is all abused;—
O, precious grace! that made thee wise
To know,—affliction, rightly used,
Is mercy in disguise.

The pleasures of the happiest boy
Are not so bright as fugitive;—
But, O! the endless, heavenly joy
Thy Saviour's smile can give!

For this my fervent thanks I raise,
That He, whose love is wisdom too,
Makes thee partaker of his grace,
By trials here below.

Should health and active power return,
And life put on a brighter glow,
Be often at his cross, and learn
His goodness best to show.

'Tis only He who gives the boon
By grace can make it truly good;
And I would have thy life be one
Of ceaseless gratitude.

In active health or sad disease,
O, ne'er forget that precious word—
"He shall be kept in perfect peace,
Whose soul is stay'd on God."

If still thy feeble frame decay,
Thou art beyond its weak control,—
The vision of eternal day
Lifts up thy strengthen'd soul.

CHRIST holds thee in his powerful hand;
Soon, every foe and fear subdued,
Thy feet shall press the shining land,
Beyond Death's narrow flood.

Yet, if his blessed will reserve
Thy faith for trials long and late,
Remember then, "they also serve,
Who only stand and wait."

ALEXANDER H. BOGART.*

ANACREONTIC.

THE flying joy through life we seek
For once is ours—the wine we sip
Blushes like beauty's glowing cheek,
To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more!
Friends of my youth and of my heart;
No magic can this hour restore—
Then crown it ere we part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones—
Whose blood would flow with fervour true
For me—and free as this wine runs
Would mine, by heaven! for you.

Yet, mark me! When a few short years
Have hurried on their journey fleet,
Not one that now my accents hears
Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,
The startling thought ye scarce will brook,
Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then
In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wife,
Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—
But shall that cloud to-night's bright smile?
No—pour the wine again!

CATHERINE H. ESLING.*

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody;
Brother, come home.

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,
Come where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,
Where cherish'd memory rears her altar's shrine;
Brother, come home.

Come home!

Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'er-wearied dove,
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love;
Brother, come home.

Come home!

It is not home without thee, the lone seat
Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee;
Brother, come home.

Come home!

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watch'd every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;
Brother, come home.

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody;
Brother, come home.

* The maiden name of Mrs. ESLING was CATHERINE H. WATERMAN. She resides in Philadelphia, and has been for several years a frequent contributor to the periodicals of that city. She has also edited two or three annuaries. No collection of her metrical compositions has been published.

JOHN B. VAN SCHAICK.*

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON
TO STAND STILL.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flash'd the red sunbeams gloriously back,
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet,
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armour on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp, without the walls,
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gather'd around their kings, and "JOSHUA!
From Gilgal, JOSHUA!" was whisper'd low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare,
And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd:
"God of this people hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased:
And, lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminish'd heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopp'd upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapours, that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand, [up,
Glancing o'er mountain-tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonish'd plains.
The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parch'd, baked earth, undamp'd by usual dews,
Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, midday heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
On with thy armies, JOSHUA! The Lord
God of Sabaoth is the avenger now!
His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
The unwearied sun-rides in the zenith sky;
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
On! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all JEHOWAH's enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave;
Then yonder orb shall set mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining, the rainbow-banner of the skies.

* For many years editor of "The Daily Advertiser," of Albany, New York. He died in 1830, at the age of thirty-six years.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.*

THE DEVOTED.†

STERN faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire:
Yet calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;
A half-form'd smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne;—
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red!
Her heart and pulse beat firm and free,
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly own'd their power.
"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.
"But thou mayst win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honour to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden here!
"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride!

* Born in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1807, and died in Michigan, in 1834. She was a member of the Society of Friends. A volume of her writings was published in 1836.

† It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that naught but confessing *where* she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

HUGH PETERS.*

A GOOD-NIGHT TO CONNECTICUT.

THE boat swings from the pebbled shore,
 And proudly drives her prow;
 The crested waves roll up before:
 Yon dark-gray land, I see no more,
 How sweet it seemeth now!
 Thou dark-gray land, my native land,
 Thou land of rock and pine,
 I'm speeding from thy golden sand;
 But can I wave a farewell hand
 To such a shore as thine?
 I've gazed upon the golden cloud
 Which shades thine emerald sod;
 Thy hills, which Freedom's share hath plough'd,
 Which nurse a race that have not bow'd
 Their knee to aught but God;
 Thy mountain floods which proudly fling
 Their waters to the fall—
 Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing
 The sky that greets thy coming spring,
 And thought thy glories small.

But now ye've shrunk to yon blue line
 Between the sky and sea,
 I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,
 I feel my bosom cling to thine—
 That I am part of thee.
 I see thee blended with the wave,
 As children see the earth
 Close up a sainted mother's grave:
 They weep for her they cannot save,
 And feel her holy worth.
 Thou mountain land—thou land of rock,
 I'm proud to call thee free;
 Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,
 And nerved like those who stood the shock
 At old Thermopylæ.
 The laurel wreaths their fathers won,
 The children wear them still—
 Proud deeds those iron men have done,
 They fought and won at Bennington,
 And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning stroke
 That rives thy mountain ash;
 There's glory in thy giant oak,
 And rainbow beauty in the smoke
 Where crystal waters dash:
 There's music in thy winter blast
 That sweeps the hollow glen;
 Less sturdy sons would shrink aghast
 From piercing winds like those thou hast
 To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems; ay, living pearls;
 And flowers of Eden hue:
 Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls,
 Of fairy forms and elfin curls,
 And smiles like Hermon's dew:
 They've hearts like those they're born to wed,
 Too proud to nurse a slave;

They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,
 And sooner lay their angel head
 Deep in their humble grave.

And I have left thee, home, alone,
 A pilgrim from thy shore;
 The wind goes by with hollow moan,
 I hear it sigh a warning tone,
 "You see your home no more."
 I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,
 Torn like an ocean weed;
 I'm cast away, far, far from thee,
 I feel a thing I cannot be,
 A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my native land, farewell!
 That wave has hid thee now—
 My heart is bow'd as with a spell.
 This rending pang!—would I could tell
 What ails my throbbing brow!
 One look upon that fading streak
 Which bounds yon eastern sky;
 One tear to cool my burning cheek;
 And then a word I cannot speak—
 "My native land—Good-bye."

FREDERICK W. THOMAS.*

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, O! believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.
 Lady, though fate has bid us part,
 Yet still thou art as dear,
 As fix'd in this devoted heart
 As when I clasp'd thee here.
 I plunge into the busy crowd,
 And smile to hear thy name;
 And yet, as if I thought aloud,
 They know me still the same.
 And when the wine-cup passes round,
 I toast some other fair,—
 But when I ask my heart the sound,
 Thy name is echo'd there.

And when some other name I learn,
 And try to whisper love.
 Still will my heart to thee return,
 Like the returning dove.
 In vain! I never can forget,
 And would not be forgot;
 For I must bear the same regret,
 Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
 Its favourite bower to die,
 So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
 And yield my parting sigh.
 'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, O, believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.

* HUGH PETERS was a native of Connecticut. He was drowned, near Cincinnati, in 1832, aged about thirty years.

* Author of "East and West," "Clinton Bradshaw," "The Emigrant," &c.

C. G. GAMAGE.*

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

Be ye hush'd, every toil! and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart in Life's treacherous
snares;
And the hour that invites to the calm of Devotion,
Undisturb'd by regrets, unencumber'd with cares.
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to rest in his rapid career;
And pausing awhile midst his own desolation,
Looks exultingly back on the Grave of the Year.

Hark! the blast whistles loud, and the shadows are
closing

That inwrap his broad path in the mantle of
Night,

While Pleasure's gay sons are securely reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd
his flight,

From yon temple where Fashion's bright torches
are lighted,

Her votaries, in throngs, crown'd with garlands
appear;

And, (as yet their warm hopes by no spectres af-
frighted,)

Assemble to dance round the Grave of the Year.

O! I hate the stale banquet the triflers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of Life's comfortless day,
How the flowers of my childhood their verdure have
wasted,

And the friends of my youth have been stolen
away.

They know not how vain is the warmest endeavour
To woo the kind moments, so slighted when near;
When the hours that Oblivion has cancell'd forever,
Her hand has entomb'd—in the Grave of the Year.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection,
What crowds have resign'd life's ephemeral
breath!

How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!

How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the sad pall that now covers their bier;

Or to Death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And found their last bed—with the Grave of the
Year.

'Tis the year that so late, its new promise disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless, and gay,

Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses cold on their bosoms of clay.

Then talk not of Bliss—while her smile is expiring!
Disappointment still crowns it in Misery's tear:

Reflect and be wise, for the day is retiring, [Year.
And to-morrow will dawn—on the Grave of the

Ah! trust not the gleam of Life's perishing taper,
So faintly that shines o'er the wanderer's head;

'T will expire—when no sun may dispel the thick va-
No dawn of the morning revisit my bed. [pour,

* Mr. GAMAGE wrote for the literary journals for several years under the signature of "Montgarnier." I believe he was a native of Massachusetts. He died in 1823.

As breaks the white foam on the boisterous billow,
So the visions of Pleasure and Hope disappear,
Like night-winds that moan through the verdure-
less willow,

Or the shades that now meet—round the Grave
of the Year.

Yet awhile and around us no seasons will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where Beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of Despair!
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brighten'd,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere:
By sunbeams of splendour immortal enlighten'd,
Never more to go down—on the Grave of the Year!

HORACE GREELEY.*

THE PRESS.

Loxg slumber'd the world in the darkness of error,
And ignorance brooded o'er earth like a pall:

To the mitre and crown men abased them in terror,
Though galling the bondage, and bitter the thrall:

When a voice like the earthquake's reveal'd the dis-
honour—

A flash like the lightning's unseal'd every eye,
And o'er hill-top and glen floated liberty's banner,
While round it men gather'd to conquer or die!

'Twas the voice of the Press—on the startled ear
breaking,

In giant-born prowess, like PALLAS of old:

'Twas the flash of intelligence gloriously waking
A glow on the cheek of the noble and bold;

And tyranny's minions, o'erawed and affrighted,
Sought a lasting retreat in the cloister and cowl,

And the chains which bound nations in ages be-
nighted

Were cast to the haunts of the bat and the owl.

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of
truth!

We pledge to her cause, (and she has but to need
them,)

The strength of our manhood, the fire of our
youth:

Should despot e'er dare to impede her free soaring,
Or bigot to fetter her flight with his chain,

We swear that the earth shall close o'er our deploring
Or view her in gladness and freedom again.

But no!—to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
A far brighter noontide-refulgence succeeds;

And our art shall embalm, through all ages, in story,
Her champion who triumphs—her martyr who
bleeds—

And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
While millions shall listen to honour and bless,

Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong
emotion, [Press!]

And the earth echoes deep with "Long life to the

* Mr. GREELEY was for many years editor of "The New Yorker," one of the best literary journals ever published in America. He now conducts "The Tribune," an able daily gazette, in New York.

WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.*

A FESTAL SONG.

Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.
 In nectar *now* bedew the lips,
 And wake the voice of song,
 For clouds will gather, and eclipse
 The light of bliss ere long.
 Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The cup our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.
 The foam-bells on the ruby tide
 Are types of passing things,
 Reminding us that joy soon dies—
 That gray-beard Time hath wings;
 And a few more days will dawn and end,
 A few more moons wax old,
 Ere friend will darkly follow friend
 To homes in churchyard mould.
 Fill high, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd!
 Around this ancient festal board
 Glad spirits met, of yore,
 But their merry strains are hush'd in death—
 Their laugh will ring no more:
 Under the yew-trees, moss'd and green,
 May their quiet graves be found,
 But *in soul* they hover nigh, unseen,
 While tale and jest go round.
 Then fill, fill high, with good old wine,
 The bowl our fathers drain'd—
 Fill high, fill high, though its golden rim
 By the mist of age is stain'd.

A FLORIDIAN SCENE.

Where Pablo to the broad St. John
 His dark and briny tribute pays,
 The wild deer leads her dappled fawn,
 Of graceful limb and timid gaze;
 Rich sunshine falls on wave and land,
 The gull is screaming overhead,
 And on a beach of whiten'd sand
 Lie wreathy shells with lips of red.
 The jessamine hangs golden flowers
 On ancient oaks in moss array'd,
 And proudly the palmetto towers,
 While mock-birds warble in the shade;
 Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near,
 Green from the summit to the base,
 Where, buried with the bow and spear,
 Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase.

* Mr. Hosmer is a native of Avon, in central New York, and is now a counsellor at law in that village. He has for several years been a frequent contributor to the literary journals, but no collection of his poems has been published.

Cassada,* nigh the ocean shore,
 Is now a ruin, wild and lone,
 And on her battlements no more
 Is banner waved or trumpet blown;
 Those doughty cavaliers are gone
 Who hurl'd defiance there to France,
 While the bright waters of St. John
 Reflected flash of sword and lance.

But when the light of dying day
 Falls on the crumbling wrecks of time,
 And the wan features of decay
 Wear soften'd beauty, like the clime,
 My fancy summons from the shroud
 The knights of old Castile again,
 And charging thousands shout aloud—
 "St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain!"

When mystic voices, on the breeze
 That fans the rolling deep, sweep by,
 The spirits of the Yemassee,
 Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh;
 For mournful marks, around where stood
 Their palm-roof'd lodges, yet are seen,
 And in the shadows of the wood
 Their tall, funeral mounds are green.

SEBA SMITH.†

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.‡

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wander'd with her child:
 As through the drifting snow she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifting snow:
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone;
 "O, God!" she cried, in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
 And smiled to think her babe was warm.
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
 The frost of death was in her eye,
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
 He moved the robe from off the child,
 The babe look'd up and sweetly smiled!

* An old Spanish fort.

† Author of "Powhattan, a Metrical Romance," &c. He resides in New York.

‡ In the year 1821, a Mrs. BLAKE perished in a snow-storm in the night-time, while travelling over a spur of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.*

LIGHT.

FROM the quicken'd womb of the primal gloom
 The sun roll'd black and bare,
 Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiope breast,
 Of the threads of my golden hair;
 And when the broad tent of the firmament
 Arose on its airy spars,
 I pencill'd the hue of its matchless blue,
 And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
 And their leaves of living green,
 And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
 Of Eden's virgin queen;
 And when the fiend's art, on her trustful heart,
 Had fasten'd its mortal spell,
 In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
 To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
 Their work of wrath hath sped,
 And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
 Came forth among the dead;
 With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams
 I bade their terrors cease;
 As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
 God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
 Night's funeral shadow slept,
 Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
 Their lonely vigils kept;
 When I flash'd on their sight the heralds bright
 Of heaven's redeeming plan,
 As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
 Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favour I show to the lofty and low,
 On the just and the unjust I descend;
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness
 and tears,
 Feel my smile the best smile of a friend:
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
 As the rose in the garden of kings;
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
 And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
 Conceals all the pride of her charms, [bowers,
 Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her
 And lead the young Day to her arms;
 And, when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fann'd west,
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from the sky;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
 To the haven-home safely he brings.

* Mr. PALMER resides in New York, and has been for several years a frequent contributor to the magazines.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
 As they bask in my maternal sheen.
 O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fiftful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the bless'd,
 Ever bright with the DEITY's smile!

JAMES HALL.*

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'T WAS far beyond yon mountains, dear,
 We plighted vows of love;
 The ocean-wave was at our feet,
 The autumn sky above;
 The pebbly shore was cover'd o'er
 With many a varied shell,
 And on the billow's curling spray
 The sunbeams glittering fell.
 The storm has vex'd that billow oft,
 And oft that sun has set,
 But plighted love remains with us,
 In peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt,
 That bashful love might speak
 Where none could hear what love reveal'd,
 Or see the crimson cheek;
 The shore was all deserted,
 And we wander'd there alone,
 And not a human step impress'd
 The sand-beach but our own.
 Thy footsteps all have vanish'd
 From the willow-beaten strand—
 The vows we breathed remain with us—
 They were not traced in sand.

Far, far we left the sea-girt shore,
 Endear'd by childhood's dream,
 To seek the humble cot, that smiled
 By fair Ohio's stream;
 In vain the mountain cliff opposed,
 The mountain torrent roar'd,
 For love unfurl'd her silken wing,
 And o'er each barrier soar'd;
 And many a wide domain we pass'd
 And many an ample dome,
 But none so bless'd, so dear to us,
 As wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all
 That e'er we loved or knew,
 The long-remember'd many,
 And the dearly-cherish'd few:
 The home of her we value,
 And the grave of him we mourn,
 Are there;—and there is all the past
 To which the heart can turn;
 But dearer scenes surround us here,
 And lovelier joys we trace,
 For here is wedded love's first home,
 Its hallow'd resting-place.

* Judge HALL has written several valuable works respecting the western states, and his name is woven with their periodical literature.

CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHIST.

THE road of life is but a game,
Where some a thirst for power and fame,
And some for pleasure feel—
But every player does not win,
Although he fairly may begin,
And make a proper deal.

Some men assume the part of trade,
Some turn the soil with active spade,
While some to wealth incline,
And making into earth their way,
Bring up, before the light of day,
The diamond of the mine.

In clubs some take an active part—
While some the dictates of the heart
With eager zeal pursue;
And, given to wine, their ruin prove,
Or, trusting else in faithless love,
Their disappointment rue.

All have their different parts assign'd,
And ranks throughout the world we find,
Mid people red and black,
Each on the one below him leans—
Some rise aloft to kings and queens,
Some sink to humble Jack.

But, whether station'd high or low,
He who his honest heart can know
Free from reproving thumps,
E'en though he own nor house, nor lands,
That man in native glory stands
The very ace of trumps.

Some men will shuffle through their day,
Unmindful how their partners play;
Unmoved they seem to stand,
And throw their cards with a most bold
And tranquil face, although they hold
A miserable hand.

The daring spirits take the lead,
While those that in the game succeed
Seem bound to follow suit;
Such play the very deuce at last,
Their fortune, character they blast,
And reap the bitter fruit.

How oft, alas! it is the fate
Of jarring comrades, wise too late,
To play a luckless club,
And sadly finding out at last
The time for meditation past,
A heart had gain'd the rub.

By honour some their fortunes win,
And some by trick, nor deem it sin
To profit as they may,—
But time will oft the wretch expose
To merited contempt, who chose
Dishonourable play.

'Tis only he, who, void of guile,
Knows that he has a right to smile,
And tells his heart the same—

'Tis only he, when fate shall close
His pack of chequer'd joys and woos,
Has fairly won the game.

ROBERT M. CHARLTON.*

TO THE RIVER OGEECHEE.

O WAVE that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,—
Why leapest thou so joyously,
While coldly on thy shore
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore?
Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o'er his grave?
And when, in midnight's darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they mourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that's gone?
Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living,
They're needless for the dead.
His soul shall dwell in glory,
Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
Are buried in the grave.

HORATIO HALE.

THE BURIAL OF THE WITHLACOCHEE.

HOLLOW ye the lonely grave,
Make its caverns deep and wide;
In the soil they died to save
Lay the brave men side by side.
Side by side they fought and fell,
Hand to hand they met the foe;
Who has heard his grandsire tell
Braver strife or deadlier blow?
Wake no mournful harmonies,
Shed no earthly tear for them;
Summer dew and sighing breeze
Shall be wail and requiem.
Pile the grave-mound broad and high,
Where the martyr'd brethren sleep;
It shall point the pilgrim's eye
Here to bend—but not to weep.
Not to weep! O, no! the grief
Springing from a blow like this,
May not seek a fond relief
In the drops that mothers kiss.
But the kindling heart shall bear
Hence the lesson stern and high
With as proud a flame to dare—
With as calm a throb to die.

* Author of "The Sylph, and Other Poems," Philadelphia.

* Judge CHARLTON, of Georgia. A volume of his poems was published in Boston, in 1838.

REVEREND CHARLES W. EVEREST.*

AGRICULTURE.

How blest the farmer's simple life!—
 How pure the joy it yields!
 Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
 Free, mid the scented fields!

When morning woots, with roscate hue,
 O'er the far hills away,
 His footsteps brush the silvery dew,
 To greet the welcoming day.

When Sol's first beam in glory glows,
 And blithe the skylark's song,
 Pleased, to his toil the farmer goes,
 With cheerful steps along.

While noon broods o'er the sultry sky,
 And sunbeams fierce are cast,
 Where the cool streamlet wanders by,
 He shares his sweet repast.

When twilight's gentlest shadows fall
 Along the darkening plain,
 He lists his faithful watch-dog's call
 To warn the listening train.

Down the green lane young hurrying feet
 Their eager pathway press;
 His loved ones come in joy to greet,
 And claim their sire's caress.

Then, when the evening prayer is said,
 And Heaven with praise is blest,
 How sweet reclines his weary head
 On slumber's couch of rest!

Nor deem that fears his dreams alarm,
 Nor cares, with carking din:
 Without, his dogs will guard from harm,
 And all is peace within.

O ye, who run in folly's race,
 To win a worthless prize,
 Learn, from the simple tale we trace,
 Where true contentment lies!

Ho! monarch! flush'd with glory's pride!
 Thou painted, gilded thing!
 Hie to the free-born farmer's side,
 And learn to be a king!

MINSTREL, SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

MINSTREL, sing that song again,
 Plaintive in its solemn flow;
 Memory owns its magic strain,
 Loved and cherish'd long ago:

Lo! the past, the mystic past,
 Rises through the vista dim—
 Just as twilight's shades are cast
 At the day's departing hymn!

Minstrel, 't was an eve like this:
 Stars were spangling all the sky:
 Every zephyr spoke of bliss,
 Floating in its fragrance by;

Then, within our moon-lit bower,
 One, with voice like music's own,
 Sweetly charm'd the lingering hour,
 To the soft lute's silvery tone.

As the witching cadence fell
 Wild within our bower of love,
 Angel bands might prove the spell,
 Bending from the courts above!

Minstrel, chant once more the air,
 Soft as spring's departing breath:
 She who sang its numbers there
 Slumbers as the bride of Death!

Minstrel, chide thou not my tears—
 Thou hast waked a mournful theme;
 Memory roves the slumbering years,
 Like some dear, forgotten dream:

Day will come, with joy and gladness—
 Cares once more will fling their blight;
 Chide not, then, my spirit's sadness—
 Minstrel, let me weep to-night!

GEORGE W. PATTEN.*

TO S. T. P.

SHADOWS and clouds are o'er me;
 Thou art not here, my bride!
 The billows dash before me
 Which bear me from thy side;
 On lowering waves benighted,
 Dim sets the weary day;
 Thou art not here, my plighted,
 To smile the storm away.

Where nymphs of ocean slumber,
 I strike the measured stave,
 With wild and mournful number,
 To charm the wandering wave.
 Hark to the words of sorrow
 Along the fading main!
 "Tis night—but will the morrow
 Restore that smile again!"

Mid curtain'd dreams descending,
 Thy gentle form I trace;
 Dimly with shadows blending,
 I gaze upon thy face;
 Thy voice comes o'er me gladly,
 Thy hand is on my brow;
 I wake—the wave rolls madly
 Beneath the ploughing prow!

Speed on, thou surging billow!
 O'er ocean speed away!
 And bear unto her pillow
 The burden of my lay:
 Invest her visions brightly
 With passion's murmur'd word,
 And bid her bless him nightly—
 Him of the lute and sword.

And *her*, of dreams unclouded,
 With tongue of lisping tale,
 Whose eye I left soft shrouded
 'Neath slumber's misty veil,—
 When morn at length discloses
 The smile I may not see,
 Bear to her cheek of roses
 A father's kiss for me.

* Of Meriden, Connecticut. Author of "Babylon," &c.

* A lieutenant in the United States army, formerly of Rhode Island. He is the author of numerous metrical pieces in the periodicals.

WILLIAM WALLACE.*

TO THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

HARP of Eternity!—thy strings
 Ten thousand thousand years have told,
 Since o'er thy frame the mystic wings
 Of time unwearied roll'd;
 And still from that mysterious throne
 Thy song, magnificent and lone,
 Peals nightly as of old,
 When Chaldea's Shepherd bent his ear
 To catch the music of each sphere.

How fondly gazed that old man round
 The dread magnificence above,
 Woo'd by the anthem's mellow sound,
 Breathing of seraph love;
 Whose brooding wings shed deathless bliss
 O'er pensile orb and starr'd abyss,
 Like Heaven's own holy dove—
 For he, on those high rocks, had caught
 Beams from the spirit-land of thought;

And heard thy music, mighty lyre,
 Struck by the giant hand of Time,
 Rolling amid yon worlds of fire,
 Their choral march sublime.

How leap'd his heart, how swell'd his soul,
 To hear those awful numbers roll
 In one eternal chime;
 And dream that, freed from earth's dark sod,
 Already he communed with God!

Bard of the stars! Thou led'st the dance
 Of thrice ten thousand thousand spheres,
 Wheeling in their delirious trance
 Through the unnumber'd years.
 Unmoved alike mid life or death—
 The storm's career, the tempest's breath,
 Or folly, crime, and tears—
 Still! still behind those cloudy bars,
 Glitters the poet of the stars!

Thou art alone!—At twilight dim,
 And in the night's transparent noon,
 Solemnly weaving thy wild hymn,
 And solitary tune,
 Like some sad hermit, whose lone heart
 Would from all earthly splendours part,
 Lured by their glare too soon,
 And mid the desert's silent gloom
 Wait uncomplainingly its doom.

Alone! O, sacred one,—Dost thou
 From that star-cinctured hall, behold
 Sorrows which scathe the human brow,
 And griefs that burn untold,
 Save to the night-winds drooping by,
 Like mourners journeying from the sky:
 Coldly and dark unroll'd!
 Vainly we ask, or low, or loud,
 Bright minstrel of the star and cloud.

Sound on, O mighty harp! Thy strain
 Comes floating sadly on the night,

For we may ne'er behold again
 Thy pure and sacred light,
 But in the cold insensate tomb,
 Rest all unknowingly our doom;
 While thou, intensely bright,
 Shalt pour thy glorious music still,
 Alike unscathed by death or ill.

Sound on! But those sweet harps of earth,
 Whose strings lie shatter'd, cold and lone,
 Shall yet, restored by godlike worth,
 Resume their godlike tone;
 While thou must be, O! ancient lyre,
 Destroyed in Nature's funeral pyre,
 And broken on thy throne,
 Where they, undimn'd by earth-born jars,
 May lead, like thee, the dance of stars!

O, glorious hope! O, thought divine!
 Soul! fired by the high-promised bliss,
 Kneel at thy God's eternal shrine,
 And breathe thy thanks for this!
 Harp! lift once more thy joyous song,
 Bear its—O, bear its notes along,
 O'er earth and far abyss!
 Hail with a smile Death's gloomy frown,
 Spirit! he brings thy brightest crown!

MARY E. BROOKS.*

A PLEDGE TO THE DYING YEAR.

FILL to the brim! one pledge to the past,
 As it sinks on its shadowy bier;
 Fill to the brim! 'tis the saddest and last
 We pour to the grave of the year!
 Wake, the light phantoms of beauty that won us
 To linger awhile in those bowers;
 And flash the bright day-beams of promise upon us,
 That gilded life's earlier hours.

Here's to the love—though it flitted away,
 We can never, no, never forget!
 Through the gathering darkness of many a day,
 One pledge will we pour to it yet.

O, frail as the vision, that witching and tender,
 And bright on the wanderer broke,
 When Irem's own beauty in shadowless splendour,
 Along the wild desert awoke.

Fill to the brim! one pledge to the glow
 Of the heart in its purity warm!
 Ere sorrow had sullied the fountain below,
 Or darkness enveloped the form;
 Fill to that life-tide! O, warm was its rushing
 Through Adens of arrowy light,
 And yet like the wave in the wilderness gushing,
 'T will gladden the wine-cup to-night.

Fill to the past! from its dim, distant sphere
 Wild voices in melody come;
 The strains of the by-gone, deep-echoing here,
 We pledge to their shadowy tomb;
 And like the bright orb, that in sinking flings back
 One gleam o'er the cloud-cover'd dome,
 May the dreams of the past, on futurity track
 The hope of a holier home!

* Mr. WALLACE is a young writer of much promise. He is a native of Lexington, and now resides in Louisville, Kentucky.

* Wife of the late JAMES G. BROOKS, and author of "The Rivals of Este, and other Poems," etc.

MICAH P. FLINT.*

LINES ON PASSING THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

On yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depths of shade,
Beneath the white-arm'd sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear.—A brother weeps.—
'Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmur'd at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like sorrow's own,
Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then deepening to an organ tone,
In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and pass'd. Can I forget,
How we whose hearts had hail'd her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
Consign'd her to her mother earth!
Joys and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper plough'd than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heap'd the soft mould on her breast;
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it; may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
The rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
There is no stone, with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting-place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robes of vernal bloom
In guardian fondness o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
Yet yearly is her grave-turf dress'd,
And still the summer vines are thrown,
In annual wreaths, across her breast,
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallow'd spot with leaves.

* MICAH P. FLINT was a son of the late Reverend TIMOTHY FLINT. He was the author of a volume entitled "The Hunter, and other Poems," and of many brief pieces in the magazines.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.*

THE FREE MIND.

High walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

OTWAY CURRY.†

THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

Nor in the golden morning
Shall faded forms return,
For languidly and dimly then
The lights of memory burn:
Nor when the noon unfoldeth
Its sunny light and smile,
For these, unto their bright repose
The wondering spirit wile:
But when the stars are wending
Their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back
The music of the sky;
O, then those starry millions
Their streaming banners weave,
To marshal on their wandering way
The Armies of the Eve:
The dim and shadowy armies
Of our unquiet dreams,
Whose footsteps brush the feathery fern
And print the sleeping streams.
We meet them in the calmness
Of high and holier climes;
We greet them with the blessed names
Of old and happier times.
And, marching in the starlight
Above the sleeping dust,
They freshen all the fountain-springs
Of our undying trust.
Around our every pathway,
In beauteous ranks they roam,
To guide us to the dreamy rest
Of our eternal home.

* WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON is the editor of "The Liberator," at Boston. The sonnet quoted above, was written during his despotic imprisonment for the expression of opinions.

† MR. CURRY was formerly associated with Mr. GALLAGHER in the editorship of "The Hesperian," at Cincinnati.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.*

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

"AZURE-EYED ELOISE! beauty is thine,
 Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
 Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
 Poets have gladden'd the world with thy fame;
 Painters, half-holy thy loved image keep;
 Beautiful ELOISE! why do you weep?"

Still bows the lady her light tresses low,—
 Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow!

"SUNNY-HAIR'D ELOISE! wealth is thine own;
 Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone;
 Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
 Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips' play;
 Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck;
 Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
 Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep—
 Angels watch over it!—why do you weep?"

Bows the fair lady her light tresses low,—
 Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow!

"GIFTED and worshipp'd one! genius and grace
 Play in each motion, and beam in thy face:
 When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
 Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong!
 Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
 Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
 One only spirit thou'st fail'd to bring down,—
 Exquisite ELOISE! why do you frown?"

Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
 Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul!

"TOUCH'd by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
 Charm'd by the magic of mind in thy face—
 Bewitch'd by thy beauty, e'en his haughty strength,
 The strength of the stoic, is conquer'd at length!
 Lo! at thy feet see him kneeling the while—
 ELOISE! ELOISE! why do you smile?"

The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
 She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise;
 While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her
 cheek,
 Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to
 speak!

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!

With exquisite tunes at command,

Of melody sweetest and clearest,

If tried by a delicate hand;

But its workmanship, love, is so fine,

At a single rude touch it would break:

Then, O! be the magic key mine,

Its fairy-like whispers to wake!

And there's one little tune it can play

That I fancy all others above—

You learn'd it of CUPID one day—

It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"

It begins with and ends with "I love!"

NATHAN C. BROOKS.*

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.

BENEATH the axle of departing day

The weary waters, on the horizon's verge,

Blush'd like the cheek of children tired in play,

As bore the surge

The wasted poet's form with slow and mournful
 dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand,

The late-renting sea, with hollow moan,

Gave back the storm-toss'd body to the land;

As if, in tone

Of sorrow, it bewail'd the deed itself had done.

There, laid upon his bier of shells—around

The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept,

While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound,

And night bewept

The bard of nature, as in death's cold arms he
 slept.

The tuneful morn arose, with locks of light—

The ear that drank her music's call was chill;

The eye that shone was seal'd in endless night;

And cold and still

The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont
 to thrill.

With trees, e'en like the sleeper's honours, sered,

And prows of galleys, like his bosom riven,

The melancholy pile of death was rear'd

Aloft to heaven;

And on its pillar'd height the corse to torches
 given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day

Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,

Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay

Upon his pyre,

The poet of the broken heart and broken lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came,

And fann'd the blaze, until the smoke that rush'd

In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame,

All redly blush'd,

Like Melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping
 flush'd.

And brother-bards† upon that lonely shore

Were standing by, and wept, as brightly burn'd

The pyre, till all the form they loved before,

To ashes turn'd,

With incense, wine and tears, was sprinkled and
 inurned.

* Miss LOCKE, now Mrs. OSGOOD, is the wife of Mr. OSGOOD, the painter. In 1833, while she resided with her husband in London, she published there a volume entitled "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," containing many graceful poems, of which those quoted above are specimens.

* NATHAN C. BROOKS, the principal of an academy in Baltimore, is the author of "Scripture Anthology," "The South Sea Islands, a Poem," "The History of the Church, a Poem," "The Literary Amaranth," (prose and verse), and several other works.

† Byron and Leigh Hunt.

MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.*

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

THE green hills of my father-land
In dreams still greet my view;
I see once more the wave-girt strand,
The ocean-depth of blue:
The sky, the glorious sky, outspread
Above their calm repose:
The river, o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows;
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray;
The sun-light resting on the flowers,
The birds that sing among the bowers,
Through all the summer-day.
Land of my birth! mine early love!
Once more thine airs I breathe!
I see thy proud hills tower above,
Thy green vales sleep beneath;
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
All rise before mine eyes,
The dawn of morning on thy hills,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies,
Thy forests, from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth,
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silentness
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
As lovely as of yore!
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door!
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
As when I used to train them there,
In the dear olden time!
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose golden memories gently bring
So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,
A change o'er hall and hearth!
Faces and footsteps new and strange,
About my place of birth!
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanish'd is the beacon light
That cheer'd my morning sky!
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
And rock, and murmuring stream,
'That wore such glorious beauty then,
Would seem, should I return again,
The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since, in the far-off west,
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,
My heart hath found its rest.
I mourn not for the hills and streams
That chain'd my steps so long,

Yet still I see them in my dreams,
And hail them in my song;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well-remember'd lays
Of my green-mountain home.

CARTER MORRIS.*

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."
MAVOR's *Voyages*.

LONELY and wild it rose,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
Thrill'd a rich peal triumphantly around,
And fled again.

O, boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom conceal'd,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is seal'd.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colours with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe!

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself array'd,
Strong in immortal and uncheck'd delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with wo, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring?

Alas for human thought!
How does it flee existence, worn and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain—the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

* Mrs. THURSTON is a native of Vermont, and now resides in Indiana.

* This poem was published anonymously in WALSH'S Philadelphia "National Gazette," previous to the year 1830. I have been informed that it was written by a gentleman named CARTER MORRIS, who was at the time a contributor to several periodicals.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother!—Manhood's anxious brow
 And sterner cares have long been mine;
 Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
 As when upon thy bosom's shrine
 My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
 And thy low-whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd.

I never call that gentle name,
 My mother! but I am again
 E'en as a child; the very same
 That prattled at thy knee; and fain
 Would I forget, in momentary joy,
 That I no more can be thy happy boy;—

The artless boy, to whom thy smile
 Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night,
 (Though rare that frown, and brief the while
 It veil'd from me thy loving light;)
 For well-conn'd task, ambition's highest bliss,
 To win from thine approving lips a kiss.

I've loved through foreign lands to roam,
 And gazed o'er many a classic scene;
 Yet would the thought of that dear home,
 Which once was ours, oft intervene,
 And bid me close again my weary eye
 To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,
 Where, by the Hudson's verdant side,
 My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,
 And he, we loved, at eventide
 Would hastening come from distant toil to bless
 Thine, and his children's radiant happiness.

Alas, the change! the rattling car
 On flint-paved streets profanes the spot,
 Where o'er the sod, we sow'd the Star
 Of Bethlehem, and Forget-me-not.
 O, wo to Mammon's desolating reign!
 We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
 Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
 Perchance, a scholar's name—but sage
 Or bard have never taught thy son
 Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
 As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

If, by the Saviour's grace made meet,
 My God will own my life and love,
 Methinks, when singing at His feet,
 Amid the ransom'd throng above,
 Thy name upon my glowing lips shall be,
 And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee.

For thee and heaven; for thou didst tread
 The way that leads me heavenward, and
 My often wayward footsteps led
 In the same path with patient hand;
 And when I wander'd far, thy earnest call
 Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

* Doctor BETHUNE is a native of New York. He has been for several years the minister of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of Philadelphia.

I have been bless'd with other ties,
 Fond ties and true, yet never deem
 That I the less thy fondness prize;
 No, mother! in my warmest dream
 Of answer'd passion, through this heart of mine
 One chord will vibrate to no name but thine.

Mother! thy name is widow—well
 I know no love of mine can fill
 The waste place of thy heart, or dwell
 Within one sacred recess: still
 Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
 My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one!

TO MY WIFE.

AFAR from thee! the morning breaks,
 But morning brings no joy to me;
 Alas! my spirit only wakes
 To know I am afar from thee.
 In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
 And thou wert nestled on my breast;
 In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
 And to mine own thy heart was press'd.

Afar from thee! 'tis solitude!
 Though smiling crowds around me be,
 The kind, the beautiful, the good,
 For I can only think of thee;
 Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
 My earliest and my only one!
 Without thee I am all unblest'd,
 And wholly bless'd with thee alone.

Afar from thee! the words of praise
 My listless ear unheeded greet;
 What sweetest seem'd, in better days,
 Without thee seems no longer sweet.
 The dearest joy fame can bestow
 Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,
 And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
 Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,
 But slumbers from my pillow flee;
 O, who can rest so far from home?
 And my heart's home is, love, with thee.
 I kneel me down in silent prayer,
 And then I know that thou art nigh:
 For God, who seeth everywhere,
 Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,
 No distance can our hearts divide;
 Forgotten quite the mediate space,
 I kneel thy kneeling form beside.
 My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
 But soars the spirit far and free;
 O, welcome be night's slumbers deep,
 For then, sweet love, I am with thee.

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone; and yet
 In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
 A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
 Of utter'd harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
 Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you far in the unknown, unseen immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye?
Whence?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit;
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good,
The wise departed—ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought
For many a distant age;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the ATROX stood, when HE,
Trembling, saw round him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,
With courage strong: the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep! O, keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings:
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel like you, mid the white-robed throng.

JOB DURFEE.*

EXTRACT FROM "WHATCHEER."

THE winds of March o'er Narragansett's bay
Move in their strength, the waves with foam are
white;
O'er Seekonk's tide the waving branches play,
The woods roar o'er resounding plain and height;
Twixt sailing clouds, the sun's inconstant ray
But glances on the scene, then fades from sight;
The frequent showers dash from the passing clouds;
The hills are peeping through their wintry shrouds.
Dissolving snows each downward channel fill,
Each swollen brook a foaming torrent brawls,
Old Seekonk murmurs, and from every hill
Answers aloud the coming waterfalls;
Deep-voiced Pawtucket thunders louder still,
To dark Mooshausick joyously he calls,
Who breaks his bondage, and, through forests
brown, [down.
Murmurs the hoarse response, and rolls his tribute

* Honourable JOB DURFEE, of Rhode Island, author of
"Whatcheer? a Poem in Ten Cantos," &c.

But, hark! that sound, about the cataracts
And hollow winds in this wild solitude, [axe,
Seems passing strange. Who, with the labouring
On Seekonk's eastern marge, invades the wood?
Stroke follows stroke—some sturdy hind attacks
Yon ancient groves, which from their birth have
stood
Unmoved by steel—and, startled at the sound,
The wild deer snuffs the gale, then, with a bound,
Vaults o'er the thickets, and, down yonder glen,
His antlers vanish—on yon shaggy height
Sits the lone wolf, half-peering from his den,
And howls regardless of the morning light—
Unwonted sounds and a strange denizen
Vex his repose—then, covering with affright,
He shrinks away, for, with a crackling sound,
Yon lofty hemlock bows, and thunders to the ground.

BRYAN FITCH RANSOM, M. D.*

RIZPAH.†

O! MOMENTS to others, but ages to me,
I have sat with the brow of the dead at my knee;
In the purple of night, at the flushing of noon,
I have bent o'er the cherish'd, that left me: how soon!
And I look'd on the dimness that froze on the eye,
So bright in its burning,—its glances so high!
And I watch'd the consumer, as ever he crept,
And feasted where beauty and manhood still slept.
I loved the dark eye, though its kindling was dead,
And the pride of that lip, though its blushing was
O, sons of the kingly! how lovely in death! [shed.
Though your frown, when ye died, flitted not with
your breath;
As ye lay in your strength, so unmoving and chill,
There was daring, calm daring, that death could not
So mighty to conquer, and never to fly, [kill;
And life in its fulness,—O, how did ye die!

The eagle, at dawning, stoop'd down in his pride,
With the blood-drops of princes his pinions were
died;

But he look'd on that eye, and he shrouded his own,
In your sternness of sleeping he left you alone.
The leopard, at evening, leap'd onward in play,
And he plunged where I knelt as he scented his prey:
But he knew the strong arm he had met in his mood,
And he crept to his lair like a fawn of the wood.

O, yon moon, with her cold light, had madden'd
my brain!

In the wildness of midnight they waken again:
In their softness and wrath, in their sadness and glee,
With their fierce scowl in battle, their bright smile
to me;

The frown when they struck mid the carnage begun,
The smile as we met when the conflict was done;
And there is not in Judah a mother so blest
As I, with my dead in their desolate rest.

* Born in Pottlney, Vermont, about 1813: studied medi-
cine at Albany: and now practises his profession at Ca-
nandaigua, New York.

† 2 Samuel xxi. 10.

HENRY CAREY.

"GIVE ME THE OLD."

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO
READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink!

Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose,
Within the tun;

Pluck'd from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,

And ripen'd 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!

Peat whiskey hot,
Temper'd with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter!

Old wood to burn!

Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;

The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhaps,

Whose bright flame dawning, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking!

While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum writ,
Time-honour'd tomes!

The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,

The well-earn'd meed
Of Oxford's domes;
Old HOMER blind,

Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by
Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie;
MORT ARTHUR's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint BURTON, quaint SPENSER, ay,
And GERVASE MARKHAM's venerie—

Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!

Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly and the true,
So rarely found!

Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!

Bring WALTER good:

With soulful FRED; and learned WILL,
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
For every mood.)

* Mr. CAREY resides in New York. He is the author of "Poems by John Waters," originally printed in the "New York American" and the "Knickerbocker" magazine.

These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.*

A SEPTEMBER EVENING ON THE BANKS OF
THE MOSHASSUCK.

"Now to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past."

AGAIN September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,
Fades on the umber'd hills away,
And melts into the coming night.
Again Moshassuck's silver tide
Reflects each green herb on its side,
Each tassell'd wreath and tangling vine
Whose tendrils o'er its margin twine.

And, standing on its velvet shore,
Where yesternight with thee I stood,
I trace its devious course once more,
Far winding on through vale and wood.
Now glimmering through yon golden mist,
By the last glinting sunbeams kiss'd,
Now lost where lengthening shadows fall
From hazel-copse and moss-fringed wall.

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still,
Still wave the star-flower and the fern
O'er the soft outline of the hill;
While far aloft, where pine trees throw
Their shade athwart the sunset glow,
Thin vapours cloud the illumined air,
And parting daylight lingers there.

But, ah, no longer *thou* art near
This varied loveliness to see,
And I, though fondly lingering here,
To-night can only think on thee;—
The flowers thy gentle hand caress'd
Still lie unwither'd on my breast,
And still thy footsteps print the shore
Where thou and I may rove no more.

Again I hear the murmuring fall
Of water from some distant dell,
The beetle's hum, the cricket's call,
And, far away, that evening bell,—
Again, again those sounds I hear,
But, O, how desolate and drear
They seem to-night—how like a knell
The music of that evening bell.

Again the new moon in the west,
Scarce seen upon yon golden sky,
Hangs o'er the mountain's purple crest
With one pale planet trembling nigh,—
And beautiful her pearly light
As when we bless'd its beams last night,
But thou art on the far blue sea,
And I can only think of thee.

* Mrs. WHITMAN, formerly Miss POWER, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, in which city she now resides.

REVEREND BENJAMIN D. WINSLOW.*

THE LOVER STUDENT.

With a burning brow and weary limb,
 From the parting glance of day,
 The student sits in his study dim,
 Till the east with dawn is gray;
 But what are those musty tomes to him?
 His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light
 Where his lady leads the dance,
 Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
 Lit up by her sunny glance;
 And he thinks of her the livelong night—
 She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,
 To dwell on each gushing tone,
 To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,
 Which should beam on him alone;
 To woo with the vow, the glance and sigh,
 The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
 And he grasps his well-worn pen,
 That he may write him a lesson sage,
 To read to the sons of men;
 But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
 And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
 At the vesper's solemn peal,
 So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,
 Which no angel forms reveal,
 But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
 Mid his whisper'd prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
 To his little study dim,
 In vain the notes of the vesper stir
 In the cloister cold and grim;
 Through the livelong night he thinks of her—
 Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,
 But no calm to him she brings;
 His troubled spirit is out of tune,
 And loosen'd its countless strings;
 Yet, in the quiet of night's still noon,
 To his lady-love he sings:

"Thou in thy bower,
 And I in my cell,
 Through each festal hour
 Divided must dwell;
 Yet we're united,
 Though forms are apart,
 Since love's vows plighted
 Have bound us in heart.

"Proud sons of fashion
 Now murmur to thee
 Accents of passion,
 All treason to me;

Others are gazing
 On that glance divine,
 Others are praising—
 Are their words like *mine*?

"Heed not the wooer
 With soft vows express'd,
 One heart beats truer—
 Thou know'st in *whose* breast.
 To him thou hast spoken
 Words not lightly told;
 His heart would be broken
 If thine should grow cold!

"The stars faintly glimmer
 And fade into day,
 This taper burns dimmer
 With vanishing ray;
 O, never thus fading,
 May fortune grow pale,
 With sorrow-clouds shading,
 Or plighted faith fail!

"Hush, my wild numbers!
 Dawn breaketh above—
 Soft be thy slumbers,
 Adieu to thee, love!
 Sad vigils keeping,
 I think upon thee,
 And dream of thee sleeping,
 My own MELANIE!"

C. G. EASTMAN.*

A MID-SUMMER DAY SCENE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee was catching the flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face,
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat long ago in that place!
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
 "Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog slumber'd upon the floor,
 Where the sun, after noon, would steal;
 The busy old wife, by the open door,
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantletree,
 Had plodded along to almost three;

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moisten'd brow and the head so fair
 Of his dear grandchild were press'd.
 His frosty locks mid her soft hair lay—
 Fast asleep were they both, on that summer day!

* The "Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Reverend B. D. WINSLOW," edited by Bishop DOANE, were published in 1811. He died in 1840, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

* Mr. EASTMAN, the author of "Lyrical, and other Poems," is a native of Vermont, and now conducts "The Spirit of the Age" newspaper, at Woodstock, in that state.

That let light in upon the gloomy woods,
 A shape peeps from the breezy forest-top,
 Arch with small pucker'd mouth and mocking eye:
 The morn has enterprise—deep quiet droops
 With evening—triumph when the sun takes rest—
 Voluptuous transport when the corn-fields ripen
 Beneath a warm moon like a happy face:
 And this to fill us with regard for man,
 Deep apprehension of his passing worth,
 Desire to work his proper nature out,
 To ascertain his rank and final place,
 For all these things tend upward—progress is
 The law of life—man is not man as yet:
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attain'd, his genuine strength put fairly out,
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness—here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its crawling fellows: when the host
 Is out at once to the despair of night;
 When all mankind is perfected alike,
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
 Begins the general infancy of man.

EXTRACTS FROM SORDELLO.

CARYATIDES BY SUNSET.

BUT quick

To the main wonder now. A vault, see; thick
 Black shade about the ceiling, through fine slits
 Across the buttress suffer light by fits
 Upon a marvel in the midst: nay, stoop—
 A dullish gray-streak'd cumbrous font, a group
 Round it, each side of it, where'er one sees,
 Upholds it—shrinking caryatides
 Of just-tinged marble like Eve's lilled flesh
 Beneath her Maker's finger, when the fresh
 First pulse of life shot brightening the snow:
 The font's edge burdens every shoulder, so
 They muse upon the ground, eyelids half closed,
 Some, with meek arms behind their backs disposed,
 Some, cross'd above their bosoms, some, to veil
 Their eyes, some, propping chin and cheek so pale,
 Some, hanging slack an utter helpless length
 Dead as a buried vestal whose whole strength
 Goes when the grate above shuts heavily;
 So dwell these noiseless girls, patient to see,
 Like priestesses because of sin impure
 Penanced for ever, who resign'd endure,
 Having that once drunk sweetness to the dregs;
 And every eve Sordello's visit begs
 Pardon for them: constant as eve he came
 To sit beside each in her turn, the same
 As one of them, a certain space: and awe
 Made a great indistinctness, till he saw
 Sunset slant cheerful through the buttress chinks,
 Gold seven times globed; surely our maiden shrinks,
 And a smile stirs her as if one faint grain
 Her load were lighten'd, one shade less the stain
 Obscured her forehead, yet one more bead slipt
 From off the rosary whereby the crypt
 Keeps count of the contritions of its charge!
 Then with a step more light, a heart more large,
 He may depart, leave her and every one
 To linger out the penance in mute stone.

EGLAMOR.

HE, no genius rare,

Transfiguring in fire or wave or air
 At will, but a poor gnome that, cloister'd up
 In some rock-chamber with his agate cup,
 His topaz rod, his seed-pearl, in these few
 And their arrangement finds enough to do
 For his best art. Then, how he loved that art!
 The calling marking him a man apart
 From men—one not to care, take counsel for
 Cold hearts, comfortless faces, (Eglamor
 Was neediest of his tribe,) since verse, the gift,
 Was his, and men, the whole of them, must shift
 Without it, e'en content themselves with wealth
 And pomp and power, snatching a life by stealth.
 So Eglamor was not without his pride!
 The sorriest bat which cowers through noontide
 While other birds are jocund, has one time
 When moon and stars are blinded, and the prime
 Of earth is its to claim, nor find a peer.

AN INCIDENT AT RATISBON.

You know we French storm'd Ratisbon:

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoléon

Stood on our storming day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall;"

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping; nor bridle drew

Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

Just by his horse's mane, a boy:

You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compress'd,

Scarce any blood came through,)

You look'd twice e'er you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace

We've got you Ratisbon!

The marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,

Perch'd him." The chief's eye flash'd; his plans

Soar'd up again like fire.

The chief's eye flash'd; but presently

Soften'd itself, as sheathes

A film the mother eagle's eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes:

"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride

Touch'd to the quick, he said;

"I'm kill'd, sire!" And, his chief beside,

Smiling the boy fell dead.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

Mr. HORNE belongs to the intellectual brotherhood of whom we have already given specimens in the notices of DARLEY, BROWNING, and others. He has written several dramatic poems and sketches, among which are *The Death of Marlowe*, *Cosmo de' Medici*, and *Gregory the Seventh*, all of which have met the approval of the critics. His latest production (excepting *The New Spirit of the Age*, of which he acknowledges himself to be the editor only) is *Orion*, an epic poem, which, aside from its intrinsic merits, will find its record in the *Curiosities of Literature* for the novel circumstances of its publication. It was offered to the public at various prices, commencing with a farthing and rising through successive stages to a half-crown in its fourth edition. In *Orion* we have modern transcendentalism wedded to the old Greek mythology. *Orion*, wandering in the mountains of Chios, encounters *Artemis*, who loves him, and by her love elevates his nature, but fails to make him happy. In a dream he sees *Merope*, the daughter of *Ænopion*, king of Chios, who warns him to beware of *Artemis*, and on awaking he seeks and wins the affection of the princess. The king derides his pretensions, but promises him the hand of his daughter if in six days he will destroy the beasts and serpents of the island.

This he accomplishes, but *Ænopion* hesitating to fulfil his agreement, the giants make war against him and carry off *Merope*, with whom *Orion* lives happily in a secluded grove until the king discovers his retreat and deprives him of sight. In his wretchedness, deserted by *Merope*, he seeks the aid of *Eos*, who unseals his eyes and loves him with an affection which satisfies his soul. The jealous *Artemis* now destroys him; but repents, and joins with *Eos* in a prayer to *Zeus* for the restoration of his life. The prayer is granted; *Orion* is made immortal, placed among the constellations, and enjoys for ever the love of *Eos*. This slight outline of the fable is necessary to a proper understanding of the extracts from the poem which are given in this volume.

Mr. HORNE is also author of an *Essay on Tragic Influence*, and an *Introduction to Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature and Art*; and he was associated with WORDSWORTH, LEIGH HUNT, MISS BARRETT, and others, in the production of *Chaucer Modernized*, to which he prefixed an admirable essay on the riches of English poetry and the development of the principles of versification, by which the rhythm of CHAUCER is fully sustained, and which no poet who has a love for his art should fail to read.

EXTRACTS FROM ORION.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF ORION.

THE scene in front two sloping mountains' sides
Display'd; in shadow one and one in light.
The loftiest on its summit now sustain'd
The sun-beams, raying like a mighty wheel
Half seen, which left the forward surface dark
In its full breadth of shade; the coming sun
Hidden as yet behind: the other mount,
Slanting transverse, swept with an eastward face
Catching the golden light. Now while the peal
Of the ascending chase told that the rout
Still midway rent the thickets, suddenly
Along the broad and sunny slope appear'd
The shadow of a stag that fled across,
Follow'd by a giant's shadow with a spear.

MORNING.

O'ER meadows green or solitary lawn,
When birds appear earth's sole inhabitants,
The long, clear shadows of the morning differ
From those of eve, which are more soft and vague,
Suggestive of past days and mellow'd grief.
The lights of morning, even as her shades,
Are architectural, and pre-eminent
In quiet freshness, midst the pause that holds
Prelusive energies. All life awakes,
Morn comes at first with white, uncertain light;
Then takes a faint red, like an opening bud
Seen through gray mist; the mist clears of; the sky
Unfolds; grows ruddy; takes a crimson flush;
Puts forth bright sprigs of gold,—which soon ex-
panding

In saffron, thence pure golden shines the morn;
Uplifts its clear, bright fabric of white clouds,
All tinted, like a shell of polish'd pearl,
With varied glancings, violet gleam and blush;
Embraces nature; and then passes on,
Leaving the sun to perfect his great work.

SUMMER NOON.

THERE was a slumbrous silence in the air,
By noon-tide's sultry murmurs from without
Made more oblivious. Not a pipe was heard
From field or wood; but the grave beetle's drone
Pass'd near the entrance: once the cuckoo call'd
O'er distant meads, and once a horn began
Melodious plaint, then died away. A sound
Of murmurous music yet was in the breeze,
For silver gnats that harp on glassy strings,
And rise and fall in sparkling clouds, sustain'd
Their dizzy dances o'er the seething meads.

BUILDING OF THE PALACE OF POSEIDON.

FOR him I built a palace underground,
Of iron, black and rough as his own hands.
Deep in the groaning, disembowel'd earth,
The tower-broad pillars and huge stanchions,
And slant supporting wedges I set up,
Aided by the Cyclops who obey'd my voice,
Which through the metal fabric rang and peal'd
In orders echoing far, like thunder-dreams.
With arches, galleries, and domes all carved—
So that great figures started from the roof
And lofty coignes, or sat and downward gazed
On those who strode below and gazed above—
I fill'd it; in the centre framed a hall:
Central in that, a throne; and for the light,
Forged mighty hammers that should rise and fall
On slanted rocks of granite and of flint,
Work'd by a torrent, for whose passage down
A chasm I hew'd. And here the god could take,
Midst showery sparks and swathes of broad, gold fire,
His lone repose, lull'd by the sounds he loved;
Or, casting back the hammer-heads till they choked
The water's course, enjoy, if so he wish'd,
Midnight tremendous, silence, and iron sleep.

ORION'S EXTIRPATION OF THE BEASTS
FROM CHIOS.

FRESH trees he fell'd and wove
More barriers and fences; inaccessible
To fiercest charge of droves, and to o'erleap
Impossible. These walls he so arranged
That to a common centre each should force
The flight of those pursued; and from that centre
Diverged three outlets: one, the wide expanse
Which from the rocks and inland forests led;
One was the clear-skied windy gap above
A precipice; the third, a long ravine [ran
Which through steep slopes, down to the seashore
Winding, and then direct into the sea.

Orion, in each hand
Waving a torch, his course at night began,

Through wildest haunts and lairs of savage beasts.
With long-drawn howl, before him troop'd the
wolves—

The panthers, terror-stricken, and the bears
With wonder and gruff rage; from desolate crags
Leering hyenas, griffin, hippogriff,
Skul'd, or sprang madly, as the tossing brands
Flash'd through the midnight nooks and hollows cold,
Sudden as fire from flint; o'er crashing thickets,
With crouch'd head and curl'd fangs dash'd the wild
Gnashing forth on with reckless impulses, [boar,
While the clear-purposed fox crept closely down
Into the underwood, to let the storm,
Whate'er its cause, pass over. Through dark fens,
Marshes, green rushy swamps, and margins reedy,
Orion held his way—and rolling shapes
Of serpent and of dragon moved before him
With high-rear'd crests, swan-like, yet terrible,
And often looking back with gem-like eyes.
All night Orion urged his rapid course
In the vex'd rear of the swift-droving din,
And when the dawn had peer'd, the monsters all
Were hemm'd in barriers. These he now o'erheap'd
With fuel through the day, and when again
Night darken'd, and the sea a gulf-like voice
Sent forth, the barriers at all points he fired,
Mid prayers to Hephæstos and his ocean-sire.
Soon as the flames had eaten out a gap
In the great barrier fronting the ravine
That ran down to the sea, Orion grasp'd
Two blazing boughs; one high in air he raised,
The other, with its roaring foliage, trail'd
Behind him as he sped. Onward the droves
Of frantic creatures with one impulse roll'd
Before this night-devouring thing of flames,
With multitudinous voice and downward sweep
Into the sea, which now first knew a tide,
And, ere they made one effort to regain
The shore, had caught them in its flowing arms,
And bore them past all hope. The living mass,
Dark heaving o'er the waves resistlessly,
At length, in distance seem'd a circle small,
Midst which one creature in the centre rose,
Conspicuous in the long, red, quivering gleams
That from the dying brands stream'd o'er the waves.
It was the oldest dragon of the fens,
Whose forked flag-wings and horn-crested head
O'er crags and marshes regal sway had held;
And now he rose up like an embodied curse,
From all the doom'd, fast sinking—some just sunk—
Look'd landward o'er the sea, and flapp'd his vans,
Until Poseidon drew them swirling down.

RESTORATION OF ORION.

NOW had Poseidon with trident spear
Torn up the smitten sea, which raged on high
With grief and anger for Orion slain;
And black Hephæstos deep beneath the earth
A cold thrill felt through his metallic veins,
Which soon with sparkling fire began to writhe
Like serpents, till from each volcanic peak
Burst smoke and threatening flames. Day hid his
And while the body of Orion sunk [head,
Drawn down into the embraces of the sea,

The four winds with confronting fury arose,
And to a common centre drove their blasts,
Which, meeting, brake like thunder-stone, or shells
Of war, far scattering. Shipwreck fed the deep.
No moon had dared the ringing vault to climb;
No star, no meteor's steed; and ancient night
Shook the dishevell'd lightning from her brows,
Then sank in deeper gloom. Ere long the roar
Roll'd through a distant yawning chasm of flame,
Dying away, and in the air obscure,
Feverish and trembling—like the breath of one
Recovering from convulsion's throes—appear'd
Two wavering misty shapes upon a mount:
Whence now a solemn and reproachful voice,
With broken pauses spake, and thus lamented:

"Call it not love!—oh never yet for thee
Did love's ambrosial pinions fan the hours,
To lose themselves in bliss, which memory
Alone can find, so to renew their life,
Thou couldst not ever thus enjoy, thus give
Thy nature fully up; thine attributes,
Whate'er of loveliness or high estate
They own'd, surrendering all before love's feast,
And in his breath to melt. How shall we name
Thy passion—ice-pure, self-entire, exacting
All worship, for a limited return!
But how, ah me! shall time record the hour,
When with thy bow—its points curved stiffly back,
Like a snake's neck preparing for a spring—
Thou stood'st in lurid fire behind a cloud,
And loosed the fatal shaft! Where then was love?
Oh Artemis! Oh miserable queen!
Call it pride, jealousy, revenge—self-love;
No other. Thou repliest not. Wherefore pride?
Thou gavest thyself that wound, rejecting one
Who to thee tender'd all his nature; noble,
Though earth-born, as thou knew'st when first ye
And thou not Zeus with a creator's power [met,
His being to re-make? Thou answerest not.
Why jealous, but because thou saw'st him happy
Without thee, tho' cast off by thee. Then wherefore
Destroy! Revenge, the champion of self-love,
Can make his well-known sign. Oh, horrible!
Despair to all springs up from murder'd love,
And smites revenge with idiocy of grief,
Seeing itself. But wake, and look upon
My loss unutterable. What hast thou gain'd?
Nothing but anguish; and for this accomplish'd
His death, my loss, and the earth's loss beside
Of that much needed hand. I curse thee not—
Thou hast, indeed, curs'd me—thou know'st it well."

With face bow'd o'er her bosom, Artemis,
As in sad trance, remain'd. The night was gone;
The day had dawn'd, but she perceived it not;
Nor Eos knew that any light had pass'd
From her rent robes. But hope unconsciously
Grew up in her, and yet again she spake:

"Ah me! alas! why came this great affliction,
Which, indeed, seems beyond all remedy,
Though scalding tears from our immortal eyes
Make constant arcs in heaven. Beauty avails not
Where power is needed. Seek we, then, for power,
That some reviving or renewing beam
May call him back, now pale in the deep sea.
Thou answerest not. I think thou hast a heart,

Which beats thy reasoning down to silent truth,
And therefore deem I thou with me wilt seek
The throne of Zeus, who may receive our prayers,
Nor from our supplications utterly
Take sorrow's sweetness, which hath secret hope,
Like honey drops in some down-fallen flower."

Her lofty pallid visage Artemis
Raised slowly, but with eyes still downward bent
Upon the ocean rolling dark below,
And answer'd, "I will go with thee." The twain
Departed heavily on their ascent [reach'd
Through the gray air, and paused not till they
The region of Olympus, where their course
Was barrier'd by a mass of angry cloud
Piled up in surging blackness, with a gleam
Of smouldering red seen through at intervals.
The sign well understood, both goddesses
Knelt down before the cloud, and Artemis
Broke silence first, with firm yet hollow voice:

"Father of gods, and of the populous earth!
Who know'st the thoughts and deeds we most would
And also know'st the secret thrill within, [hide;
Which owns no thought nor action, yet comprises
Life's sole excuse for what seems worthiest hate—
Extremes and madden'd self-opposing springs—
Not always thus excused,—O Zeus! receive
Our prayers, and chiefly mine, which pardon sue,
Besides the dear request. Grant that the life
Of him these hands, once dazzling white, have slain,
May be to earth restored." More had she said,
But the dark pile of clouds shook with the voice
Of Zeus, who answer'd: "He shall be restored;
But not return'd to earth. His cycle moves
Ascending!" The deep sea the announcement
And from beneath its ever-shifting thrones [heard;
The murmuring of a solemn joy sent up.

The cloud expanded darkly o'er the heavens,
Which, like a vault preparing to give back
The heroic dead, yawn'd with its sacred gloom,
And iron-crown'd Night her black breath pour'd
around

To meet the clouds that from Olympus roll'd
Billows of darkness with a dirging roar,
Which by gradations of high harmony
Merged in triumphal strains. Their earnest eyes
Fill'd with the darkness, and their hands still clasp'd,
Kneeling, the goddesses bright rays perceived,
Reflected, glance before them. Mute they rose
With tender consciousness; and, hand in hand,
Turning, they saw, slow rising from the sea,
The luminous giant clad in blazing stars,
New-born and trembling from their Maker's breath—
Divine, refulgent effluence of love.
With pale gold shield, like a translucent moon
Through which the morning with ascending cheek
Sheds a soft blush, warming cerulean veins;
With radiant belt of glory, typical
Of happy change that o'er the zodiac round
Of the world's monstrous fantasies shall come;
And in his hand a sword of peaceful power,
Streaming like a meteor to direct the earth
To victory over life's distress, and show [glooms;
The future path whose light runs through death's
In grandeur, like the birth of motion, rose
The glorious giant, towards his place in heaven.

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

Mrs. BUTLER is a daughter of CHARLES KEMBLE, and a niece of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE and Mrs. SIDDONS. After a brilliant career at the Drury Lane Theatre, she in 1832 came with her father to the United States, where she played with unprecedented success in the principal cities, confirming a reputation already acquired as the greatest British actress of the age. In 1834 she retired from the stage and was married to Mr. PIERCE BUTLER of Philadelphia.

Mrs. BUTLER is among the few of her profession who have been eminent in the world of letters. Her dramas, Francis the First and the Star of Seville, were written when she was very young, and do not retain possession of the stage, though superior to many pieces

which in this respect have been more fortunate. The volume of her shorter poems published in Philadelphia in 1844 entitles her to be ranked with the first class of living English poetesses. Their general tone is melancholy and desponding; but they are vigorous in thought and execution, and free from the sickly sentiment and puerile expression for which so much of the verse of the day is chiefly distinguished. She has written besides the works before mentioned *A Journal*, which was published on her return from this country to London. It is a clever, gossiping book, with such absurdities of opinion as might have been expected from a commentator on national character of her age and position: very amusing and very harmless.

THE PRAYER OF A LONELY HEART.

I AM alone—Oh be thou near to me,
Great God! from whom the meanest are not far.
Not in presumption of the daring spirit,
Striving to find the secrets of itself,
Make I my weeping prayer; in the deep want
Of utter loneliness, my God! I seek thee;
If the worm may creep up to thy fellowship,
Or dust, instinct with yearning, rise towards thee.
I have no fellow, Father! of my kind;
None that be kindred, none companion to me,
And the vast love, and harmony, and brotherhood,
Of the dumb creatures thou hast made below me,
Vexes my soul with its own bitter lot.
Around me grow the trees, each by the other;
Innumerable leaves, each like the other,
Whisper and breathe, and live and move together.
Around me spring the flowers; each rosy cup
Hath sisters leaning their fair cheeks against it.
The birds fly all above me; not alone,
But coupled in free fellowship, or mustering
A joyous band, sweeping in companies
The wide blue fields between the clouds;—the clouds
Troop in society, each on the other
Shedding, like sympathy, reflected light.
The waves, a multitude, together run
To the great breast of the receiving sea:
Nothing but hath its kind, its company,
O God! save I alone!—then, let me come,
Good Father! to thy feet; when, even as now,
Tears, that no human hand is near to wipe,
O'erbrim my eyes, oh wipe them, thou, my Father!
When in my heart the stores of its affections,
Piled up unused, lock'd fast, are like to burst

The fleshly casket, that may not contain them,
Let me come nigh to thee;—accept them thou,
Dear Father!—Fount of love! Compassionate God!
When in my spirit burns the fire, the power
That have made men utter the words of angels,
And none are near to bid me speak and live:
Hearken, O Father! Maker of my spirit!
God of my soul, to thee I will outpour
The hymns resounding through my troubled mind,
The sighs and sorrows of my lonely heart,
The tears and weeping of my weary eyes:
Be thou my fellow, glorious, gracious God!
And fit me for such fellowship with thee!

ON A FORGET-ME-NOT, BROUGHT FROM SWITZERLAND.

Flower of the mountain! by the wanderer's hand
Robb'd of thy beauty's short-lived sunny day;
Didst thou but blow to gem the stranger's way,
And bloom to wither in the stranger's land!
Hueless and scentless as thou art,
How much that stirs the memory,
How much, much more, that thrills the heart,
Thou faded thing, yet lives in thee!
Where is thy beauty! in the grassy blade [now;
There lives more fragrance and more freshness
Yet oh! not all the flowers that bloom and fade
Are half so dear to memory's eye as thou.
The dew that on the mountain lies,
The breeze that o'er the mountain sighs,
Thy parent stem will nurse and nourish;
But thou—not e'en those sunny eyes,
As bright, as blue as thine own skies,
Thou faded thing! can make thee flourish.

ON A MUSICAL BOX.

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell
 Caged by the law of man's resistless might!
 With thy sweet, liquid notes, by some strong spell,
 Compell'd to minister to his delight,
 Whence, what art thou? art thou a fairy wight
 Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
 Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
 And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
 Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art
 singing,

Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
 Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
 And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
 When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
 Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,
 Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
 Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
 Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,

Whilst thou in darkness sing'st thy life away.
 And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns,
 Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
 When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
 Of all that lives, save that which is not free?

Oh! if thou couldst, and we could hear thy prayer,
 How would thy little voice beseeching cry,
 For one short draught of the sweet morning air,
 For one short glimpse of the clear, azure sky!
 Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free,
 Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;
 While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
 To every bud with honey-dew distilling.

That hope is vain: for even couldst thou wing
 Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay,
 Thou'st be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
 'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.

For fairy sprites, like many other creatures,
 Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;
 Nor can they oft recall familiar features,

By absence touch'd, or clouded o'er with wo.
 Then rest content with sorrow: for there be
 Many that must that lesson learn with thee;
 And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,
 Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
 For thy lost bliss sing but one parting wail,
 Poor little sprite! and then sleep peacefully!

A WISH.

On! that I were a fairy sprite to wander
 In forest paths, o'erarch'd with oak and beech;
 Where the sun's yellow light, in slanting rays,
 Sleeps on the dewy moss; what time the breath
 Of early morn stirs the white hawthorn boughs,
 And fills the air with showers of snowy blossoms.
 Or lie at sunset mid the purple heather,
 Listening the silver music that rings out
 From the pale mountain bells, sway'd by the wind.
 Or sit in rocky clefts above the sea,
 While one by one the evening stars shine forth
 Among the gathering clouds, that strew the heavens
 Like floating purple wreaths of mournful night-
 shade!

LINES

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

STRUGGLE not with thy life!—the heavy doom
 Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave:
 Strive not! thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb
 Thou shalt go crush'd and ground, though ne'er
 so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou
 More than thy fellows, that thou should'st not
 weep!

Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrow'd brow,
 And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—patience shall see
 The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
 Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,
 And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

FRAGMENT.

WALKING by moonlight on the golden margin
 That binds the silver sea, I fell to thinking
 Of all the wild imaginings that man
 Hath peopled heaven, and earth, and ocean with;
 Making fair nature's solitary haunts
 Alive with beings, beautiful and fearful.
 And as the chain of thought grew, link by link,
 It seem'd as though the midnight heavens wax'd
 brighter,

The stars gazed fix'dly with their golden eyes,
 And a strange light play'd o'er each sleeping billow,
 That laid its head upon the sandy beach.
 Anon there came along the rocky shore
 A far-off sound of sweetest minstrelsy.
 From no one point of heaven or earth it came;
 But under, over, and about it breathed;
 Filling my soul with thrilling, fearful pleasure.
 It swell'd, as though borne on the floating wings
 Of the midsummer breeze; it died away
 Towards heaven, as though it sank into the clouds,
 That one by one melted like flakes of snow
 In the moonbeams. Then came a rushing sound,
 Like countless wings of bees, or butterflies;
 And suddenly, as far as eye might view,
 The coast was peopled with a world of elves,
 Who in fantastic ringlets danced around,
 With antic gestures, and wild beckoning motion,
 Aimed at the moon. White was their snowy vesture,
 And shining as the Alps, when that the sun
 Gems their pale robes with diamonds. On their
 heads

Were wreaths of crimson and of yellow foxglove.
 They were all fair, and light as dreams. Anon
 The dance broke off; and sailing through the air,
 Some one way, and some other, they did each
 Alight upon some waving branch or flower
 That garlanded the rocks upon the shore.
 One, chiefly did I mark; one tiny sprite,
 Who crept into an orange flower-bell,
 And there lay nestling, whilst his eager lips
 Drank from its virgin chalice the night dew,
 That glisten'd, like a pearl, in its white bosom.

THE VISION OF LIFE.

DEATH and I
On a hill so high
Stood side by side,
And we saw below,
Running to and fro,
All things that be in the world so wide.

Ten thousand cries
From the gulf did rise,
With a wild, discordant sound;
Laughter and wailing,
Prayer and railing,
As the ball spun round and round.

And over all
Hung a floating pall
Of dark and gory veils:
'Tis the blood of years,
And the sighs and tears
Which this noisome marsh exhales.

All this did seem
Like a fearful dream,
Till Death cried, with a joyful cry:
"Look down! look down!
It is all mine own,
Here comes life's pageant by!"

Like to a masque in ancient revelrics,
With mingling sound of thousand harmonies,
Soft lute and viol, trumpet-blast and gong,
They came along, and still they came along!
Thousands, and tens of thousands, all that e'er
Peopled the earth or plough'd the unfathom'd deep,
All that now breathe the universal air,
And all that in the womb of time yet sleep.

Before this mighty host a woman came,
With hurried feet and oft-averted head;
With accursed light
Her eyes were bright,
And with inviting hand them on she beckoned.
Her follow'd close, with wild acclaim,
Her servants three: Lust, with his eye of fire,
And burning lips, that tremble with desire,
Pale, sunken cheek;—and, as he stagger'd by,
The trumpet-blast was hush'd, and there arose
A melting strain of such soft melody
As breathed into the soul love's ecstasies and woes.

Loudly again the trumpet smote the air,
The double drum did roll, and to the sky
Bay'd war's blood-hounds, the deep artillery;
And Glory,
With feet all gory,
And dazzling eyes, rush'd by,
Waving a flashing sword and laurel wreath,
The pang and the inheritance of death.

He pass'd like lightning—then ceased every sound
Of war triumphant, and of love's sweet song,
And all was silent.—Creeping slow along,
With eager eyes that wander'd round and round,
Wild, haggard mien, and meager, wasted frame,
Bow'd to the earth, pale, starting Avarice came:

Clutching with palsied hands his golden god,
And tottering in the path the others trod.

These, one by one,
Came, and were gone:

And after them follow'd the ceaseless stream
Of worshippers, who with mad shout and scream,
Unhallow'd toil, and more unhallow'd mirth,
Follow their mistress, Pleasure, through the earth.
Death's eyeless sockets glared upon them all,
And many in the train were seen to fall,
Livid and cold, beneath his empty gaze:
But not for this was stay'd the mighty throng,
Nor ceased the warlike clang, or wanton lays,
But still they rush'd—along—along—along!

A PROMISE.

By the pure spring, whose haunted waters flow
Through thy sequester'd dell unto the sea,
At sunny noon, I will appear to thee:
Not troubling the still fount with drops of wo,
As when I last took leave of it and thee,
But gazing up at thee with tranquil brow,
And eyes full of life's early happiness,
Of strength, of hope, of joy, and tenderness.
Beneath the shadowy tree, where thou and I
Were wont to sit, studying the harmony
Of gentle Shakspeare, and of Milton high,
At sunny noon I will be heard by thee;
Not sobbing forth each oft-repeated sound,
As when I last falter'd them o'er to thee,
But uttering them in the air around,
With youth's clear, laughing voice of melody.
On the wild shore of the eternal deep,
Where we have stray'd so oft, and stood so long
Watching the mighty water's conquering sweep,
And listening to their loud, triumphant song,
At sunny noon, dearest! I'll be with thee;
Not as when last I linger'd on the strand,
Tracing our names on the inconstant sand;
But in each bright thing that around shall be:
My voice shall call thee from the ocean's breast,
Thou'lt see my hair in its bright showery crest,
In its dark rocky depths thou'lt see my eyes,
My form shall be the light cloud in the skies,
My spirit shall be with thee, warm and bright,
And flood thee o'er with love, and life, and light.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

How passing sad! Listen, it sings again!
Art thou a spirit, that amongst the boughs
The livelong day dost chant that wondrous strain,
Making wan Dian stoop her silver brows
Out of the clouds to hear thee? Who shall say,
Thou lone one! that thy melody is gay,
Let him come listen now to that one note
That thou art pouring o'er and o'er again
Through the sweet echoes of thy mellow throat,
With such a sobbing sound of deep, deep pain.
I prithee cease thy song! for from my heart
Thou hast made memory's bitter waters start,
And fill'd my weary eyes with the soul's rain.

WRITTEN AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

The hours are past, love,
 Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
 Those happy hours, when down the mountain-side
 We saw the rosy mists of morning glide,
 And, hand in hand, went forth upon our way,
 Full of young life and hope, to meet the day.

The hours are past, love,
 Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
 Those sunny hours, when from the midday heat
 We sought the waterfall with loitering feet,
 And o'er the rocks that lock the gleaming pool,
 Crept down into its depths, so dark and cool.

The hours are past, love,
 Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
 Those solemn hours, when through the violet sky,
 Alike without a cloud, without a ray,
 The round red autumn moon came glowingly,
 While o'er the leaden waves our boat made way.

The hours are past, love,
 Oh, fled they not too fast, love!
 Those blessed hours when the bright day was past,
 And in the world we seem'd to wake alone,
 When heart to heart beat throbbingly and fast,
 And love was melting our two souls in one.

TO A PICTURE.

O SERIOUS eyes! how is it that the light,
 The burning rays, that mine pour into ye,
 Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark as night—
 O lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?
 O lips! whereon mine own so often dwell,
 Hath love's warm, fearful, thrilling touch no spell
 To waken sense in ye?—O misery!—
 O breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?
 Thou soulless mimicry of life; my tears
 Fall scalding over thee; in vain, in vain;
 I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears
 Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain.
 O thou dull image! wilt thou not reply
 To my fond prayers and wild idolatry?

SONNET.

THERE'S not a fibre in my trembling frame
 That does not vibrate when thy step draws near,
 There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
 Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.
 When thou art with me every sense seems dull,
 And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee;
 My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
 And my bewilder'd spirit seems to swim
 In eddying whirls of passion, dizzily.
 When thou art gone there creeps into my heart
 A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
 The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
 And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
 Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;
 And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

AMBITION.

THOU poisonous laurel leaf, that in the soil
 Of life, which I am doom'd to till full sore,
 Spring'st like a noisome weed! I do not toil
 For thee, and yet thou still com'st darkening o'er
 My plot of earth with thy unwelcome shade.
 Thou nightshade of the soul, beneath whose boughs
 All fair and gentle buds hang withering,
 Why hast thou wreath'd thyself around my brows,
 Casting from thence the blossoms of my spring,
 Breathing on youth's sweet roses till they fade!
 Alas! thou art an evil weed of wo,
 Water'd with tears and watch'd with sleepless care;
 Seldom doth envy thy green glories spare;
 And yet men covet thee—ah, wherefore do they so!

TO —.

OH! turn those eyes away from me!
 Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;
 And though they beam so tenderly,
 I feel, I tremble 'neath their gaze.
 Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
 To meet their glance I may not dare,
 I know their light is on my brow
 By the warm blood that mantles there.

VENICE.

NIGHT in her dark array
 Steals o'er the ocean,
 And with departed day
 Hush'd seems its motion
 Slowly o'er yon blue coast
 Onward she's treading,
 Till its dark line is lost,
 'Neath her veil spreading.
 The bark on the rippling deep
 Hath found a pillow,
 And the pale moonbeams sleep
 On the green billow.
 Bound by her emerald zone
 Venice is lying,
 And round her marble crown
 Night winds are sighing.
 From the high lattice now
 Bright eyes are gleaming,
 That seem on night's dark brow,
 Brighter stars beaming.
 Now o'er the blue lagoon
 Light barks are dancing,
 And 'neath the silver moon
 Swift oars are glancing.
 Strains from the mandolin
 Steal o'er the water,
 Echo replies between
 To mirth and laughter.
 O'er the wave seen afar,
 Brilliantly shining,
 Gleams like a fallen star
 Venice reclining.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES is a native of Yorkshire, and was born about the year 1806. On the completion of his education at Cambridge he travelled a considerable time on the Continent, and soon after his return home was elected a member of the House of Commons, for Pontefract. He has voted in Parliament with the Tories, but has won little distinction as a politician.

The poetical works of Mr. MILNES are Memorials of a Tour in Greece, published in 1834, Poems of Many Years, in 1838, Poetry for the People, in 1840, and Palm Leaves, in 1844. The last volume was written during a tour through Egypt and the Levant in 1842 and 1843, and is an attempt to instruct the western world in oriental modes of thought and feeling, by a series of poems in the oriental spirit,—not an unsuccessful effort, but one with precedents, both in England and on the Continent. A complete edition of his writings, in four volumes, has recently been published in London by Mr. Moxon. I believe none of them have been reprinted in this country.

In Leucas, one of his earlier productions, Mr. MILNES discloses his poetical theory. Reproaching SAPPHO, he says,—

“Poesy, which in chaste *repose* abides,
As in its atmosphere ; that placid flower
Thou hast exposed to passion’s fiery tides.”

With him poetry is the expression of beauty, not of passion, and no one more fully realizes his own ideal in his works, which are serene and contemplative, and pervaded by a true and genial philosophy. They are unequal, but there is about them that indescribable charm which indicates genuineness of feeling. This is particularly observable in the pieces having reference to the affections. The simplicity of the incidents portrayed, and the seeming artlessness of the diction, sometimes remind us of WORDSWORTH, but there is a point and meaning in his effusions which makes him occasionally superior to the author of the Excursion in pathos, however much he may at times fall below him in philosophical sentiment. Probably no one among the younger poets of England has founded a more enduring or more enviable reputation.

LONELY MATURITY.

WHEN from the key-stone of the arch of life
Man his ascent with earnest eyes surveys,
Sums and divides the steps of peace and strife,
And numbers o’er his good and evil days,—
If then, as well may be, he stand alone,
How will his heart recall the youthful throng,
Who leap’d with helping hands from stone to stone,
And cheer’d the progress with their choral song !
How will sad memory point where, here and there,
Friend after friend, by falsehood or by fate,
From him or from each other parted were,
And love sometimes become the nurse of hate.
Yet at this hour no feelings dark or fierce,
No harsh desire to punish or condemn,
Through the grave silence of the past can pierce,—
Reproach, if such there be, is not for them.
Rather, he thinks, he held not duly dear
Love, the best gift that man on man bestows,
While round his downward path, recluse and drear,
He feels the chill, indifferent shadows close.
Old limbs, once broken, hardly knit together,—
Seldom old hearts with other hearts combine ;
Suspicion coarsely weighs the fancy’s feather ;
Experience tests and mars the sense divine ;

Thus now, though ever loth to underprize
Youth’s sacred passions and delicious tears,
Still worthier seems to his reflective eyes
The friendship that sustains maturer years.

“Why did I not,” his spirit murmurs deep,
“At every cost of momentary pride,
Preserve the love for which in vain I weep ;
Why had I wish, or hope, or sense beside ?

“Oh cruel issue of some selfish thought !
Oh long, long echo of some angry tone !
Oh fruitless lesson, mercilessly taught,
Alone to linger and to die alone !

“No one again upon my breast to fall,
To name me by my common Christian name,—
No one in mutual banter to recall
Some youthful folly or some boyish game ;

“No one with whom to reckon and compare
The good we won or miss’d ; no one to draw
Excuses from past circumstance or care,
And mitigate the world’s unreasoning law !

“Were I one moment with that presence blest,
I would o’erwhelm him with my humble pain,
I would invade the soul I once possessed,
And once for all my ancient love regain !”

THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE.

I HAVE no comeliness of frame,
 No pleasant range of feature;
 I'm feeble, as when first I came
 To earth, a weeping creature;
 My voice is low whene'er I speak,
 And singing faint my song;
 But though thus cast among the weak,
 I envy not the strong.

The trivial part in life I play
 Can have so light a bearing
 On other men, who, night or day,
 For me are never caring;
 That, though I find not much to bless,
 Nor food for exaltation,
 I know that I am tempted less,—
 And that is consolation.

The beautiful! the noble blood!
 I shrink as they pass by,—
 Such power for evil or for good
 Is flashing from each eye;
They are indeed the stewards of Heaven,
 High-headed and strong-handed:
 From those, to whom so much is given,
 How much may be demanded!

'Tis true, I am hard buffeted,
 Though few can be my foes,
 Harsh words fall heavy on my head,
 And unresisted blows;
 But then I think, "had I been born,—
 Hot spirit—sturdy frame—
 And passion prompt to follow scorn,—
 I might have done the same."

To me men are for what they are,
 They wear no masks with me;
 I never sicken'd at the jar
 Of ill-tuned flattery;
 I never mourn'd affections lent
 In folly or in blindness;—
 The kindness that on me is spent
 Is pure, unasking kindness.

And most of all, I never felt
 The agonizing sense
 Of seeing love from passion melt
 Into indifference;
 The fearful shame, that day by day
 Burns onward, still to burn,
 To have thrown your precious heart away,
 And met this black return.

I almost fancy that the more
 I am cast out from men,
 Nature has made me of her store
 A worthier denizen;
 As if it pleased her to caress
 A plant grown up so wild,
 As if the being parentless
 Made me the more *her* child.

Athwart my face when blushes pass
 To be so poor and weak,
 I fall into the dewy grass,
 And cool my fever'd cheek;

And hear a music strangely made,
 That you have never heard,
 A sprite in every rustling blade,
 That sings like any bird.

My dreams are dreams of pleasantness,—
 But yet I always run,
 As to a father's morning kiss,
 When rises the round sun;
 I see the flowers on stalk and stem,
 Light shrubs, and poplars tall,
 Enjoy the breeze,—I rock with them,—
 We're merry brothers all.

I do remember well, when first
 I saw the great blue sea,—
 It was no stranger-face, that burst
 In terror upon me;
 My heart began, from the first glance,
 His solemn pulse to follow;
 I danced with every billow's dance,
 And shouted to their hollo.

The lamb that at its mother's side
 Reclines, a tremulous thing,
 The robin in cold winter-tide,
 The linnet in the spring,
 All seem to be of kin to me,
 And love my slender hand,—
 For we are bound, by God's decree,
 In one defensive band.

And children, who the worldly mind
 And ways have not put on,
 Are ever glad in me to find
 A blithe companion:
 And when for play they leave their homes,
 Left to their own sweet glee,
 They hear my step, and cry, "He comes,
 Our little friend,—'tis he."

Have you been out some starry night,
 And found it joy to bend
 Your eyes to one particular light,
 Till it became a friend?
 And then, so loved that glistening spot,
 That, whether it were far
 Or more or less, it matter'd not,—
 It still was your own star.

Thus, and thus only, can you know,
 How I, even scorn'd I,
 Can live in love, though set so low,
 And my ladie-love so high;
 Thus learn, that on this varied ball,
 Whate'er can breathe and move,
 The meanest, lonest thing of all—
 Still owns its right to love.

With no fair round of household cares
 Will my lone heart be blest,
 Never the snow of my old hairs
 Will touch a loving breast;
 No darling pledge of spousal faith
 Shall I be found possessing,
 To whom a blessing with my breath
 Would be a double blessing:

But yet my love with sweets is rife,
With happiness it teems,
It beautifies my waking life,
And waits upon my dreams;
A shape that floats upon the night,
Like foam upon the sea,—
A voice of seraphim,—a light
Of present Deity!

I hide me in the dark arcade,
When she walks forth alone,—
I feast upon her hair's rich braid,—
Her half-unclasp'd zone:
I watch the flittings of her dress,
The bending boughs between,—
I trace her footsteps' fairy press,
On the scarcely ruffled green.

Oh deep delight! the frail guitar
Trembles beneath her hand,
She sings a song she brought from far,
I cannot understand;
Her voice is *always* as from heaven,
But yet I seem to hear
Its music best, when thus 'tis given
All music to my ear.

She has turn'd her tender eyes around,
And seen me crouching there,
And smiles, just as that last full sound
Is fainting on the air;
And now, I can go forth so proud,
And raise my head so tall,—
My heart within me beats so loud,
And musical withal:—

And there is summer all the while,
Mid-winter though it be,—
How should the universe not smile,
When she has smiled on me?
For though that smile can nothing more
Than merest pity prove,
Yet pity, it was sung of yore,
Is not *so* far from love.

From what a crowd of lovers' woes
My weakness is exempt!
How far more fortunate than those
Who mark me for contempt!
No fear of rival happiness
My fervent glory smothered,
The zephyr fans me none the less
That is so bland to others.

Thus without share in coin or land,
But well content to hold
The wealth of nature in my hand,
One flail of virgin gold,—
My love above me like a sun,—
My own bright thoughts my wings,—
Through life I trust to flutter on,
As gay as aught that sings.

One hour I own I dread,—to die
Alone and unbefriended,—
No soothing voice, no tearful eye,—
But that must soon be ended;

And then I shall receive my part
Of everlasting treasure,
In that just world where each man's heart
Will be his only measure.

ON ———.

GENTLY supported by the ready aid
Of loving hands, whose little work of toil
Her grateful prodigality repaid
With all the benediction of her smile,
She turn'd her failing feet
To the soft pillow'd seat,
Dispensing kindly greetings all the while.

Before the tranquil beauty of her face
I bow'd in spirit, thinking that she were
A suffering angel, whom the special grace
Of God intrusted to our pious care,
That we might learn from her
The art to minister
To heavenly beings in seraphic air.

There seem'd to lie a weight upon her brain,
That ever press'd her blue-vein'd eyelids down,
But could not dim her lustrous eyes with pain,
Nor seem her forehead with the faintest frown:
She was as she were proud,
So young, to be allow'd
To follow Him who wore the thorny crown.

Nor was she sad, but over every mood,
To which her lightly-pliant mind gave birth,
Gracefully changing, did a spirit brood,
Of quiet gaiety, and serenest mirth;
And thus her voice did flow,
So beautifully low,
A stream whose music was no thing of earth.

Now long that instrument has ceased to sound,
Now long that gracious form in earth has lain
Tended by nature only, and unwound
Are all those mingled threads of love and pain;
So let me weep and bend
My head, and wait the end,
Knowing that God creates not thus in vain.

PRAYER.

IN reverence will we speak of those that woo
The ear Divine with clear and ready prayer;
And, while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
Know their bright thoughts are winging heaven-
ward too.
Yet many a one—"the latchet of whose shoe"
These might not loose—will often only dare
Lay some poor words between him and despair—
"Father, forgive! we know not what we do."
For, as Christ pray'd, so echoes our weak heart,
Yearning the ways of God to vindicate,
But worn and wilder'd by the shows of fate,
Of good oppress'd and beautiful defiled,
Dim alien force, that draws or holds apart
From its dear home that wandering spirit-child.

NOT WHOLLY JUST.

THE words that trembled on your lips
 Were utter'd not—I know it well;
 The tears that would your eyes eclipse
 Were check'd and smother'd ere they fell:
 The looks and smiles I gain'd from you
 Were little more than others won,
 And yet you are not wholly true,
 Nor wholly just what you have done.

You know, at least you might have known,
 That every little grace you gave,—
 Your voice's somewhat lower'd tone,—
 Your hand's faint shake or parting wave,—
 Your every sympathetic look
 At words that chanced your soul to touch,
 While reading from some favourite book,
 Were much to me—alas, how much!

You might have seen—perhaps you saw—
 How all of these were steps of hope
 On which I rose, in joy and awe,
 Up to my passion's lofty scope;
 How after each, a firmer tread
 I planted on the slippery ground,
 And higher raised my venturous head,
 And ever new assurance found.

May be, without a further thought,
 It only pleased you thus to please,
 And thus to kindly feelings wrought
 You measured not the sweet degrees;
 Yet, though you hardly understood
 Where I was following at your call,
 You might—I dare to say you should—
 Have thought how far I had to fall.

And thus when fallen, faint, and bruised,
 I see another's glad success,
 I may have wrongfully accused
 Your heart of vulgar fickleness:
 But even now, in calm review
 Of all I lost and all I won,
 I cannot deem you wholly true,
 Nor wholly just what you have done.

THE PALSY OF THE HEART.

I SEE the worlds of earth and sky
 With beauty filled to overflow;
 My spirit lags behind the eye—
 I know, but feel not as I know:
 Those miracles of form and hue
 I can dissect with artist skill,
 But more than this I cannot do,—
 Enjoyment rests beyond the will.

Round me in rich profusion lie
 Nectareous fruits of ancient mind,
 The thoughts that have no power to die
 In golden poesy enshrined:
 And near me hang, of later birth,
 Ripe clusters from the living tree,
 But what the pleasure, what the worth
 If all is savourless to me!

I hear the subtle chords of sound,
 Entangled, loosed, and knit anew;
 The music floats without—around—
 But will not enter and imbue:
 While harmonies diviner still,
 Sweet greetings, appellations dear,
 That used through every nerve to thrill,
 I often hear, and only hear.

O dreadful thought! if by God's grace
 To souls like mine there should be given
 That perfect presence of his face,
 Which we, for want of words, call heaven,—
 And unresponsive even there
 This heart of mine could still remain,
 And its intrinsic evil bear
 To realms that know no other pain.

Better down nature's scale to roll,
 Far as the base, unbreathing clod,
 Then rest a conscious reasoning soul,
 Impervious to the light of God;—
 Hateful the powers that but divine
 What we have lost beyond recall,
 The intellectual plummet-line
 That sounds the depths to which we fall.

A PRAYER.

EVIL, every living hour,
 Holds us in its wilful hand,
 Save as thou, essential Power,
 May'st be gracious to withstand:
 Pain within the subtle flesh,
 Heavy lids that cannot close,
 Hearts that hope will not refresh,—
 Hand of healing! interpose.

Tyranny's strong breath is tainting
 Nature's sweet and vivid air;
 Nations silently are fainting,
 Or up-gather in despair:
 Not to those distracted wills
 Trust the judgment of their woes;
 While the cup of anguish fills,
 Arm of Justice! interpose.

Pleasures night and day are hovering
 Round their prey of weary hours,
 Weakness and unrest discovering
 In the best of human powers:
 Ere the fond delusions tire,
 Ere envenom'd passion grows
 From the root of vain desire,—
 Mind of Wisdom! interpose.

Now no more in tuneful motion
 Life with love and duty glides;
 Reason's meteor-lighted ocean
 Bears us down its mazy tides;
 Head is clear and hand is strong,
 But our heart no haven knows;
 Sun of Truth! the night is long,—
 Let thy radiance interpose.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

YOUTH, that pursuest with such eager pace
 Thy even way,
 Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
 Then stay! oh, stay!
 Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
 Loiter,—enjoy:
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again
 A second boy.
 The hills of manhood wear a noble face, ••
 When seen from far;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace
 Hides what they are.
 The dark and weary path those cliffs between
 Thou canst not know,
 And how it leads to regions never-green,
 Dead fields of snow.
 Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
 A man at last.

PAST FRIENDSHIP.

WE that were friends, yet are not now,
 We that must daily meet,
 With ready words and courteous bow
 Acquaintance of the street;
 We must not scorn the holy past,
 We must remember still
 To honour feelings that outlast
 The reason and the will.
 I might reprove thy broken faith,
 I might recall the time
 When thou wert charter'd mine till death,
 Through every fate and clime;
 When every letter was a vow,
 And fancy was not free
 To dream of ended love; and thou
 Wouldst say the same of me.
 No, no, 'tis not for us to trim
 The balance of our wrongs,
 Enough to leave remorse to him
 To whom remorse belongs!
 Let our dead friendship be to us
 A desecrated name,
 Unutterable, mysterious,
 A sorrow and a shame.
 A sorrow that two souls which grew
 Encased in mutual bliss,
 Should wander, callous strangers, through
 So cold a world as this!
 A shame that we, whose hearts had earn'd
 For life an early heaven,
 Should be like angels self-return'd
 To death, when once forgiven!
 Let us remain as living signs,
 Where they that run may read
 Pain and disgrace in many lines,
 As of a loss indeed;

That of our fellows any, who
 The prize of love have won,
 May tremble at the thought to do
 The thing that we have done!

DELPHI.—AN ELEGY.

BENEATH the vintage moon's uncertain light,
 And some faint stars that pierced the film of cloud,
 Stood those Parnassian peaks before my sight,
 Whose fame throughout the ancient world was
 loud.
 Still could I dimly trace the terraced lines
 Diverging from the cliffs on either side;
 A theatre whose steps were fill'd with shrines
 And rich devices of Hellenic pride;
 Though brightest daylight would have lit in vain
 The place whence gods and worshippers had fled;
 Only, and they too tenantless, remain
 The hallow'd chambers of the pious dead.
 Yet those wise architects an ample part
 To nature gave in their religious shows,
 And thus, amid the sepulchres of art,
 Still rise the rocks and still the fountain flows.
 Desolate Delphi! pure Castalian spring!
 Hear me avow that I am not as they—
 Who deem that all about you ministering
 Were base impostors, and mankind their prey;
 That the high names they seem'd to love and laud
 Were but the tools their paltry trade to ply;
 This pomp of faith a mere gigantic fraud,
 The apparatus of a mighty lie!
 Let those that will believe it; I, for one,
 Cannot thus read the history of my kind;
 Remembering all this little Greece has done
 To raise the universal human mind:
 I know that hierarchs of that wondrous race,
 By their own faith alone, could keep alive
 Mysterious rites and sanctity of place,—
 Believing in whate'er they might contrive.
 It may be, that these influences, combined
 With such rare nature as the priestess bore,
 Brought to the surface of her stormy mind
 Distracted fragments of prophetic lore:
 For, howsoe'er to mortals' probing view
 Creation is reveal'd, yet must we pause,
 Weak to dissect the futile from the true,
 Where'er imagination spreads her laws.
 So now that dimmer grows the watery light,
 And things each moment more fantastic seem,
 I fain would seek if still the gods have might
 Over the undissembling world of dream:
 I ask not that for me aside be cast
 The solemn veil that hides what is decreed;
 I crave the resurrection of the past,
 That I may know what Delphi was indeed!

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

When leisurely the man of ease
 His morning's daily course begins,
 And round him in bright circle sees
 The comforts independence wins,
 He seems unto himself to hold
 An uncontested natural right,
 In life a volume to unfold,
 Of simple ever-new delight.

And if, before the evening close,
 The hours their rainbow wings let fall,
 And sorrow shakes his bland repose,
 And too continuous pleasures pall,
 He murmurs, as if nature broke
 Some promise plighted at his birth,
 In bending him beneath the yoke
 Borne by the common sons of earth.

They starve beside his plenteous board,
 They halt behind his easy wheels;
 But sympathy in vain affords
 The sense of ills he never feels.
 He knows he is the same as they,
 A feeble, piteous, mortal thing,
 And still expects that every day
 Increase and change of bliss should bring.

Therefore, when he is called to know
 The deep realities of pain,
 He shrinks as from a viewless blow,
 He writhes as in a magic chain:
 Untaught that trial, toil, and care,
 Are the great charter of his kind,
 It seems disgrace for him to share
 Weakness of flesh and human mind.

Not so the people's honest child,
 The field-flower of the open sky,
 Ready to live while winds are wild,
 Nor, when they soften, loath to die;
 To him there never came the thought
 That this, his life, was meant to be
 A pleasure-house, where peace unbought
 Should minister to pride or glee.

You oft may hear him murmur loud
 Against the uneven lots of Fate,
 You oft may see him inly bow'd
 Beneath affliction's weight on weight:—
 But rarely turns he on his grief
 A face of petulant surprise,
 Or scorns whate'er benign relief
 The hand of God or man supplies.

Behold him on his rustic bed
 The unluxurious couch of need,
 Striving to raise his aching head,
 And sinking powerless as a reed:
 So sick in both, he hardly knows
 Which is his heart's or body's sore,
 For the more keen his anguish grows,
 His wife and children pine the more.

No search for him of dainty food,
 But coarsest sustenance of life,—
 No rest by artful quiet wooed,
 But household cries, and wants, and strife;

Affection can at best employ
 Her utmost of unhandy care,
 Her prayers and tears are weak to buy
 The costly drug, the purer air.

Pity herself, at such a sight,
 Might lose her gentleness of mein,
 And clothe her form in angry might,
 And as a wild despair be seen;
 Did she not hail the lesson taught
 By this unconscious suffering boor,
 To the high sons of lore and thought,
 —The sacred patience of the poor.

—This great endurance of each ill,
 As a plain fact whose right or wrong
 They question not, confiding still,
 That it shall last not overlong;
 Willing from first to last to take
 The mysteries of our life as given,
 Leaving the time-worn soul to slake
 Its thirst in an undoubted heaven.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAC DE GAUBE
IN THE PYRENEES.

THE marriage blessing on their brows,
 Across the Channel seas
 And lands of gay Garonne, they reach
 The pleasant Pyrenees:—
 He, into boyhood born again,
 A son of joy and life,—
 And she a happy English girl,
 A happier English wife.

They loiter not where Argelès,
 The chestnut-crested plain
 Unfolds its robe of green and gold
 In pasture, grape, and grain;
 But on and up, where nature's heart
 Beats strong amid the hills,
 They pause, contented with the wealth
 That either bosom fills.

There is a lake, a small round lake,
 High on the mountain's breast,
 The child of rains and melted snows,
 The torrent's summer rest,—
 A mirror where the veteran rocks
 May glass their peaks and scars,
 A nether sky where breezes break
 The sunlight into stars.

Oh! gaily shone that little lake,
 And nature, sternly fair,
 Put on a sparkling countenance
 To greet that merry pair;
 How light from stone to stone they leap'd,
 How trippingly they ran;
 To scale the rock and gain the marge
 Was all a moment's span!

“See, dearest, this primæval boat.
 So quaint, and rough, I deem
 Just such an one did Charon ply
 Across the Stygian stream:

Step in,—I will your Charon be,
And you a Spirit bold,—
I was a famous rower once
In college days of old.

“The clumsy oar! the laggard boat!
How slow we move along,—
The work is harder than I thought,—
A song, my love, a song!”
Then, standing up, she caroll’d out
So blythe and sweet a strain,
That the long-silent cliffs were glad
To peal it back again.

He, tranced in joy, the oar laid down,
And rose in careless pride,
And swayed in cadence to the song
The boat from side to side:
Then, clasping hand in loving hand,
They danced a childish round,
And felt as safe in that mid-lake
As on the firmest ground.

One poise too much!—He headlong fell,—
She, stretching out to save
A feeble arm, was borne adown
Within that glittering grave:—
One moment, and the gush went forth
Of music-mingled laughter,—
The struggling splash and deathly shriek
Were there the instant after.

Her weaker head above the flood,
That quick engulf’d the strong,
Like some enchanted water-flower,
Waved pitifully long:—
Long seem’d the low and lonely wail
Athwart the tide to fade;
Alas! that there were some to hear,
But never one to aid.

Yet not, alas! if Heaven revered
The freshly-spoken vow,
And will’d that what was then made one
Should not be sunder’d now,—
If she was spared, by that sharp stroke,
Love’s most unnatural doom,
The future lorn and unconsoled,
The unavoided tomb!

But weep, ye very rocks! for those,
Who, on their native shore,
Await the letters of dear news,
That shall arrive no more;
One letter from a stranger hand,—
Few words are all the need;
And then the funeral of the heart,
The course of useless speed!

The presence of the cold dead wood,
The single mark and sign
Of her so loved and beautiful,
That handiwork divine!
The weary search for his fine form
That in the depth would linger,
And late success,—Oh! leave the ring
Upon that faithful finger.

And if in life there lie the seed
Of real enduring being,—
If love and truth be not decreed
To perish unforeseeing,—
This youth, the seal of death has stamp’t,
Now time can wither never,
This hope, that sorrow might have damp’t,
Is fresh and strong for ever.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Who is this man whose words have might
To lead you from your rest or care,
Who speaks as if the earth were right
To stop its course and listen there?
Where is the symbol of command
By which he claims this lofty tone?
His hand is as another’s hand,—
His speech no stronger than your own.

He bids you wonder, weep, rejoice,
Saying,—“It is yourselves, not I;
I speak but with the people’s voice,
I see but with the people’s eye.”—
Words of imposing pride and strength,
Words that contain, in little span,
The secret of the height and length
Of all the intelligence of man.

Yet, brothers! God has given to few,
Through the long progress of our kind,
To read with eyes undimm’d and true
The blotted book of public mind;
To separate from the moment’s will
The heart’s enduring real desires,
To tell the steps of coming ill,
And seek the good the time requires.

These are the prophets, these the kings,
And lawgivers of human thought,
Who in our being’s deepest springs
The engines of their might have sought;
Whose utterance comes, we know not whence,
Being no more their own than ours,
With instantaneous evidence
Of titles just and sacred powers.

But bold usurpers may arise
Of this as of another’s throne;
Persuasion waits upon the wise,
But waits not on the wise alone:
An echo of your evil self
No better than the voice can be,
And appetites of fame or pelf
Grow not in good as in degree.

Then try the speaker, try the cause,
With prudent care, as men who know
The subtle nature of the laws
By which our feelings ebb and flow:
Lest virtue’s void and reason’s lack
Be hid beneath a specious name,
And on the people’s helpless back
Rest all the punishment and shame.

ALMS-GIVING.

When poverty, with me in of shame,
 The sense of pity seeks to touch,—
 Or, bolder, makes the simple claim
 That I have nothing, you have much,—
 Believe not either man or book
 That bids you close the opening hand,
 And with reproving speech and look
 Your first and free intent withstand.

It may be that the tale you hear
 Of pressing wants and losses borne
 Is heapt or colour'd for your ear,
 And tatters for the purpose worn;
 But surely poverty has not
 A sadder need than this, to wear
 A mask still meaner than her lot,
 Compassion's scanty food to share.

It may be that you err to give
 What will but tempt to further spoil
 Those who in low content would live
 On theft of others' time and toil;
 Yet sickness *may* have broke or bent
 The active frame or vigorous will,—
 Or hard occasion may prevent
 Their exercise of humble skill.

It may be that the suppliant's life
 Has lain on many an evil way
 Of foul delight and brutal strife,
 And lawless deeds that shun the day;
 But how can any gauge of yours
 The depth of that temptation try?
 —What man resists—what man endures,—
 Is open to one only eye.

Why not believe the homely letter
 That all you give will God restore?
 The poor man *may* deserve it better,
 And surely, surely wants it more:
 Let but the rich man do his part,
 And whatso'er the issue be
 To those who ask, his answering heart
 Will gain and grow in sympathy.

—Suppose that each from nature got
 Bare quittance of his labour's worth,
 That yearly-teeming flocks were not,
 Nor manifold-producing earth;
 No wilding growths of fruit and flower,
 Cultured to beautiful and good,
 No creatures for the arm of power
 To take and tame from waste and wood!—

That all men to their mortal rest
 Past shadow-like, and left behind
 No free result, no clear bequest,
 Won by their work of hand or mind!
 That every separate life begun
 A present to the past unbound,
 A lonely, independent, one,
 Sprung from the cold mechanic ground!

What would the record of the past,
 The vision of the future be!

Nature unchanged from first to last,
 And base the best humanity:
 For in these gifts lies all the space
 Between our England's noblest men
 And the most vile Australian race
 Outprowling from their bushy den.

Then freely as from age to age,
 Descending generations bear
 The accumulated heritage
 Of friendly and parental care,—
 Freely as nature tends her wealth
 Of air and fire, of sea and land,
 Of childhood's happiness and health,
 So freely open you your hand!

—Between you and your best intent
 Necessity her brazen bar
 Will often interpose, as sent
 Your pure benevolence to mar;
 Still every gentle word has sway
 To teach the pauper's desperate mood
 That misery shall not take away
 Franchise of human brotherhood.

And if this lesson come too late,
 Wo to the rich and poor and all!
 The madden'd outcast of the gate
 Plunders and murders in the hall;
 Justice can crush and hold in awe,
 While hope in social order reigns,—
 But if the myriads break the law,
 They break it as a slave his chains!

LABOUR.

HEART of the People! Working men!
 Marrow and nerve of human powers;
 Who on your sturdy backs sustain
 'Through streaming time this world of ours;
 Hold by that title,—which proclaims
 'That ye are undismay'd and strong,
 Accomplishing whatever aims
 May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
 These offices, or burdens fall;
 Labour, for some or other end,
 Is lord and master of us all.
 The high-born youth from downy bed
 Must meet the morn with horse and hound,
 While industry for daily bread
 Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, he
 Is but your working comrade now,
 And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
 Might whistle by the loom or plough;
 In vain for him has wealth the use
 Of warm repose and careless joy,—
 When, as ye labour to produce,
 He strives, as active, to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
 Sad sign of vigour overwrought?
 What toil can this new victim claim?
 Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought.

How men would mock her flaunting shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do!

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book :
To things now working in that mind
Your children's children well may owe
Blessings that hope has ne'er defined,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work : with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill ;
Life is ordain'd to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will :
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed,—
And all our choice is this,—to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot,—
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not :
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

THE VOICES OF HISTORY.

THE poet in his vigil hears
Time flowing through the night,—
A mighty stream, absorbing tears,
And bearing down delight :
There, resting on his bank of thought
He listens, till his soul
The voices of the waves has caught,—
The meaning of their roll.

First, wild and wildering as the strife
Of earthly winds and seas,
Resounds the long historic life
Of warring dynasties :—
Uncertain right and certain wrong
In onward conflict driven,
The threats and trappings of the strong
Beneath a brazen heaven.

The cavernous unsounded East
Outpours an evil tide,
Drowning the hymn of patriarch priest,
The chant of shepherd bride :
How can we catch the angel-word,
How mark the prophet-sound,
Mid thunders like Niagara's, heard
An hundred miles around ?

From two small springs that rise and blend,
And leave their Latin home,
The waters East and West extend,—
The ocean-power of Rome :

Voices of victories ever-won,
Of pride that will not stay,
Billows that burst and perish on
The shores they wear away.

Till, in a race of fierce delight,
Tumultuous battle forth,
The snows amast on many a height,
The cataracts of the North :
What can we hear beside the roar,
What see beneath the foam,
What but the wrecks that strew the shore,
And cries of falling Rome ?

Nor, when a purer faith had traced
Safe channels for the tide,
Did streams with Eden-lilies graced
In Eden-sweetness glide ;
While the deluded gaze admires
The smooth and shining flow,
Vile interests and insane desires
Gurgle and rage below.

If history has no other sounds,
Why should we listen more ?
Spirit ! despise terrestrial bounds,
And seek a happier shore ;
Yet pause ! for on thine inner ear
A mystic music grows,—
And mortal man shall never hear
That diapason's close.

Nature awakes ! a rapturous tone,
Still different, still the same,—
Eternal effluence from the throne
Of Him without a name ;
A symphony of worlds begun,
Ere sin the glory mars,
The cymbals of the new-born sun,
The trumpets of the stars.

Then beauty all her subtlest chords
Dissolves and knits again,
And law composes jarring words
In one harmonious chain :
And loyalty's enchanting notes
Outswelling fade away,
While knowledge, from ten thousand throats,
Proclaims a graver sway.

Well, if, by senses unbecom'd,
Attentive souls may scan
Those great ideas that have ruled
The total mind of man ;
Yet is there music deeper still,
Of fine and holy woof,
Comfort and joy to all that will
Keep ruder noise aloof.

A music simple as the sky,
Monotonous as the sea,
Recurrent as the flowers that die
And rise again in glee ;
A melody that childhood sings
Without a thought of art,
Drawn from a few familiar strings,
The fibres of the heart.

Through tent, and cot, and proud saloon,
 This audible delight
 Of nightingales that love the noon,
 Of larks that court the night,—
 We feel it all,—the hopes and fears
 That language faintly tells,
 The spreading smiles,—the passing tears,—
 The meetings and farewells.
 These harmonies that all can share,
 When chronicled by one,
 Enclose us like the living air,
 Unending, unbegun ;—
 Poet ! esteem thy noble part,
 Still listen, still record,
 Sacred historian of the heart,
 And moral nature's lord !

NAPLES AND VENICE.

OVERLOOKING, overhearing,
 Naples, and her subject bay
 Stands Camaldoli, the convent,
 Shaded from the inclement ray.
 Thou, who to that lofty terrace
 Lovest on summer eve to go,
 Tell me, poet ! what thou seest,
 What thou hearest, there below !
 Beauty, beauty, perfect beauty !
 Sea and city, hills and air,
 Rather blest imaginations
 Than realities of fair.
 Forms of grace alike contenting,
 Casual glance and steadfast gaze,
 Tender lights of pearl and opal
 Mingling with the diamond blaze.
 Sea as is but deepen'd ether :
 White as snow-wreaths sunbeshone
 Lean the palaces and temples
 Green and purple heights upon.
 Streets and paths mine eye is tracing,
 All replete with clamorous throng,
 Where I see and where I see not
 Waves of uproar roll along.
 As the sense of bees unnumber'd,
 Burning through the walk of limes,—
 As the thought of armies gathering
 Round a chief in ancient times,—
 So from Corso, Port, and Garden
 Rises life's tumultuous strain,
 Not secure from wildest utterance
 Rests the perfect-crystal main.
 Still the all-enclosing beauty
 Keeps my spirit free from harm,—
 Distance blends the veriest discords
 Into some melodious charm.
 —Overlooking, overhearing,
 Venice and her sister isles,
 Stands the giant Campanile,
 Massive mid a thousand piles.

Thou who to this open summit
 Lovest at every hour to go,
 Tell me, poet ! what thou seest,
 What thou hearest, there below.
 Wonder, wonder, perfect wonder !
 Ocean is the city's moat ;
 On the bosom of broad ocean
 Seems the mighty weight to float :
 Seems, yet stands as strong and stable
 As on land e'er city shall,—
 Only moves that ocean-serpent,
 Tide-impell'd, the great canal.
 Rich arcades and statued pillars,
 Gleaming banners, burnish'd domes,—
 Ships approaching,—ships departing,—
 Countless ships in harbour-homes.
 Yet so silent ! scarce a murmur
 Wing'd to reach this airy seat,
 Hardly from the close piazza
 Rises sound of voice or feet.
 Plash of oar or single laughter,—
 Cry or song of gondolier,—
 Signals far between to tell me
 'That the work of life is here.
 Like a glorious maiden dreaming
 Music in the drowsy heat,
 Lies the city, unbetokening
 Where its myriad pulses beat.
 And I think myself in cloudland,—
 Almost try my power of will,
 Whether I can change the picture,
 Or it must be Venice still.
 When the question wakes within me,
 Which hath won the crown of deed,
 Venice with her moveless silence,
 Naples with her noisy speed ?
 Which hath writ the goodlier tablet
 For the past to hoard and show,
 Venice in her student stillness,
 Naples in her living glow ?
 Here are chronicles with virtues
 Studded as the night with stars,—
 Records there of passions raging
 Through a wilderness of wars :
 There a tumult of ambitions,
 Power afloat on blood and tears,—
 Here one simple reign of wisdom
 Stretching thirteen hundred years :
 Self-subsisting, self-devoted,
 There the moment's hero ruled,—
 Here the state, each one subduing,
 Pride enchain'd and passion school'd :
 Here was art the nation's mistress,
 Art of colour, art of stone,—
 There before the leman pleasure
 Bow'd the people's heart alone.
 Venice ! vocal is thy silence,
 Can our soul but rightly hear ;
 Naples ! dumb as death thy voices,
 Listen we however near.

PASTORAL SONG.

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm-tree,
I watcht the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on a golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

SONG OF THOUGHTS.

LET the lays from poet-lips
Shadow forth the speech of heaven,—
Let melodious airs eclipse
All delight to senses giving;
Yet to these my notes and words
Listen with your heart alone,
While the thought that best accords
Makes a music of its own.

Ye that in the fields of love
Feel the breath and bloom of spring,
While I sing, securely rove,—
Rest in safety, while I sing,—
Ye that gaze with vain regret
Back towards that holy ground,
All the world between forgot
Spirit-rockt from sound to sound.

All indifference, all distrust,
From old friendships pass away!
Let the faces of the just
Shine as in God's perfect day!
Fix the faintest, fleetest smile,
E'er athwart your path has gleam'd—
Take the charm without the wile,—
Be the beauty all it seem'd!

Mid the flowers you love the best,
Summer pride or vernal boon—
By your favourite light carest,
Blush of eve or glow of noon,—
Blend the strains of happiest days
With the voices held most dear;
Children cast on weary ways!
Rest in peace and pleasure here.

Be the future's glorious page
In my tones to youth reveal'd;
Let the ruffled brow of age
With eternal calm be seal'd:
High as heaven's ethereal cope,
Wide as light's rejoicing ray,
Thoughts of memory! Thoughts of hope!
Wander, wander, while ye may.

RICH AND POOR.

WHEN God built up the dome of blue,
And portion'd earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the rich and poor;
And till that vault of glory fall,
Or beauteous earth be scarr'd with flame,
Or saving love be all in all,
That rule of life will rest the same.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are framed for weal or wo—
But to the eternal law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so.
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
One truth outshining bright and clear,
That wealth is only hope and joy,
And poverty but pain and fear.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from nature's hand;
The peasant boy as great and gay
As the young heir to gold and land;
Their various toys of equal worth,
Their little needs of equal care,
And halls of marble, huts of earth,
All homes alike endear'd and fair.

They know no better! would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So power should find and leave us free,
So pride be but the owner's curse;
So, without marking which was which,
Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
What paupers are the ambitious rich!
How wealthy the contented poor!

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours *must* be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way.
Each day may bring sufficient ill;
But we can meet and fight it through,
If hope sustains the hand of will,
And conscience is our captain too.

STANZAS.

BECAUSE, from all that round thee move,
Planets of beauty, strength, and grace,
I am elected to thy love,
And have my home in thy embrace,
I wonder all men do not see
The crown that thou hast set on me.

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,
Thou didst emparadise my pain,—
Because thy heart on mine has beat,
Thy head within my hands has lain,
I am transfigured, by that sign,
Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain
Receiving still returns the light,
And being generous of its gain,
Augments the very solar might :
What unreflected light would be,
Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame, whose rising spire
In the dark air sublimely sways,
And I the tempest that swift fire
Gathers at first, and then obeys :
All that was thine ere we were wed
Have I by right inherited.

Is life a stream? Then from thy hair
One rosebud on the current fell,
And straight it turn'd to crystal there,
As adamant immovable :
Its steadfast place shall know no more
The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years
To mine nor good nor ill can bring ;—
Mine grows no more ; no more it fears
Even the brushing of his wing ;
With sheath'd scythe I see him go,—
I have no flowers that *he* can mow.

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

WHEN first the Friendship-flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole ;
But when the one empassion'd age
Has full reveal'd the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,—
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair ;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks ;

It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshadow ;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But let them perish where they died.

THE MEN OF OLD.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow :
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone !

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmann'd,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Then yesterday and yesternight
Had proffer'd them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares :

Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.

And what if nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swoon'd
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flow'd more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,
Oh ! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear ;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

ON LADY C——, IN DECLINING
HEALTH.

GENTLY supported by the ready aid
Of loving hands, whose little work of toil
Her grateful prodigality repaid
With all the benediction of her smile,
She turned her failing feet
To the soft-pillow'd seat,
Dispensing kindly greetings all the while.

Before the tranquil beauty of her face
I bow'd in spirit, thinking that she were
A suffering angel, whom t e special grace
Of God intrusted to our pious care,
That we might learn from her
The art to minister
To heavenly beings in seraphic air.

There seem'd to lie a weight upon her brain,
That ever prest her blue-vein'd eyelids down,
But could not dim her lustrous eyes with pain,
Nor seam her forehead with the faintest frown ;
She was as she were proud,
So young, to be allow'd
To follow Him who wore the thorny crown.

Nor was she sad, but over every mood,
To which her lightly-pliant mind gave birth,
Gracefully changing, did a spirit brood,
Of quiet gayety and serenest mirth ;
And thus her voice did flow,
So beautifully low,
A stream whose music was no thing of earth.

Woman divine ! ideal best-beloved,
Here was *thy* image realized to me ;
In sensible existence lived and moved
The vision of my sacred phantasy ;
Madonna ! Mary mine !
Her look, her smile, was thine,—
And gazing on that form, I worship thee.

THE LONG-AGO.

EYES which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear :
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown ;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy ;
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of long-ago.

Youthful hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it deceives ;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower ;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high :
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
 Ghastly tenements of tears,
 Wear the look of happy shrines
 Through the golden mist of years :
 Death, to those who trust in good,
 Vindicates his hardest blow ;
 Oh ! we would not, if we could,
 Wake the sleep of long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
 Shocks the soul where life is strong,
 Though for frailer hearts the day
 Lingers sad and overlong,—
 Still the weight will find a leaven,
 Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
 While the future has its heaven,
 And the past its long-ago.

PRINCE EMILIUS OF HESSEN-DARM- STADT.

FROM HESSEN-DARMSTADT every step
 To Moskwa's blazing banks,
 Was Prince Emilius found in fight,
 Before the foremost ranks ;
 And when upon the icy waste,
 That host was backward cast,
 On Beresina's bloody bridge,
 His banner waved the last.

His valour shed victorious grace
 On all that dread retreat,
 That path across the wildering snow,
 Athwart the blinding sleet ;
 And every follower of his sword
 Could all endure and dare,
 Becoming warriors strong in hope,
 Or stronger in despair.

Now, day and dark, along the storm
 The demon Cossacks sweep ;
 The hungriest must not look for food,
 The weariest must not sleep ;
 No rest, but death, for horse or man,
 Whichever first shall tire ;—
 They see the flames destroy, but ne'er
 May feel the saving fire.

Thus never closed the bitter night,
 Nor rose the savage morn,
 But from that gallant company
 Some noble part was shorn,
 And, sick at heart, the prince resolved,
 To keep his purposed way,
 With steadfast, forward looks, nor count
 The losses of the day.

At length beside a black-burnt hut,
 An island of the snow,—
 Each head in frigid stupor bent
 Toward the saddle bow,—
 They paused, and of that sturdy troop,
 That thousand banded men,

At one unmeditated glance,
 He number'd only ten !

Of all that high triumphant life
 That left his German home,
 Of all those hearts that beat beloved,
 Or lookt for love to come,
 This piteous remnant hardly saved
 His spirit overcame,
 While memory raised each friendly face,
 And called each ancient name.

Then were his words serene and firm—
 "Dear brothers, it is best
 That here, with perfect trust in Heaven,
 We give our bodies rest ;
 If we have borne, like faithful men,
 Our part of toil and pain,
 Where'er we wake, for Christ's good sake,
 We shall not sleep in vain."

Some utter'd, others lookt assent,
 They had no heart to speak ;
 Dumb hands were prest, the pallid lip,
 Approacht the callous cheek ;
 They laid them side by side ; and death
 To him at least did seem
 To come attired in mazy robe
 Of variegated dream.

Once more he floated on the breast
 Of old familiar Rhine,
 His mother's and one other smile
 Above him seemed to shine ;
 A blessed dew of healing fell
 On every aching limb,
 Till the stream broadened'd and the air
 Thicken'd and all was dim.

Nature has bent to other laws,
 If that tremendous night
 Past o'er his frame exposed and worn,
 And left no deadly blight ;
 Then wonder not that when refresht
 And warm he woke at last,
 There lay a boundless gulf of thought
 Between him and the past.

Soon raising his astonisht head
 He found himself alone,
 Shelter'd beneath a genial heap
 Of vestments not his own ;
 The light increast the solemn truth
 Revealing more and more,—
 His soldiers' corpses self-despoiled,
 Closed up the narrow door.

That very hour, fulfilling good,
 Miraculous succour came,
 And Prince Emilius lived to give
 This worthy deed to fame.
 Oh, brave fidelity in death !
 Oh, strength of loving will !
 These are the holy balsam drops
 That woful wars distil.

P. J. BAILEY.

FESTUS is the title of a very remarkable poem published anonymously by Pickering, in 1839. It is stated in HORNE'S New Spirit of the Age, that it was written by P. J. BAILEY, but of Mr. BAILEY, more than that he wrote Festus, I know nothing. The poem attracted considerable attention, on its appearance, but was not generally praised. The versification is often careless, and the work shows a want of the constructive faculty. Moreover, it is too daring in action and conclusion. It has scenes in the unknown world, and its hero speaks

face to face with Him whom no one hath seen or at any time shall see. In some respects it is not unlike the Faust of GOETHE. It is not equal to that wonderful book; yet it has passages of deepest wisdom, of power and tenderness, such as few poets in our day have produced; and it will live.

In the Monthly Magazine for 1840 is an additional scene to Festus, in which the author speaks of himself and his poem. The first of the following extracts is from this scene.

FESTUS DESCRIBES HIS FRIEND.

HE had no times of study, and no place;
All places and all times to him were one.
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
And sounded only when the spirit blew,
Sometime in feasts and follies, for he went [rose
Life-like through all things; and his thoughts then
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still,
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words
Would wake him in the dark before his face.
All things talk'd thoughts to him. The sea went mad
To show his meaning; and the awful sun
Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers,
He spake the world's one tongue; in earth and
heaven

There is but one, it is the word of truth.
To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;
And young and old made their hearts over to him;
And thoughts were told to him as unto none,
Save one who heareth, said and unsaid, all. . . .
All things were inspiration unto him—
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was,
And the blue eye of God which is above us;
Brook-hounded pine spinnies, where spirits flit;
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;
Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheek'd load;
And the blood-colour'd tears which yew-trees weep
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful;
The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup;
Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips,
The white moon shimmering on their longing lips;
The large, o'er-loaded, wealthy-looking wains
Quietly swaggering home through leafy laues,
Leaving on all low branches, as they come,
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest-home;—
He drew his light from that he was amidst,

As doth a lamp from air which hath itself
Matter of light although it show not. His
Was but the power to light what might be lit.
He met a muse in every lonely maid;
And learn'd a song from every lip he loved.
But his heart ripen'd most 'neath southern eyes,
Which sunn'd their sweets into him all day long,
For fortune call'd him southward, towards the sun.
We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us
Like grain in wood; the growth is of the skies,
Which are of nature, nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses,
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
Illimitable faith, strong as a state's
In its own might, in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns; the thoughts we think
Subsist the same in God, as stars in heaven,
And as those specks of light will prove great worlds,
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
So too our thoughts will become magnified
To mindlike things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God, wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul. . . .
Love, mirth, wo, pleasure, was in turn his theme,
And the great good which beauty does the soul,
And the God-made necessity of things.
And, like that noble knight in olden tale,
Who changed his armour's hue at each fresh charge
By virtue of his lady-love's strange ring,
So that none knew him save his private page,
And she who cried, God save him, every time
He brake spears with the brave till he quell'd all—
So he applied him to all themes that came;

Loving the most to breast the rapid deep,
Where others had been drown'd, and heeding
naught

Where danger might not fill the place of fame:
And mid the magic circle of these sounds,
His lyre ray'd out, spell-bound himself he stood,
Like a still'd storm. It is no task for suns
To shine. He knew himself a bard ordain'd,
More than inspired, of God inspirited,
Making himself like an electric rod
A lure for lightning feelings; and his words
Felt like the things which fall in thunder, which
The mind, when in a dark, hot, cloudful state,
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.
He spake to spirits with a spirit-tongue,
Who came compell'd by wizard word of truth,
And ray'd them round him from the ends of heaven;
For, as be all bards, he was-born of beauty,
And with a natural fitness, to draw down
All tones and shades of beauty to his soul,
Even as the rainbow tinted shell, which lies
Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all
Colours of skies, and flowers, and gems, and plumes,
And all by nature, which doth reproduce
Like loveliness in seeming opposites.
Our life is like the wizard's charmed ring,
Death's heads, and loathsome things fill up the
ground;

But spirits wing about, and wait on us,
While yet the hour of enchantment is,
And while we keep in, we are safe, and can
Force them to do our bidding. And he raised
The rebel in himself, and in his mind
Walk'd with him through the world.

ANGELA.

I LOVED her, for that she was beautiful,
And that to me she seem'd to be all nature
And all varieties of things in one;
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning; fear
No petty customs nor appearances;
But think what others only dream'd about;
And say what others did but think; and do
What others would but say; and glory in [me];
What others dared but do; it was these which won
And that she never school'd within her breast .
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all; and that she told me all her woes
And wrongs and ills; and so she made them mine
In the communion of love; and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other;
She, mild and generous as the sun in spring;
And I, like earth, all budding out with love.
The beautiful are never desolate;
For some one always loves them—God or man.
If man abandons, God Himself takes them,
And thus it was. She whom I once loved died.
The lightning loathes its cloud; the soul its clay.
Can I forget that hand I took in mine,
Pale as pale violets; that eye, where mind
And matter met alike divine? Ah, no!

May God that moment judge me when I do!
Oh! she was fair; her nature once all spring
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful. I see her now!
Whate'er thou art, thy soul is in my mind;
Thy shadow hourly lengthens o'er my brain
And peoples all its pictures with thyself,
Gone, not forgotten; pass'd, not lost; thou'lt shine
In heaven like a bright spot in the sun!
She said she wish'd to die, and so she died;
For, cloudblike, she pour'd out her love, which was
Her life, to freshen this parch'd heart. It was
thus;

I said we were to part, but she said nothing;
There was no discord; it was music ceased;
Life's thrilling, bursting, bounding joy. She sat
Like a house-god, her hands fix'd on her knee;
And her dank hair lay loose and long behind her,
Through which her wild bright eye flash'd like a
flint;

She spake not, moved not, but she look'd the more;
As if her eye were action, speech, and feeling.
I felt it all, and came and knelt beside her,
The electric touch solved both our souls together;
Then comes the feeling which unmakes, undoes;
Which tears the seal-like soul up by the roots
And lashes it in scorn against the skies.
Twice did I stamp to God, swearing, hand clench'd,
That not even He nor death should tear her from me.
It is the saddest and the sorest night
One's own love weeping. But why call on God?
But that the feeling of the boundless bounds
All feeling! as the welkin doth the world.
It is this which unites us with the whole and God.
Then first we wept; then closed and clung
together;

And my heart shook this building of my breast
Like a live engine booming up and down.
She fell upon me like a snow-wreath thawing.
Never were bliss and beauty, love and wo,
Ravell'd and twined together into madness,
As in that one wild hour, to which all else,
The past, is but a picture. That alone
Is real, and for ever there in front,
. After that I left her
And only saw her once again alive.

CALMNESS OF THE SUBLIME.

THE goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
Do my words trouble thee! then treasure them.
Pain overgot gives peace, as death doth Heaven.
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace.
Peace hath more might than war; high brows are
calm;
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like
suns,
Stir not, but many systems tend around them.
Mind's step is still as Death's; and all great things
Which cannot be controll'd, whose end is good.

FAITH.

FAITH is a higher faculty than reason,
 Though of the brightest power of revelation,
 As the snow-peaked mountain rises o'er
 The lightning, and applies itself to heaven,
 We know in daytime there are stars about us
 Just as at night, and name them what and where
 By sight of science; so by faith we know,
 Although we may not see them till our night,
 That spirits are about us, and believe,
 That to a spirit's eye all heaven may be
 As full of angels as a beam of light
 Of notes. As spiritual, it shows all
 Classes of life, perhaps above our kind,
 Known to tradition, reason, or God's word.
 As earthly, it imbodys most the life
 Of youth; its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings;
 And as a sketch of world-life, it begins
 And ends, and rightly, in heaven, and with God;
 While heaven is also in the midst thereof.
 God, or all good, the evil of the world,
 And man, wherein are both, are each display'd;
 The mortal is the model of all men.
 The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings
 Of a young, hot, un-world-school'd heart, that has
 Had its own way in life, and wherein all
 May see some likeness of their own, 'tis these
 Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate
 The ever-moving system of our feeling;
 Like life, too, as a whole, it has a moral,
 And, as in life, each scene too has its moral,
 A scene for every year of his young life,
 Shining upon it, like the quiet moon,
 Illustrating the obscure, unequal earth:
 And though these scenes may seem to careless eyes
 Irregular and rough and unconnected,
 Like to the stones at Stonehenge, still a use,
 A meaning, and a purpose may be mark'd
 Among them of a temple rear'd to God,—
 It has a plan, no plot; and life has none.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts?
 They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,
 And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind;
 Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
 Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
 And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
 A rocking and a ringing,—glorious,
 But momentary; madmen might it last,
 And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.

A LETTER.

WHEN he hath had
 A letter from his lady dear, he bless'd
 The paper that her hand had travell'd over,
 And her eye look'd on, and would think he saw
 Gleams of that light she lavish'd from her eyes,
 Wandering amid the words of love she'd traced
 Like glowworms among beds of flowers. He seem'd
 To bear with being but because she loved him;
 She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
 As hath a sword from war.

TRUTH AND SORROW.

NIGHT brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths;
 Though many, yet they help not; bright, they
 light not.

They are too late to serve us; and sad things
 Are aye too true. We never see the stars
 Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.
 And yet if one would look down a deep well,
 Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
 Far fairer than the blinding blue: the truth
 Stars in the water like a dark bright eye,
 But there are other eyes men better love
 Than truth's, for when we have her she is so cold
 And proud, we know not what to do with her. . .
 Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
 Like a small bird winging the still blue air,
 And then again at other times it rises
 Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breath-
 less,

And just o'erhead lets itself down on us.
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
 Rush, like a rocket roaring up the sky,
 That we should join with God and give the world
 The go-by; but the world meantime turns round,
 And peeps us in the face; the wanton world;
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
 The arm we raised to do for truth such wonders;
 We feel it softly bearing on our side;
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body;
 And we are fools, and there's an end of us.

THE END OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
 breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
 lives,
 Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best.
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
 Lives in one hour more than in years do some
 Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
 Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
 The dead have all the glory of the world.

THE POET.

THE bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
 And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
 He must believe the best of every thing;
 Love all below, and worship all above.
 All animals are living hieroglyphs.
 The dashing dog, and stealthy-stepping cat,
 Hawk, bull, and all that breathe, mean something
 more
 To the true eye than their shapes show; for all
 Were made in love, and made to be beloved.
 Thus must he think as to earth's lower life,
 Who seeks to win the world to thought and love,
 As doth the bard, whose habit is all kindness
 To every thing.

HENRY ALFORD.

THIS gentle, meditative poet, whose *School of the Heart*, and other poems, were published at Cambridge, in 1835, is a follower of WORDSWORTH. His *School of the Heart* is an "Excursion" in a minor key. It is in a vein of high religious feeling and attachment to the English church, of which Mr. ALFORD is a clergyman. It is such poetry as GOLD-

SMITH's pure-hearted vicar would not have objected to. The dedication of these volumes is: "*To the playmate of his childhood, the joy of his youth, and the dear companion of his cares and studies, these poems are dedicated by her affectionate husband.*" Mr. ALFORD has since written *The Abbot of Machelvage*, published by Pickering.

A CHURCHYARD COLLOQUY.

STAND by me here, beloved, where thick crowd
On either side the path the headstones white:
How wonderful is death—how passing thought
That nearer than yon glorious group of hills,
Aye, but a scanty foot or two beneath
This pleasant sunny mound, corruption teems;—
And that one sight of that which is so near
Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,
Which now not e'en disturbs them.

See this stone,
Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,
But sober brown—round which the ivy twines
Its searching tendril, and the yew-tree shade
Just covers the short grave. He mourn'd not ill
Who graved the simple plate without a name:
"This grave's a cradle, where an infant lies,
Rockt faste asleepe with death's sad lullabyes."
And yet methinks he did not care to wrong
The genius of the place, when he wrote "sad:"
The chime of hourly clock,—the mountain stream
That sends up ever to thy resting-place
Its gush of many voices—and the crow
Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,
From elm-embosom'd farms among the dells,—
These, little slumberer, are thy lullabyes:
Who would not sleep a sweet and peaceful sleep,
Thus hush'd and sung to with all pleasant sounds?

And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,
And see yon belt of clouds in silent pomp
Midway the mountain sailing slowly on,
Whose beaconed top peers over on the vale;—
And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells
Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses
Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,
Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,
Now smooth'd in clear black pools; then in the vales,
Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on,
By cots and farms and quiet villages
And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep,
Rock'd in so fair a cradle?

But that word,
That one word—"death," comes over my sick brain
Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon:
Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,
Mountain and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,

In a thick dazzling darkness.—Who art thou
Under this hillock on the mountain side?
I love the like of thee with a deep love,
And therefore call'd thee dear—thou who art now
A handful of dull earth. No lullabyes
Hearest thou now, be they or sweet or sad—
Not revelry of streams, nor pomp of clouds;
Not the blue top of mountain—nor the woods
That clothe the steeps, have any joy for thee.

Go to, then—tell me not of balmiest rest
In fairest cradle—for I never felt
One half so keenly as I feel it now,
That not the promise of the sweetest sleep
Can make me smile on death. Our days and years
Pass onward—and the mighty of old time
Have put their glory by, and laid them down
Undrest of all the attributes they wore,
In the dark sepulchre—strange preference
To fly from beds of down and softest strains
Of timbrel and of pipe, to the cold earth,
The silent chamber of unknown decay:
To yield the delicate flesh, so loved of late
By the informing spirit, to the maw
Of unrelenting waste; to go abroad
From the sweet prison of this moulded clay,
Into the pathless air, among the vast
And unnamed multitude of trembling stars;
Strange journey, to attempt the void unknown
From whence no news returns; and cast the freight
Of nicely treasured life at once away.

Come, let us talk of death—and sweetly play
With his black locks, and listen for a while
To the lone music of the passing wind
In the rank grass that waves above his bed.

Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
Of all the days of life—the hardest wrench
That tries the coward sense, should mix itself
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods,
A not unwelcome visitant—that thought,
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
To his mysterious converse? I have roam'd
Through many mazes of unregistered
And undetermined fancy; and I know
That when the air grows balmy to my feel
And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds

Dance tremulously round my captive ears,
 I soon shall stumble on some mounded grave;
 And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,
 (There are that flit away) the pleasantest
 Is hand in hand with death: and my bright hopes,
 Like the strange colours of divided light,
 Fade into pale uncertain violet
 About some hallow'd precinct. Can it be
 That there are blessed memories join'd with death,
 Of those who parted peacefully, and words
 That cling about our hearts, utter'd between
 The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time?

ACADEME.

BEFORE the day the gleaming dawn doth flee:—
 All yesternight I had a dreary dream;
 Methought I walk'd in desert Academe
 Among fallen pillars—and there came to me,
 All in a dim half-twilight silently,
 A very sad old man—his eyes were red
 With over-weeping—and he cried and said
 "The light hath risen but shineth not on me."
 Beautiful Athens, all thy loveliness
 Is like the scarce remember'd burst of spring
 When now the summer in her party dress
 Hath clothed the woods, and fill'd each living thing
 With ripest joy—because upon our time
 Hath risen the noon, and thou wert in thy prime.

A MEMORY.

THE sweetest flower that ever saw the light,
 The smoothest stream that ever wander'd by,
 The fairest star upon the brow of night,
 Joying and sparkling from his sphere on high,
 The softest glances of the stockdove's eye,
 The lily pure, the marybud gold-bright,
 The gush of song that floodeth all the sky
 From the dear flutterer mounted out of sight,—
 Are not so pleasure-stirring to the thought,
 Not to the wounded soul so full of balm,
 As one frail glimpse, by painful straining caught
 Along the past's deep mist-enfolded calm,
 Of that sweet face, not visibly defined,
 But rising clearly on the inner mind.

A FUNERAL.

SLOWLY and softly let the music go,
 As ye wind upwards to the gray church tower;
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low—
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy flower.
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
 Loved by the unsunn'd drops of silver dew;
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.
 Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
 Weep with her one brief hour; then turn away,—
 Go to hope's prison,—and from out the cold
 And solitary gratings many a day
 Look forth; 'tis said the world is growing old,—
 And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALL- ETH FOR THEE."

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast:—
 She heard the call, and rose with willing feet:
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet
 For such a bidding to put on her best,
 She is gone from us for a few short hours
 Into her bridal closet, there to wait
 For the unfolding of the palace gate
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
 We have not seen her yet; though we have been
 Full often to her chamber door, and oft
 Have listen'd underneath the postern green,
 And laid fresh flowers, and whisper'd short and soft:
 But she hath made no answer, and the day
 From the clear west is fading fast away.

BEAUTY OF NATURE.

OFt have I listen'd to a voice that spake
 Of cold and dull realities of life.
 Deem we not thus of life: for we may fetch
 Light from a hidden glory, which shall clothe
 The meanest thing that is with hues of heaven.
 If thence we draw not glory, all our light
 Is but a taper in a chamber'd cave,
 That giveth presence to new gulfs of dark.
 Our light should be the broad and open day;
 And as we lose its shining, we shall look
 Still on the bright and daylight face of things.
 Is it for nothing that the mighty sun
 Rises each morning from the Eastern plain
 Over the meadows fresh with hoary dew?
 Is it for nothing that the shadowy trees
 On yonder hill-top, in the summer night
 Stand darkly out before the golden moon?
 Is it for nothing that the autumn boughs
 Hang thick with mellow fruit, what time the
 swain
 Presses the luscious juice, and joyful shouts
 Rise in the purple twilight, gladdening him
 Who labour'd late, and homeward wends his way
 Over the ridgy grounds, and through the mead,
 Where the mist broods along the fringed stream?
 Far in the Western sea dim islands float,
 And lines of mountain coast receive the sun
 As he sinks downward to his resting-place,
 Minister'd to by bright and crimson clouds—
 Is it for nothing that some artist hand
 Hath wrought together things so beautiful?
 Noon follows morn, the quiet breezeless noon:
 And pleasant even, season of sweet sounds
 And peaceful sights—and then the wondrous
 bird
 That warbles like an angel, full of love,
 From copse and hedgerow side pouring abroad
 Her tide of song into the listening night.
 Beautiful is the last gleam of the sun
 Slanted through twining branches: beautiful
 The birth of the faint stars—first clear and pale
 The steady-lusted Hesper, like a gem

On the flush'd bosom of the West; and then
Some princely fountain of unborrow'd light,
Arcturus, or the Dogstar, or the seven
That circle without setting round the pole.
Is it for nothing at the midnight hour,
That solemn silence sways the hemisphere,
And ye must listen long before ye hear
The cry of beasts, or fall of distant stream,
Or breeze among the tree-tops—while the stars
Like guardian spirits watch the slumbering earth?

A SPIRITUAL AND WELL-ORDERED MIND

As on the front
Of some cathedral pile, ranged orderly,
Rich tabernacles throng of sainted men,
Each in his highday robes magnificent,
Some tipp'd with crowns, the church's nursing sires,
And some, the hallow'd temple's serving-men,
With crosiers deep emboss'd, and comely staves
Resting aslant upon their reverend form,
Guarding the entrance well; while round the walls,
And in the corbels of the massy nave,
All circumstances of living child and man
And heavenly influence, in parables
Of daily passing forms is pictured forth:
So all the beautiful and seemly things
That crowd the earth, within the humble soul
Have place and order due; because there dwells
In the inner temple of the holy heart
The presence of the spirit form above:
There are his tabernacles; there his rites
Want not their due performance, nor sweet strains
Of heavenly music, nor a daily throng
Of worshippers, both those who minister
In service fix'd—the mighty principles
And leading governors of thought; and those
Who come and go, the troop of fleeting joys—
All hopes, all sorrows, all that enter in
Through every broad receptacle of sense.

HYMN FOR ALL-SAINTS DAY IN THE MORNING.

STAND up before your God
You army bold and bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors,
In your robes of white;
The church below doth challenge you
To an act of praise;
Ready with mirth in all the earth
Her matin song to raise.

Stand up before your God
In beautiful array,
Make ready all your instruments
The while we mourn and pray;
For we must stay to mourn and pray
Some prelude to our song;
The fear of death has clogg'd our breath
And our foes are swift and strong.

But ye before your God
Are hushed from all alarm,
Out through the grave and gate of death
Ye have past into the calm;
Your fight is done, your victory won,
Through peril, and toil, and blood;
Among the slain on the battle plain
We buried ye where ye stood.

Stand up before your God,
Although we cannot hear
The new song he hath taught you
With our fleshly ear;
Our bosoms burn that hymn to learn,
And from the church below
E'en while we sing, on heavenward wing
Some happy souls shall go.

Ye stand before your God,
But we press onward still,
The soldiers of his army,
The servants of his will:
A captive band in foreign land
Long ages we have been;
But our dearest theme and our fondest dream
Is the home we have not seen.

We soon shall meet our God,
The hour is wafting on,
The day-spring from on high hath risen,
And the night is spent and gone;
The light of earth it had its birth
And it shall have its doom;
The sons of earth they are few in birth,
But many in the tomb.

A DOUBT.

I KNOW not how the right may be:—
But I give thanks when'er I see
Down in the green slopes of the West
Old Glastonbury's tower'd crest.
I know not how the right may be:—
But I have oft had joy to see,
By play of chance, my road beside,
The cross on which the Saviour died.
I know not how the right may be:—
But I loved once a tall elm tree,
Because between its boughs on high
That cross was open'd in the sky.
I know not how the right may be:—
But I have shed strange tears to see,
Passing an unknown town at night,
In some warm chambers full of light,
A mother and two children fair
Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.
I know not how it is—my boast
Of Reason seems to dwindle down;
And my mind seems down-argued most
By freed conclusions not her own.
I know not how it is—unless
Weakness and strength are near allied;
And joys which most the spirit bless
Are farthest off from earthly pride.

ELIZA COOK.

ELIZA COOK has been a frequent contributor to the English literary periodicals for several years, and her productions have been very generally reprinted in the gazettes of this country, so that her name is nearly as familiar to American readers as those of Mrs. HEMANS and Mrs. NORTON. Her poems are of that class which is most sure to win the popular favour. They have a social character, and portray with simplicity and truth, the kindly

affections. They are free, spirited, animated by a generous, joyous feeling, yet feminine, quiet, tranquillizing.

Miss Cook is now about twenty-five years of age. She resides in London. The largest collection of her writings, "Melaia, and other Poems," was published by Tilt, in 1840, and has been reprinted in the present year, by Langley, of New York, in a very elegant edition.

THE MOURNERS.

KING Death sped forth in his dreaded power
To make the most of his tyrant hour;
And the first he took was a white-robed girl,
With the orange bloom twined in each glossy curl,
Her fond betrothed hung over the bier,
Bathing her shroud with the gushing tear:
He madly raved, he shriek'd his pain,
With frantic speech and burning brain. [gone.
"There's no joy," cried he, "now my dearest is
Take, take me, Death; for I cannot live on!"

The sire was robb'd of his eldest born,
And he bitterly bled while the branch was torn:
Other scions were round, as good and fair,
But none seem'd so bright as the breathless heir.
"My hopes are crush'd," was the father's cry;
"Since my darling is lost, I, too, would die."
The valued friend was snatch'd away,
Bound to another from childhood's day;
And the one that was left exclaim'd in despair,
"Oh! he sleeps in the tomb—let me follow him
there!"

A mother was taken, whose constant love
Had nestled her child like a fair young dove;
And the heart of that child to the mother had grown,
Like the ivy to oak, or the moss to the stone:
Nor loud nor wild was the burst of woe,
But the tide of anguish ran strong below;
And the reft one turn'd from all that was light,
From the flowers of day and the stars of night;
Breathing where none might hear or see—
"Where thou art, my mother, thy child would be."

Death smiled as he heard each earnest word:
"Nay, nay," said he, "be this work deferr'd;
I'll see thee again in a fleeting year,
And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,
I promise then thou shalt share the rest
Of the being now pluck'd from thy doating breast;
Then, if thou cravest the coffin and pall
As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall."
And Death fled till Time on his rapid wing
Gave the hour that brought back the skeleton king.

But the lover was ardently wooing again,
Kneeling in serfdom, and proud of his chain;
He had found an idol to adore,
Rarer than that he had worshipp'd before:
His step was gay, his laugh was loud,
As he led the way for the bridal crowd;
And his eyes still kept their joyous ray, [lay.
Though he went by the grave where his first love
"Ha! ha!" shouted Death, "'tis passing clear
That I am a guest not wanted here!"
The father was seen in his children's games,
Kissing their flush'd brows and blessing their names!
And his eye grew bright as he mark'd the charms
Of the boy at his knee and the girl in his arms:
His voice rung out in the merry noise,
He was first in all their hopes and joys;
He ruled their sports in the setting sun,
Nor gave a thought to the missing one.
"Are ye ready?" cried Death, as he raised his dart.
"Nay! nay!" shriek'd the father; "in mercy
depart!"

The friend again was quaffing the bowl,
Warmly pledging his faith and soul;
His bosom cherish'd with glowing pride
A stranger form that sat by his side;
His hand the hand of that stranger press'd;
He praised his song, he echo'd his jest;
And the mirth and wit of that new-found mate
Made a blank of the name so prized of late.
"See! see!" cried Death, as he hurried past,
"How bravely the bonds of friendship last!"

But the orphan child! Oh, where was she?
With clasping hands and bended knee,
All alone on the churchyard's sod,
Mingling the names of mother and God.
Her dark and sunken eye was hid,
Fast weeping beneath the swollen lid;
Her sigh was heavy, her forehead was chill,
Betraying the wound was unheal'd still;
And her smother'd prayer was yet heard to crave
A speedy home in the self-same grave.
Hers was the love all holy and strong;
Hers was the sorrow fervent and long;

Hers was the spirit whose light was shed
As an incense fire above the dead.
Death linger'd there, and paused awhile;
But she beckon'd him on with a welcoming smile.
"There's a solace," cried she, "for all others to find,
But a mother leaves no equal behind."
And the kindest blow Death ever gave
Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

THE WREATHS.

Whom do we crown with the laurel leaf?
The hero god, the soldier chief,
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes:
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
Pluck'd from the gory field of death?

Whom do we crown with summer flowers?
The young and fair in their happiest hours.
But the buds will only live in the light
Of a festive day or a glittering night;
We know the vermil tints will fade—
That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid:
And who can prize the coronal
That's form'd to dazzle, wither and fall?

Who wears the cypress, dark and drear?
The one who is shedding the mourner's tear:
The gloomy branch for ever twines
Round foreheads graved with sorrow's lines.
'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,
That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.
Oh, who can like the chaplet band
That is wove by melancholy's hand?

Where is the ivy circlet found?
On the one whose brain and lips are drown'd
In the purple stream—who drinks and laughs
Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs.
Oh, glossy and rich is the ivy crown,
With its gems of grape-juice trickling down;
But, bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,
It has stain for the heart and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief:
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow:
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword;
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

Oh, beautiful bay! I worship thee—
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
And of all the chaplets fame may deal,
'Tis only to this one I would kneel:
For as Indians fly to the banian branch,
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

HE LED HER TO THE ALTAR.

HE led her to the altar,
But the bride was not his chosen:
He led her, with a hand as cold
As though its pulse had frozen.
Flowers were crush'd beneath his tread,
A gilded dome was o'er him;
But his brow was damp, and his lips were pale,
As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming
Of one he had hoped to cherish;
Of a name and form that the sacred rites,
Beginning, told must perish.
He gazed not on the stars and gems
Of those who circled round him;
But trembled as his lips gave forth
The words that falsely bound him.

Many a voice was praising,
Many a hand was proffer'd;
But mournfully he turn'd him
From the greeting that was offer'd.
Despair had fix'd upon his brow
Its deepest, saddest token;
And the bloodless cheek, the stifled sigh,
Betray'd his heart was broken.

A LOVE SONG.

DEAR Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or sigh sweet things as many can;
But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My heart will not disgrace the man.
I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes.
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an honest strain as this;
I love thee dearly, but I hate
The puling rhymes of a "kiss" and "bliss."
There's a truth in all I've said or sung;
I woo thee as a man *should* woo;
And though I lack a honey'd tongue,
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

THE FREE.

THE wild streams leap with headlong sweep
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of any thing that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings
Trill-la—trill-la, oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.
The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on its homeward way—
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;
The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,
With streaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stir'd by the eaglet bird,
As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was form'd to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And the one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learnt to hate:
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, [sighs;
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

MY GRAVE.

SWEET is the ocean grave, under the azure wave,
Where the rich coral the sea-grot illumines;
Where pearls and amber meet, decking the wind-
ing-sheet,
Making the sailor's the brightest of tombs.

Let the proud soldier rest, wrapt in his gory vest,
Where he may happen to fall on his shield,
To sink in the glory-strife was his first hope in life;
Dig him his grave on the red battle-field.

Lay the one great and rich in the strong cloister
Give him his coffin of cedar and gold; [niche,
Let the wild torch-light fall, flouting the velvet pall,
Lock him in marble vault, darksome and cold.

But there's a sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,
Crown'd with fair grass and a bonnie elm tree:
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf,
There be the resting-place chosen by me!

Though the long formal prayer ne'er has been ut-
ter'd there,

Though the robed priest has not hallow'd the sod;
Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask
"Where is the spot that's unwatch'd by a God!?"

There the wind loud and strong whistles its winter
song;

Shrill in its wailing and fierce in its sweep;
'Tis music now sweet and dear, loved by my soul
and ear;

Let it breathe on where I sleep the last sleep.

There in the summer days rest the bright flashing
rays,

There spring the wild-flowers—fair as can be:
Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,
These be the grave-flowers chosen by me.

There would I lie alone, mark'd by no sculptured
stone.

Few will regret when my spirit departs;
And I loathe the vain channel fame, praising an
empty name,
Dear, after all, but to two or three hearts.

Who does not turn and laugh at the false epitaph,
Painting man spotless and pure as the dove?
If aught of goodly worth grace my career on earth,
All that I heed is its record above.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remember'd still,
Where my young footsteps climb'd happy and
free;
Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf,
There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valour decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west?

"War, war to the knife! be enthral'd or ye die,"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remain'd;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchain'd.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sigh'd o'er the carnage that spread:
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled. [strife,
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the
Till man's charter was fairly restored; [life
Yet he pray'd for the moment when freedom and
Would no longer be press'd by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure; and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Reville not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confess'd
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply-stain'd field of the west.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

MOURN not the dead,—shed not a tear
Above the moss-stain'd sculptured stone,
And weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has not fever'd start;
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtains round the pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead,—'tis they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive-branch is known
To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, pride, and passion, hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapp'd bier;
Some few may call upon the name,
And sigh to meet a dull, cold ear.

But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would beguile;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mock'd by death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echo'd by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall!

THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

WE gather'd round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed,
But few would taste the wine that pour'd,
Or join the song we raised.
For there was now a glass unfill'd—
A favour'd place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chill'd—
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smother'd sorrow seem'd to fling
A gloom in every glance.
The grave has closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We miss'd our mate, we mourn'd the blow—
The loved one was not there.

THE QUIET EYE.

THE orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
As though it challenged brighter beam.
That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
But not for me: I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm unworldly thought;
Hope may be crown'd, or joy delay'd—
No dimness steals, no ray is caught:
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die;"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That augurs of a breast sincere;
And, oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

Ar, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring day,
Wide and far be the hempseed sown,
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn land
When the rains have dropp'd and the winds
have blown.
Man shall carefully gather me up,
His hand shall rule and my form shall change,
Not as a mate for the purple of state,
Nor into aught that is "rich and strange."
But I will come forth all woven and spun,
With my fine threads curl'd in serpent length,
And the fire-wrought chain, and the lion's thick
mane,
Shall be rivall'd by me in mighty strength.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
I am link'd to childhood's darling toy.
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
For a varied tale can the hempseed tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor ring
Where the foot of the proud man cometh not,
Where the dolphin leaps, and the sea-weed creeps
O'er the rifted sand and coral grot.
Down, down below I merrily go
When the huge ship takes her rocking rest;
The waters may chafe, but she dwelleth as safe
As the young bird in its woodland nest.
I wreath the spars of that same fair ship
Where the gallant sea-hearts cling about,
Springing aloft with a song on the lip,
Putting their faith in the cordage stout.
I am true when the blast sways the giant mast,
Straining and stretch'd in a nor'west gale;
I abide with the bark, in the day and the dark,
Lashing the hammock and reefing the sail.
Oh, the billows and I right fairly cope,
And the wild tide is stemm'd by the cable rope.

Sons of evil, bad and bold,
Madly ye live and little ye reck,
Till I am noosed in a coiling fold
Ready to hug your felon neck.
The yarn is smooth and the knot is sure,
I will be firm to the task I take;
Thinly they twine the halter line,
Yet when does the halter hitch or break?
My leaves are light and my flowers are bright—
Fit for an infant hand to clasp;
But what think ye of me, 'neath the gibbet-tree,
Dangling high in the hangman's grasp?

Oh, a terrible thing does the hempseed seem
Twixt the hollow floor and stout cross-beam?

The people rejoice, the banners are spread;
There is frolic and feasting in cottage and hall;
The festival shout is echoing out
From trellis'd porch and gothic wall;
Merry souls hie to the belfry tower,
Gaily they laugh when I am found, [shake
And rare music they make, till the quick peals
The ivy that wraps the turret round:
The hempseed lives with the old church bell,
And helpeth the holiday ding-dong-dell.

The sunshine falls on a new-made grave?
The funeral train is long and sad;
The poor man has come to the happiest home,
And easiest pillow he ever had.
I shall be there to lower him down
Gently into his narrow bed;
I shall be there, the work to share,
To guard his feet, and cradle his head.
I may be seen on the hillock green,
Flung aside with the bleaching skull,
While the earth is thrown with worm and bone,
Till the sexton has done, and the grave is full.
Back to the gloomy vault I'm borne,
Leaving coffin and nail to crumble and rust,
There I am laid with the mattock and spade,
Moisten'd with tears and clogg'd with dust:
Oh, the hempseed cometh in doleful shape,
With the mourner's cloak and sable crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glittering wheat;
The barn shall be open'd, the stack shall be piled;
Ye shall see the ripe grain shining out from the wain,
And the berry-stain'd arms of the gleaner-child.
Heap on, heap on, till the wagon-ribs creak,
Let the sheaves go towering to the sky,
Up with the shock till the broad wheels rock,
Fear not to carry the rich freight high.
For I will infold the tottering gold,
I will fetter the rolling load;
Not an ear shall escape my binding hold,
On the furrow'd field or jolting road:
Oh, the hempseed hath a fair place to fill,
With the harvest band on the corn-crown'd hill.

My threads are set in the heaving net,
Out with the fisher-boy far at sea,
While he whistles a tune to the lonely moon,
And trusts for his morrow's bread to me.
Toiling away through the dry summer-day,
Round and round I steadily twist,
And bring from the cell of the deep old well
What is rarely prized but sorely miss'd.
In the whirling swing—in the peg-top string,
There am I, a worshipp'd slave,
On ocean and earth I'm a goodly thing,
I serve from the play-ground to the grave.
I have many a place in the busy world,
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and joy;
I carry the freeman's flag unfurl'd,
And am link'd to childhood's darling toy:
Then scatter me wide, and hackle me well,
And a varied tale shall the hempseed tell.

WASHINGTON.

LAND of the west ! though passing brief
 The record of thine age,
 Thou hast a name that darkens all
 On history's wide page !
 Let all the blasts of fame ring out—
 Thine shall be loudest far :
 Let others boast their satellites—
 Thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters
 Of light shall ne'er depart ;
 'Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain,
 And warms the coldest heart ;
 A war-cry fit for any land
 Where freedom's to be won.
 Land of the west ! it stands alone—
 It is thy Washington !

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave ;
 But stain was on his wreath :
 He lived the heartless conqueror,
 And died the tyrant's death.
 France had its eagle ; but his wings,
 Though lofty they might soar,
 Were spread in false ambition's flight,
 And dipp'd in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
 Would fain have chain'd the waves—
 Who flesh'd their blades with tiger zeal,
 To make a world of slaves—
 Who, though their kindred barr'd the path,
 Still fiercely waded on—
 Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by
 The side of Washington !

He fought, but not with love of strife,
 He struck but to defend ;
 And ere he turn'd a people's foe,
 He sought to be a friend.
 He strove to keep his country's right,
 By reason's gentle word,
 And sigh'd when fell injustice threw
 The challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise
 The patriot and sage ;
 He show'd no deep, avenging hate—
 No burst of despot rage.
 He stood for liberty and truth,
 And dauntlessly led on,
 Till shouts of victory gave forth,
 The name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through,
 A city fill'd with grief ;
 No groaning captives at the wheels,
 Proclaim'd him victor chief ;
 He broke the gyves of slavery
 With strong and high disdain,
 And cast no sceptre from the links
 When he had crush'd the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay
 His soldier trappings down
 To change them for the regal vest,
 And don a kingly crown.
 Fame was too earnest in her joy—
 Too proud of such a son—
 To let a robe and title mask
 A noble Washington.
 England, my heart is truly thine—
 My loved, my native earth !—
 The land that holds a mother's grave,
 And gave that mother birth !
 Oh, keenly sad would be the fate
 That thrust me from thy shore,
 And faltering my breath, that sigh'd,
 "Farewell for evermore !"

But did I meet such adverse lot,
 I would not seek to dwell
 Where olden heroes wrought the deeds
 For Homer's song to tell.
 Away, thou gallant ship ! I'd cry,
 And bear me swiftly on :
 But bear me from my own fair land,
 To that of Washington !

OUR NATIVE SONG.

OUR native song ! our native song !
 Oh ! where is he who loves it not ?
 The spell it holds is deep and strong,
 Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
 Let other music greet our ear
 With thrilling fire or dulcet tone ;
 We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
 But yet—oh ! yet—'tis not our own !
 The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
 The notes that we remember long—
 The theme we sung with lisping tongue—
 'Tis *this* we love—our native song !

The one who bears the felon's brand,
 With moody brow and darken'd name,
 Thrust meanly from his father-land,
 To languish out a life of shame ;
 Oh ! let him hear some simple strain—
 Some lay his mother taught her boy—
 He'll feel the charm, and dream again
 Of home, of innocence, and joy !
 The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
 And all of virtue, buried long—
 The best, the purest in his heart,
 Is waken'd by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
 To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay
 The memory of our own fair earth
 May chance awhile to fade away :
 But should some minstrel echo fall,
 Of chords that breathe the old England's fame,
 Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
 True to the land we love and claim.
 The high ! the low ! in weal or woe,
 Be sure there's something coldly wrong
 About the heart that does not glow
 To hear its own, its native song.

B. SIMMONS.

MR. SIMMONS has been several years a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and in 1843 he published a volume of poems entitled *Legends and Lyrics*.

THE DISINTERMENT.

LOST Lord of Song! who grandly gave
 Thy matchless tinbrel for the spear—
 And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave
 Died at the feet of Freedom—hear!
 Hear—from thy lone and lowly tomb,
 Where mid thy own "inviolate Isle,"
 Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
 No banner's golden smile,
 Far from the swarming city's crowd,
 Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
 Thou sleepest,—the pious rustic's tread
 The only echo o'er thy bed,
 Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam
 The pilgrims of thy genius come,
 From distant earth, with tears of praise,
 The homage of their hearts to raise,
 And curse the country's very name,
 Unworthy of thy sacred dust,
 That draws such lustre from thy fame,
 That heaps such outrage on thy bust!
 Wake from the dead—and lift thy brow
 With the same scornful beauty now,
 As when beneath thy shafts of pride
 Envenom'd cant—the Python—died!
 Prophet no less than bard, behold
 Matured the eventful moment, told
 In those divine predictive words
 Pour'd to the lyre's transcendent chords:—
 "If e'er his awful ashes can grow cold—
 But no, their embers soon shall burst their mould—
 ————France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though but scant.
 Her honour, fame, and faith demand his bones,
 To pile above a pyramid of thrones!"
 If, then, from thy neglected bier,
 One humblest follower thou canst hear,
 O mighty Master! rise and flee,
 Swift as some meteor bold and bright,
 With me thy cloud, attending thee,
 Across the dusky tracts of night,
 To where the sunset's latest radiance shone
 O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

 Below that broad unbroken sea
 Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,
 And now in dread solemnity
 —As though its course Creation stopp'd
 One wondrous hour, to watch the birth
 Of deeds portentous unto earth—
 The moonless midnight far and wide,
 Solidly black, flings over all

The giant waste of waveless tide
 Her melancholy pall,
 Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd,
 Each ray of heaven's high face debar,
 Save, on the margin of the world
 Where leans yon solitary star,
 Large, radiant, restless, tinting with far smile
 The jagged cliffs of a gray barren Isle.

 Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
 Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!
 And out upon the silent ear
 At once ring bold and sharply clear,
 With shock more startling than if thunder
 Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
 The iron sounds of crow and bar;
 Ye scarce may know from whence they come,
 Whether from island or from star,
 Both lie so hush'd and dumb!
 On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
 Shaking long-buried kings from sleep—
 Up, up! ye sceptred Jailers—ho!
 Your granite heaped his head in vain;
 The very grave gives back your foe—
 Dead Cæsar wakes again!
 The nations, with a voice as dread
 As that which once in Bethany
 Burst to the regions of the dead,
 And set the loved-one free,
 Have cried, "Come forth!" and lo! again,
 To smite the hearts and eyes of men
 With the old awe he once instill'd
 By many an forgotten field,
 Napoleon's look shall startle day—
 That look that, where its anger fell,
 Scorch'd empires from the earth away
 As with the blasts of hell!

 Up—from the dust, ye sleepers, ho!
 By the blue Danube's stately wave—
 From Berlin's towers—from Moscow's snow,
 And Windsor's gorgeous grave!
 Come—summon'd by the omnific power,
 The spirit of this thrilling hour—
 And, stooping from yon craggy height,
 Girt by each perish'd satellite,
 Each cunning tool of kingly terror
 Who served your reigns of fraud and error,
 Behold, where with relentless lock
 Ye chain'd Prometheus to his rock,
 And, when his tortured bosom ceased
 Your vulture's savage beak to feast,
 Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,
 And built and barr'd his coffin down,

Half doubting if even death could quell
 Such terrible renown ;
 Now mid the torch's solemn glare,
 And bended knee, and mutter'd prayer,
 Within that green sepulchral glen
 Uncover'd groups of warrior men
 Breathless perform the high behest
 Of winning back, in priceless trust,
 For the regenerated West,
 Your victim's mighty dust.
 Hark ! how they burst your cramps and rings—
 Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !

Stout men ! delve on with axe and bar,
 Ye're watch'd from yonder restless star :
 Hew the tough masonry away—
 Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly !
 And firm your sounding levers away,
 And loud your clanking hammers ply ;
 Nor falter though the work be slow,
 Ye something gain in every blow,
 While deep each heart in chorus sings,
 " Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !"
 Brave men ! delve on with axe and bar,
 Ye're watch'd from yonder glorious star.

'Tis morn—the marble floor is cleft,
 And slight and short the labour left ;
 'Tis noon—they wind the windlass now
 To heave the granite from his brow :
 Back to each gazer's waiting heart
 The life-blood leaps with anxious start—
 Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals—
 Low in the dust Las Casas kneels,
 (Oh ! Tried and trusted—still, as long
 As the true heart's fidelity
 Shall form the theme of harp and song,
 High bards shall sing of ye !)
 One moment, and thy beams, O sun !
 The bier of him shall look upon,
 Who, save the heaven-expell'd, alone
 Dared envy thee thy blazing throne ;
 Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
 And sick from victory's vulgar war,
 Panting to sweep the firmament,
 And dash thee from thy car,
 And cursed the clay that still confined
 His narrow conquests to mankind.

'Tis done—his chiefs are lifting now
 The shroud from that tremendous brow,
 That with the lightning's rapid might
 Illumed Marengo's awful night—
 Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,
 Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
 And broke once more the Austrian sword
 By Wagram's memorable ford.
 And may man's puny race, that shook
 Before the terrors of that look,
 Approach unshrinking now, and see
 How far corruption's nastery
 Has tamed the tyrant-tamer ?

Raise

That silken cloud, what meets the gaze ?
 The scanty dust, or whitening bones,
 Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,

Of him whose threshold-steps were thrones,
 A mockery now to earth ?
 No—even as though his haughty clay
 Scoff'd at the contact of decay,
 And from his mind's immortal flame
 Itself immortalized became,
 Tranquilly there NAPOLEON lies reveal'd,
 Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,
 Harness'd for conflict, and that eagle-star,
 Whose fire-eyed legion foremost waked the war,
 Still on his bosom, tarnish'd too and dim,
 As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision—from that glen
 Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
 While every mountain echo floats,
 Fill'd with the bugle's regal notes—
 And now the gun's redoubled roar
 Tells the lone peak and mighty main,
 Beneath his glorious Tricolor
 Napoleon rests, again !
 And France's galley soon the sail
 Shall spread triumphant to the gale ;
 Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
 It melts and mingles in the sky.

Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
 And deck her streets in gaudy wo ;
 And rear a more than kingly shrine,
 Whose tapers' blaze shall ne'er be dim,
 And bid the sculptor's art divine
 Be lavish'd there for him,
 And let him take his rest serene,
 (Even so he will'd it) by the Seine ;
 But ever to the poet's heart,
 Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
 (Replete with marvels) that impart
 His story unto ages,
 The spacious azure of yon sea
 Alone his minster floor shall be,
 Copied by the stars—red evening's smile
 His epitaph ; and thou, rude Isle,
 Austerely-brow'd and thunder rent,
 Napoleon's only monument !

VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

SOUND to the sun thy solemn joy for ever !
 Roll forth the enormous gladness of thy waves,
 Mid boundless bloom, thou bright majestic river,
 Worthy the giant land thy current laves !
 Each bend of beauty, from the stooping cliff,
 Whose shade is dotted by the fisher's skiff,—
 From rocks embattled, that, abrupt and tall,
 Heave their bulk skyward like a castle-wall,
 And hem thee in, until the Rapids hoarse
 Split the huge marble with an earthquake's force,
 To where thy waves are sweet with summer scents,
 Flung from the Highland's softer lineaments—
 Each lovelier change thy broadening billows take,
 Now sweeping on, now like some mighty lake,
 Stretching away where evening-tinted isles
 Woo thee to linger mid their rosy smiles—

The lonely cove—the village-humming hill—
The green dell lending thee its fairy rill—
All, all, are old familiar scenes to one
Who tracks thee but by fancy's aid alone.

Yet well his boyhood's earnest hours adored
Thy haunted headlands, since he first explored
With Weld the vast and shadowy recesses
Of their grand woods and verdant wildernesses;
Since first he open'd the enchanted books
(Whose words are silver liquid as the brook's)
Of that loved wanderer, who told the west
Van Winkle's wondrous tale, and fill'd each breast
By turns with awe, delight, or blithe emotion,
Painting the life thy forest-shadows knew,
What time the settlers, crowding o'er the ocean,
Spread their white sails along thy waters blue.

Theirs were the hearts true liberty bestows—
The valour that adventure lights in men;
And in their children still the metal glows,
As well can witness each resounding glen
Of the fair scene, whose mellow colours shine
Beneath the splendour of yon evening orb,
That sinks serene as WASHINGTON'S decline,
Whose memory here should meaner thoughts
absorb.

Here rose the ramparts, never rear'd in vain
When Justice smites in two the oppressor's chain;
Here, year on year, through yonder heaven of blue,
The bomb's hot wrath its rending volleys threw
Against those towers, which, scorning all attack,
Still roll'd the assailants' shatter'd battle back;
Till, as they fled in final rout, behind
Soar'd the Republic's flag, high-floating in the wind!

Long may that star-embazoned banner wave
Its folds triumphant o'er a land so brave,
Fann'd by no breeze but that which wafts us now
The laugh of Plenty, leaning on the plough.
And should Columbia's iron-hearted men
Try the fierce fortune of the sword again,
Be theirs to wield it in no wanton cause,
Fired by no braggart orators' applause,
In no red conflict, whose unrighteous tide
Could call nor Truth nor Mercy to their side,
So may their empire still supremely sweep
From age to age the illimitable deep,
With sway surpassing all but her proud reign,
Whose hand reposes on her lion's mane—
The Ocean Queen—within whose rude isle lock'd
Their own stern fathers' infancy was rock'd;
Where first they breathed, amid the bracing north,
Fair Freedom's spirit, till she sent them forth—
Her cloud above their exodus unfur'd—
To spread her worship o'er a second world.

DEATH-CHANT FOR THE SULTAN MAHMOUD.

RAISE the song to the mighty, whose glory shall die
When the moon of his empire has dropp'd from the
sky;
And if wail be awaken'd for him who smote down
Grim bigotry's Moloch, guilt's bloody renown,

Be it lost in the trumpet's magnificent wo,
From the Bosphorus swelling,
To Christendom telling
That the fiery Rome-trampers' descendant is low.

By the Prophet! remember his terrible mirth,
When he swept the Janitzars as stubble from earth;
On the domes of Sophia like midnight he stood,
The avenger of Selim's and Mustapha's blood!
Red dogs of rebellion, with tearing and yell
And chain'd valour's despair,
In their own savage lair,
Mow'd down beneath cannon and carbine they fell.

Raise the song to the mighty! high Mahmoud,
whose stroke
In a moment the fetters of centuries broke!
Far kings of the west, how your trophies grow dim
In the light of the fame that awaiteth for him!
The contemner of Korans, who, girded by foes,
The Ark of salvation
First launch'd for his nation,
When the press mid the curses of fanatics rose,

Hu Alla—hu Alla! the blest caravan
Is in sight from Damascus, and Mecca is wan—
Sheik and Imam are trembling with terror and awe,
For this Cadmus of Caliphs has laugh'd at the law:
Fair painting must sully the Prophet's proud tomb,
For Athenæ, not loth,
Has left Greece to the Goth,
And planted her arts-shading olive in Roum.

In vain, Ghazi-Sultaun! when Pera's sweet shore
In the blue of Propontis is rosy no more—
When Olympus no longer on Thrace looks abroad,
And the name of the Frank shall not signify fraud,
Then the slaves shall be worthy the war-vest, and
then,

When thy spirit imparts
To their recreant hearts
Its grandeur, thy horse-tails may flap over men.
Sound the tramp for the mighty! great Allah thy
son
With Azrel, the angel unsparing, is gone!
While round his shrunk borders the thunder was
growing,
And the Muscovite wolves thickly herded were
howling,
And snuffing the gales that, refreshingly cool,
On their merciless thirst
In wild reculence burst,
Where, bulwark'd in gold, blush the brides of Stam-
boul.

Sound the tramp for the mighty! he died ere the
tramp
Of the terror-horsed Tartar who dash'd from the
camp
Stay'd his soul with the tale that his dastardly hordes
Lay reap'd upon Nekshib, where sickles were
swords!

And the lords of the spear's haughty kingdom has
past
To the Rebel and Hun!
And the death-song is done:
But thy praise shall not perish, lost Mahmoud the
Last!

F. W. FABER.

Mr. FABER is a young clergyman of the established church, and is the author of *The Cherwell Water-Lily* and other Poems, published in 1840, and *Sir Launcelot*, in

the summer of 1844. His style is simple and poetical, and his productions are generally serious in sentiment and earnest in thought.

KING'S BRIDGE.

THE dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
And the trees stand silent in the park;
And winter passeth from bough to bough,
With stealthy foot that none may know;
But little the old man thinks he weaves
His frosty kiss on the ivy leaves.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
And it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Old trees by night are like men in thought,
By poetry to silence wrought;
They stand so still and they look so wise,
With folded arms and half-shut eyes,
More shadowy than the shade they cast
When the wan moonlight on the river past.

The river is green, and runneth slow—
We cannot tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

Oh! the night is dark; but not so dark
As my poor soul in this lonely park:
There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,
Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall
But harshly the sounds of joyaunce grate
On one that is crush'd and desolate.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.

O Mary! Mary! could I but hear
What this river saith in night's still ear,
And catch the faint whispering voice it brings
From its lowlands green and its reedy springs:
It might tell of the spot where the graybeard's spade
Turn'd the cold wet earth in the lime-tree shade.

The river is green, and runneth slow—
We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

For death was born in thy blood with life—
Too holy a fount for such sad strife:
Like a secret curse from hour to hour
The canker grew with the growing flower;
And little we deem'd that rosy streak
Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,
And redder and redder that rosy hue;
And the half-shed tears that never fell,
And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,
And the wild, wan smile,—all spoke of death,
That had wither'd my chosen with his breath.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

'Twas o'er thy harp, one day in June,
I marvell'd the strings were out of tune;
But lighter and quicker the music grew,
And deadly white was thy rosy hue;
One moment—and back the colour came,
Thou calledst me by my Christian name.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Thou badest me be silent and bold,
But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.
I never wept, and I never spake,
But stood like a rock where the salt seas break;
And to this day I have shed no tear
O'er my blighted love and my chosen's bier.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

I stood in the church with burning brow,
The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow.
I noted each pause, and counted each swell,
As a sentry numbers a minute-bell;
For unto the mourner's heart they call
From the deeps of that wondrous ritual.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
My spirit was lost in a mystic scene,
Where the sun and moon in silvery sheen
Were belted with stars on emerald wings,
And fishes and beasts, and all fleshly things,

And the spheres did whirl with laughter and mirth
Round the grave forefather of the earth.

The river is green, and runneth slow—

We cannot tell what it saith :

It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark ;
The trees stand silent in the park.
The festal lights have all died out,
And naught is heard but a lone owl's shout.
The mists keep gathering more and more ;
But the stream is silent as before.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,

As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side !
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream ?
But it will not speak ; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.

The river is green, and runneth slow—

We cannot tell what it saith ;

It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death !

CHILDHOOD.

TO MY ONLY SISTER.

Dost thou remember how we lived at home—

That it was like an oriental place, [come
Where right and wrong, and praise and blame did
By ways we wonder'd at and durst not trace ;
And gloom and sadness were but shadows thrown
From griefs that were our sire's and not our own !

It was a moat about our souls, an arm

Of sea, that made the world a foreign shore ;
And we were too enamour'd of the charm

To dream that barks might come and waft us o'er.
Cold snow was on the hills ; and they did wear
Too wild and wan a look to tempt us there.

We had traditions of our own, to weave

A web of creed and rite and sacred thought ;
And when a stranger, who did not believe

As they who were our types of God had taught,
Came to our home, how harsh his words did seem
Like sounds that mar, but cannot break a dream.

And then in Scripture some high things there were,

Of which, they said, we must not read or talk ;
And we, through fear, did never trespass there,

But made our Bibles like our twilight walk
In the deep woodlands, where we durst not roam
To spots from whence we could not see our home.

Albeit we fondly hoped, when we were men,

To learn the lore our parents loved so well,
And read the rites and symbols which were then

But letters of a word we could not spell—
Church-bells, and Sundays when we did not play,
And sacraments at which we might not stay.

But we too soon from our safe place were driven ;
The world broke in upon our orphan'd life.

Dawnings of good, young flowers that look'd to
Heaven,

It left untill'd for what seem'd manlier strife ;
Like a too early summer, bringing fruit
Where spring perchance had meant another shoot !

Some begin life too soon,—like sailors thrown
Upon a shore where common things look strange !

Like them they roam about a foreign town,
And grief awhile may own the force of change.

Yet, though one hour new dress and tongue may
please,

Our second thoughts look homeward, ill at ease.

Come then unto our childhood's wreck again—

The rocks hard by our father's early grave ;
And take the few chance treasures that remain,

And live through manhood upon what we save.
So shall we roam the same old shore at will !
In the fond faith that we are children still.

Christian ! thy dream is now—it was not then :

Oh ! it were strange if childhood were a dream.
Strife and the world are dreams : to wakeful men

Childhood and home as jealous angels seem :
Like shapes and hues that play in clouds at even,
They have but shifted from thee into heaven !

THE GLIMPSE.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us, thronging every hour ;

And in them all is folded up a power

That on the earth doth move them to and fro :
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought

In hearts we know not, and may never know.
Our actions travel and are veil'd : and yet

We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of one,
When out of sight its march hath well-nigh gone ;

An unveil'd thing which we can ne'er forget !

All sins it gathers up into its course,

And they do grow with it, and are its force :

One day, with dizzy speed that thing shall come,
Recoiling on the heart that was its home.

THE PERPLEXITY.

AND, therefore, when I look into my heart,

And see how full it is of mighty schemes,
Some that shall ripen, some be ever dreams,

And yet, though dreams, shall act a real part :
When I behold of what and how great things

I am the cause ; how quick the living springs
That vibrate in me, and how far they go,—

Thought doth but seem another name for fear ;
And I would fain sit still and never rise

To meddle with myself,—God feels so near.
And, all the time, he moveth, calm and slow

And unperplex'd, though naked to His eyes
A thousand thousand spirits pictured are,

Kenn'd through the shroud that wraps the heaven
of heavens afar !

TO A LITTLE BOY.

DEAR little one ! and can thy mother find
 In those soft lineaments, that move so free
 To smiles or tears, as holiest infancy
 About thy heart its glorious web doth wind,
 A faithful likeness of my sterner mind ?
 Ah ! then there must be times, unknown to me,
 When my lost boyhood, like a wandering air,
 Comes for a while to pass upon my face,
 Giving me back the dear familiar grace
 O'er which my mother pour'd her last fond prayer.
 But sin and age will rob me of this power ;
 Though now my heart, like an uneasy lake,
 Some broken images, at times, may take
 From forms which fade more sadly every hour !

THE AFTER-STATE.

A SPIRIT came upon me in the night ;
 And led me gently down a rocky stair,
 Unto a peopled garden, green and fair,
 Where all the day there was an evening light.
 Trees out of every nation blended there ;
 The citron shrub its golden fruit did train
 Against an English elm.—'Twas like a dream,
 Because there was no wind ; and things did seem
 All near and big—like mountains before rain.
 Far in those twilight bowers, beside a stream,
 The soul of one who had but lately died
 Hung listening, with a brother at his side :
 And no one spoke in all that haunted place,—
 But lookéd quietly into each other's face !

THE WHEELS.

THERE are strange, solemn times when serious men
 Sink out of depth in their own spirit, caught
 All unawares, and held by some strong thought
 That comes to them, they know not how or when,

And bears them down through many a winding
 Where the soul's busy agents darkly dwell ;
 Each watching by his wheel, that, bright and be,
 Revolveth day and night, to do its part
 In building up for heaven one single heart.
 And moulds of curious form are scatter'd there
 As yet unused,—the shapes of after deeds :
 And veiled growths and thickly sprouting seed,
 Are strewn, in which our future life doth lie,
 Sketch'd out in dim and wondrous prophecy.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE days of old were days of might
 In forms of greatness moulded,
 And flowers of heaven grew on the earth,
 Within the church unfolded ;
 For grace fell fast as summer dew,
 And saints to giant stature grew.

But, one by one, the gifts are gone
 That in the church resided,
 And gone the spirit's living light
 That on her walls abided,
 When by our shrines He came to dwell
 In power and presence visible.

A blight hath past upon the church,
 Her summer hath departed,
 The chill of age is on her sons,
 The cold and fearful-hearted :
 And sad, amid neglect and scorn,
 Our mother sits and weeps forlorn.

Narrow and narrower still each year
 The holy circle groweth,
 And what the end of all shall be
 No man nor angel knoweth :
 And so we wait and watch in fear ;
 It may be that the Lord is near !

THE END.

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